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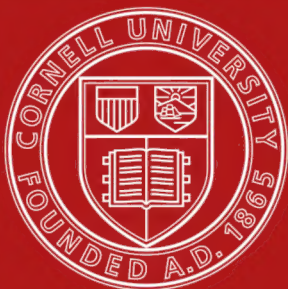
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THE CINQUE PORTS

*"J'aimais ce pays infiniment. Il est des coins du monde délicieux qui ont pour les yeux un charme sensuel. On les aime d'un amour physique. Nous gardons, nous autres que séduit la terre, des souvenirs tendres pour certaines sources, certains bois, certains étangs, certaines collines, vus souvent et qui nous ont attendris à la façon des événements heureux."—LA MÈRE SAUVAGE.*

*"Where Grisnez winks at Dungeness  
Across the ruffled strip of salt."*

—G. MEREDITH.







*James O'Connell's 'The Storm' 1878*



DOVER

DOVER



# THE CINQUE PORTS

*A HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE RECORD*

BY

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

//

AUTHOR OF

'THE LIFE OF MADOX BROWN,' ETC., ETC.

*ILLUSTRATED BY*

WILLIAM HYDE

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TO  
ROBERT SINGLETON GARNETT.

MY DEAR ROBERT,

Permit me to dedicate this book, or so much of it as is mine, to you. It is a practice not unusual for a dedicator to assure a dedicatee that he—perhaps more frequently she—is the fountain and origin of the work dedicated, the head and front of the offence. This practice I can to some extent, and with a good conscience, follow; for I hold it certain that but for your friendly and professional advice I should long since have ended, if not on the gallows, at least in a union workhouse, a not vastly promising career. In the latter of these predicaments the writing of a book about the Cinque Ports would have been difficult; in the former, impossible. Hence your vicarious responsibility.

With regard to this book: as you are aware, I have lived within the Liberties of one or other of the Five Ports ever since I can remember, and, ever since I can remember, the glamour of their name has been upon me. As a boy at school in one of the Corporate Members of the Port of Dover I always thought that the estate of a Baron of the Ports was the highest of ultimate human attainments; I had no wish, like my school-mates, to be either a pirate, or a railway-guard, or even a baron of the realm.

As perhaps you remember, at the very outset of writing I confided to you my ideas of what the book was to be: neither archæological nor topographical, nor even archæologico-topographical. It was to be a piece of literature pure and simple, an attempt, by means of suggestion, to

interpret to the passing years the inward message of the Five Ports. You, you will remember, very sagely advised me to limit myself to a desire for accuracy. That seemed impossible. But one day I chanced to read—in a journal well known to us both—a review of a work by the learned Mr So-and-so, a work entitled ‘The History of the Universe.’ Said the Reviewer: “It is a pity that a subject so suggestive should have fallen into the hands of a writer so incompetent as the author. The book is brimming with inaccuracies. As a sample, we may quote the following from page 672 of vol. vi.: ‘In 1641 Sir Phineas Tregooze Phineas Cupar, 2nd Baronet, purchased the Kinmure estates of Sir Thomas Polwhedle.’ In this one sentence that we have chosen quite at random there are no less than four unpardonable errors. It was not Sir P. T. P. Cupar but Sir John Phineas-Tregooze Cupar who added the Kinmure acres to his own; he was not the 2nd but the 3rd Bart.; he made the purchase in 1644, and, although the negotiations for the sale commenced in the lifetime of Sir T. Polwhedle, they were not completed until death had allowed the lands to pass into the hands of his relict. Blunders like these render Mr So-and-so’s work quite worthless.” This review impressed me. If so minute a blunder can render worthless a book treating of a subject so vast, how worse than worthless, how positively detrimental, would be my own book, which aimed not at accuracy but at suggestiveness! True, one does not write for a public of reviewers in the —, but one cherishes the sneaking hope of being all things to all men. I then and there determined that I would print assertively no single statement for which I had not found chapter and verse in a chronicle of one kind or another—in the work of a chronicler as nearly as possible contemporaneous with the event asserted. Where the sayings of a man like Lambarde seemed too suggestive, or a local peasant-legend (and these are the things that I value) too picturesque to leave uncited, I would plainly state that the truth of the statements seemed questionable. To these determinations I have adhered.



It is usual to excuse the appearance of a book by referring to the fewness or the unavailability of previous works on the subject. This excuse, I think, is open to me. With the exception of Mr Montagu Burrows' 'Cinque Ports,' in Messrs Longmans' "Historic Towns Series," there has appeared only one book dealing with the Cinque Ports as a whole. This one, Jeake's 'Charters,' was written in the seventeenth century and is excessively rare. Nearly all the monographs on separate Ports are out of print.

With Mr Burrows' 'Cinque Ports' my book is in no way intended to compete. His learned and excellent work is a serious study of a medieval institution; mine is something much less and something a little more. In a humble way, and backed up by the opinions of Mr Round, I venture to differ from Professor Burrows in the essential point of the history of Cinque Ports' developments. I differ from him much more strongly in my views as to the towns as they at present exist. Mr Burrows can write: "*Winchelsea, the delight of artists, is to every one else a melancholy wreck,*" words which afflict me with a sense of almost physical pain. The study, and more particularly the lessons, of history have for the world of to-day a practical as well as theoretic value; and places which, like Winchelsea, in their decay vivify history, have a value beyond that of many of the thriving watering-places that Mr Burrows upholds. I am far from denying the worth of towns like Folkestone or like Hastings, towns that minister to the physical well-being of a nation electing to spend its life under the foul skies of great cities.<sup>1</sup> With this fact well in view I have treated these places as seriously as I have treated the Ports in their earlier stages of development. But of these there is a great many. There is only one Winchelsea, and there is no place like it, no place that so effectually and so pleasantly teaches us the lesson that we most need in these days of hurry and forgetfulness. Where else can one so well realise that there were strong men before Agamemnon; so well learn that the Agamemnons of to-day are

but the strong men that will fall and be forgotten at the rise of the Agamemnons of to-morrow? With these ideas constantly in my mind, I have attempted as carefully to trace the decline of the Ports as to declare how, again and again, in the days of their flourishing they saved England, served England, suffered for England.

For the same reason I have unstintedly abused the mutilators of the public buildings, sacred and secular, that remain within the Liberties. Nothing, it seems to me, is so absolutely essential to the cure of certain mental maladies fostered by the spirit of the age as the sight of the good work they did in the old days before our times; nothing so curative as the sight of the good craftsmanship; nothing so essential for the preservation of the old faith as the being for a little time within the walls that that faith caused to rise. Yet within these last few years every one of these buildings has been bescrubbed and transformed to suit the ideals of the modern housemaid. It is almost impossible to distinguish any one of them from the products of the years we live in, years sad for the craftsman, sadder for the artist, sadder still for the upholder of any faith whatsoever. There is not, I think, within the Liberties of the Ports one single church that has not been thus restored. It is lamentable, it is pitiful, to think that a century that some one has bitterly nicknamed the "wonderful" should have left nothing unspoilt of so much that humbler centuries had left of the beautiful, of the reverend; to think that we must go down to all time—in *sæcula sæculorum*—as a people who worshipped in temples of plaster of Paris and of pitch-pine; to think that where we found the real thing, we inevitably, inexorably, replaced it by a makeshift, by a cheap imitation of the real thing that we found.

What, in short, my dear Robert, shall we of the wonderful century find to say to those in the fields beyond the Styx, to those who have gone before, and to those who, their visit paid, shall follow us—what shall we find to say when they ask us, "Why could you not—why *could* you not—have left well alone?"

Perhaps you have an answer ready. If you have, I trust that you on that day will whisper it in the ear of your humble, obedient, and obliged servant,

THE AUTHOR.

*P.S.*—It may assist you in reading the book if I explain my method of treating the individual Ports. I have attempted, as it were, to wade at each step a little deeper into the sea. Thus in the case of Hastings I have given a more or less broad outline of the histories of a port and its members which flourished principally in Norman days. Winchelsea and Rye I have treated equally broadly as mediæval and Elizabethan-Stewart towns. Hythe and Romney I have looked upon rather as the capitals of districts than as places of national-historic importance. Thus I have been able to pay more attention to their local records, to the pursuits of their inhabitants, to their corporate institutions. And, inasmuch as these two towns were intimately connected with the men of the surrounding countrysides, I have attempted to describe the characteristics of the placid peasantry that there forms the mass of the descendants of the Portsmen.

Dover and Sandwich, with their tremendous historic associations, I have treated with some minuteness as both national and local ports. In this way I have tried, firstly, to impress a reader with the typical vicissitudes of a port and its members; then to show what sort of a thing was life in a port town; then to give some idea of how the Ports and the men who lived these lives left their mark on the history of this realm of England. On the full flood of that tide they made, as it were, a splash whose incidental ripples, ringing now very remote from the original disturbance, are still faintly discernible to those that seek them—*hominibus bonæ voluntatis*,





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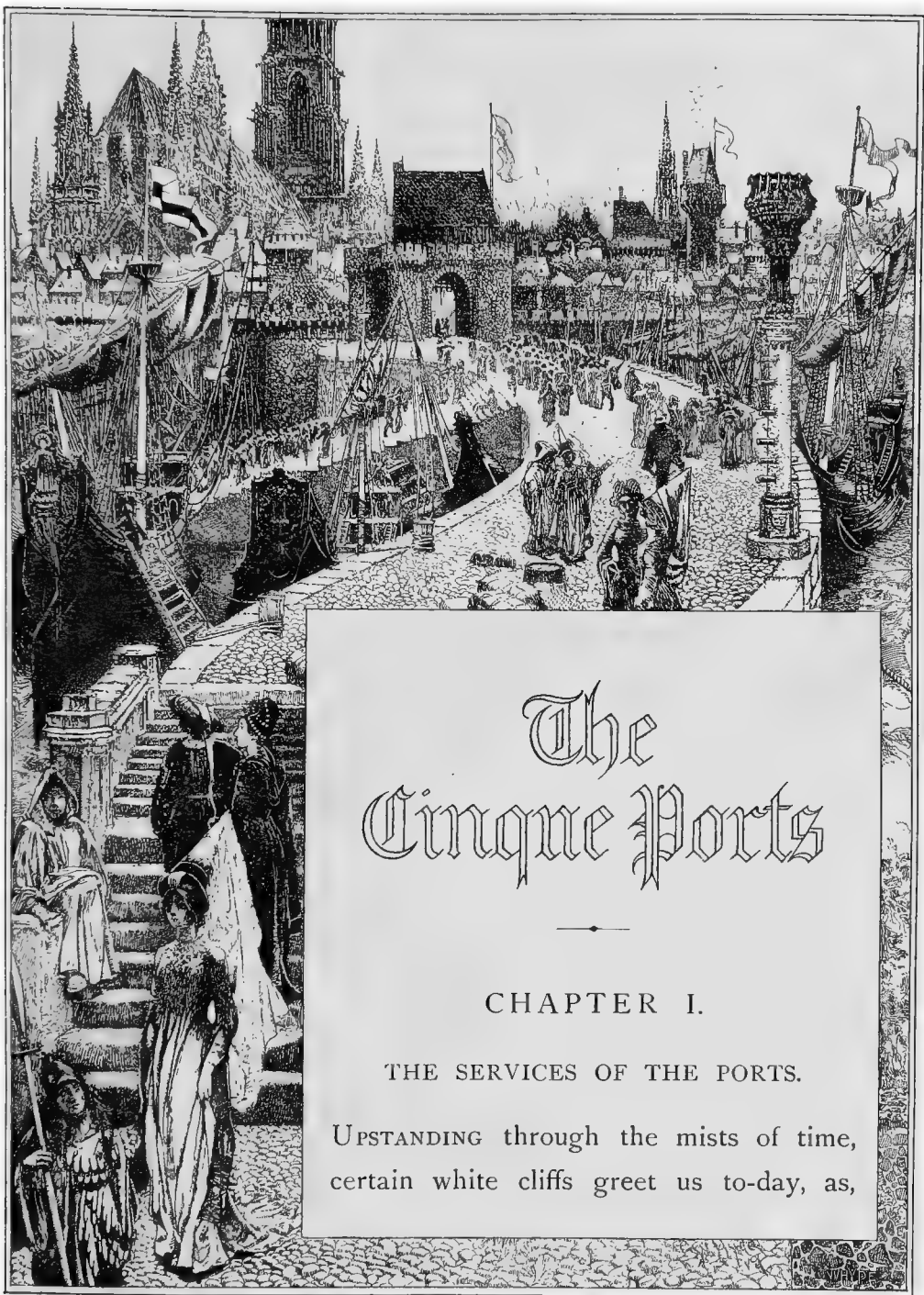
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# The Cinque Ports

## CHAPTER I.

### THE SERVICES OF THE PORTS.

UPSTANDING through the mists of time,  
certain white cliffs greet us to-day, as,

of old, they greeted the emissaries of an empire long since dead. They stood to those Romans for the something beyond, for the worlds that remained for conquest. To them Cæsar and his men stood for light—the light of civilisation, of entrance into the world that is remembered.

So it was for ages. The cliffs were a lure to all the hawks of Europe, just as for ages the unseen shores of a wider sea have lured us to a larger continent. All this is now matter of history, matter that may be at will ignored or wondered at. But the earth, for miles round those cliffs, hides, or reveals to those that scratch its surface, trace upon trace of those its old masters, who have long since gone to the grave. One sees hills mounded and scolloped, roads running wearily enough but very straight; one sees cottage walls built into vast fragments of hillside masonry: the plough turns up red wine-jars, coins revealing Cæsars' heads. These are the marks of the Romans.

One sees again swellings on the downlands, a few very small, very old buildings; one sees tow-heads, blue eyes and florid faces; one hears old words and place-names: these are what the Saxons left. And so it goes on; for, whatever race landed in England as successful invaders, landed within the Liberties of the Five Ports; for an invader to be successful it has always been essential that he should hold this tract of land in the south-eastern corner of England. On its shores landed Cæsar and Hengist and Cnut and William the Conqueror; from them invaders innumerable have been beaten off. The last man who set about the subjugation of the island assembled his flotilla at Boulogne, within sight of the Ports.

It is therefore natural that the successive owners of the land should have specially organised the defences of these shores; of these shores where the defending sea is at its narrowest; of these shores which lie within eyesight of a normally hostile land. Out of this desire for strength in these parts grew the great organisation of the Cinque Ports.



Stated very roughly, the history of this organised defence is as follows. As soon as the Romans had established themselves in Britain they found the need of protecting themselves from piratical incursions; later, they had to fear more serious invasions of Saxon migratory hordes. These they provided against by making of the whole coast-district one county, the government of which they placed in the hands of a Count—the Comes littoris Saxonici. The Saxons either continued this organisation or devised a new one on very similar lines. Its general and very easily comprehensible principle was that the Port towns should find a stated number of ships for the defence of the whole country, and that, in return, they should be granted, not only exemption from national taxation, but almost entire self-government. They formed, in fact, a little kingdom within the kingdom. This arrangement, modified to suit feudal modes of life, the Normans adopted. It remained in force for many centuries.

We may then regard the Ports as survivals from Anglo-Saxon times.<sup>1</sup> It is a mistake to say that they were the sole survivals, for one must remember the city of London. This latter, however, either because it was more conspicuous or more helpless than its rivals on the coast, gradually lost its distinctive features—features which the Ports for long retained. It becomes necessary to attempt to trace what these features were. We may begin with the ship service. Says the charter of Edward I.: “The said Barons and their heirs (shall) do to us and our heirs, kings of England, yearly their full service of fifty-seven ships, at their cost, for fifty days, at the summons of us and our heirs.” In return for this service they were, throughout England, quit of all toll and custom—of all lastage, tollage, passage, carriage, rivage, portage, &c.; they had soc and sac, infangtheff and utfangtheff, “after the manner of

<sup>1</sup> I have thought it better to avoid making this chapter more than a loose outline-sketch of the history of the Ports as a naval organisation.

The questions of their origin, and, to a small extent, of their social significance, I have relegated to an appendix.

the Archbishops, Bishops, Earls, and Barons in their manors in the county of Kent"; they had the wardship and marriage of their heirs, and were "quit of our right prise of their proper wines, *i.e.*, of one tun of wine before the mast and of one after." This meant that, in return for their defence of the shores, they were accorded absolute freedom to trade untaxed throughout the realms of the English kings—a state of affairs immensely to the profit of the traders of the Ports. Amongst their general privileges the most important was that of governing their internal affairs after their own customals. In all its essentials of this kind we may regard the charter of Edward I. as identical with those of the Conqueror, of Rufus, and of Henry I.

We find, then, that outside the pyramid of the Norman feudal system, there was in England a little group of commonwealths quite independent of the general government of the kingdom. Later on, it had its "Parliament"—the Court of Shepway; its court for the general assessment of taxes necessary for the carrying on of the business of the confederacy; its local courts for the trial of cases within the individual courts. The codices of these last were the customals of the individual ports. It had even its colonies—the fisheries of Yarmouth and Dunwich, and its strictly constitutional Viceroy, the Lord Warden. In the course of time all these organisations changed shape, in the course of time gradually lost all similitude to their original selves; but until, from purely physical causes, their prosperity and their power departed, they retained most of the general features to which I have referred. Such as it was, this complicated machinery reached its most perfect stage of development in the time of Edward I., and began sensibly to decline under Richard II. But the space covered by these reigns is, of its kind, the most sustainedly glorious in the history of the nation.

As I have already said, the Norman kings do not seem to have paid any very special attention to the Ports as a whole. The Con-

queror and his son William may have had a local affection for Hastings, used it as a port of passage frequently enough, and so on; but it is not until we arrive at the reign of Henry II. that we find the monarch expressing any considerable regard for the organisation as a whole. The exact reason of this is not far to seek,—is to be found in the wars which Henry carried on, wars with Flanders, with France, with his barons, with his sons, and with the Scotch and Irish. We have no records of services rendered by the Ports, but it is practically certain that the ships they afforded were the only ones of which he could permanently avail himself.<sup>1</sup> The charter that Richard I. granted to Winchelsea and Rye in 1190, twice mentions grants of “Henry, our father.” It is, however, not until the reign of John that the Cinque Ports rendered the first services that we can definitely trace,—a series of services which prevented what must have been a cataclysmic change in the course of English history.

Their almost ceaselessly steadfast loyalty to a king of whom it is said that “hell itself is defiled by his presence,” ought perhaps to be eyed askance. To the Ports, however, John was by no means a bad master. He was at various times so much in need of their assistance that he seems to have been exceptionally anxious to conciliate them. Thus we find him carefully attending to the complaints of Hastings, and granting a whole batch of charters to the Ports individually. The Ports rewarded him well enough. Once he hid his wretched head in Dover Castle; at another time he lay in the Isle of Wight entirely unbefriended save by the men of the Ports. Legend even has it that the ships of the Ports kept so vigilant a watch for the ship bearing Innocent’s Bull of Excommunication, that finally the men of Sandwich got possession of that golden instrument, and, tearing it into small pieces, consigned it to

<sup>1</sup> Sir H. Nicolas (*History of Royal Navy*, vol. i. p. 104) says that Henry had 400 large ships prepared for the conveyance of his troops to Ireland.

These must have been mercenary vessels. The “small fleet” with which in 1174 he set sail from Bonfleur was most probably that of the Five Ports.

the waves. The Ports themselves, it may be mentioned, had received a special excommunication, since they had been almost the only active friends of the combatant king, had attacked the Pope's supporters, and so on. One may cavil at their upholding of a king so skilfully abominable as was John, but there can be no two opinions as to their succeeding services to the state, to this realm of England. The defence of Dover Castle may be set down to the genius of Hubert de Burgh—the Hubert that Shakespeare defamed; but William Longsword's great naval battle at Damme—a battle of which one may consider Trafalgar as a sexcentenary celebration—and Hubert's subsequent victory over Eustace the monk, must be set to the credit and skill of the Portsmen. But for the defence of Dover, England must have fallen under the French yoke; but for the victory over Eustace, the French invasion of England must have been indefinitely prolonged.

Their next service of national significance was their upholding of the Barons during the war which made England definitely a constitutional state. The great importance that was by either side attached to the confederation one may learn from the strenuous efforts that both king and barons made to gain possession of the Liberties. The battle of Lewes, which for the time meant the dethronement of Henry III., was practically the end of this struggle. That the Ports were too precious or too strong to be visited with any heavy punishment we shall see in subsequent chapters. This, then, was the Golden Age of the confederation. During all these reigns the navy of the Ports must be regarded as the navy of England—as the medieval equivalent, as the child-father, of the fleet in being of to-day.

One continues the story of the services of the Ports: one finds that their ships were mainly instrumental in bringing about the conquest of Wales—that, although they alone did not take by storm the Principality, but for their seizure of Llewellyn's Dover, the Isle of Anglesey; but for their blockading of that prince's coast-line, the army of Edward

could never have reduced the Principality. It was as a reward for their services that Edward granted them their great charter of the sixth year of his reign. In the opening years of the fourteenth century we find the Ports playing an almost exactly similar part in the reduction of Scotland.

As regards the Channel, in the meanwhile, they seem to have regarded themselves as a nation almost entirely outside the rest of the kingdom. They were a police service, if we regard their own accounts—a naval equivalent of the northern Borderers, if we incline to those of the men of the opposite coasts. This culminated in the great battle of St Mahé—a battle which they fought, in time of profound peace, with the mariners of Normandy, of France, of Flanders, and of Genoa. It had once again the effect of absolutely crippling the French king, regarded as a naval potentate; and had the effect, not perhaps so desirable, of plunging England into a new war with France.

Under the Stewart-like reign of Edward II., the Ports relapsed into a kind of sea moss-trooping organisation. Indeed, under the wardenship of his favourites, the Despensers, they became pirates pure and simple<sup>1</sup>—or at least as pure and simple as it is in the nature of pirates to be. With unlaudatory impartiality they plundered the ships of the Hanse Towns, of the Scotch, of the Spanish, of the French,

<sup>1</sup> Professor Burrows objects to the application of the term pirates to the men of the Ports. But, much as I respect his authority, I fail to see how else one can characterise men who at this period had a record like the following: "Sep. 1322. Two merchants of Shireborne complain that off Portsmouth Robert de Battayle and many others of the Cinque Ports boarded their ship and carried off about £80 worth of cargo." In the same volume of the Rot. Parl. one finds the complaint of Albert of Bremen. Whilst his ship the Cruxenburgh was in the port of Orwell, two ships, one of them from Winchel-

sea, came *into the harbour* and forcibly carried off the Bremen vessel. In 1314 or 1315 the B. Mary of Bayonne, belonging to subjects of the King of England, worth with her cargo more than £2000, was wrecked on the Gascony coast. "The wreck was immediately plundered by sailors belonging to Winchelsea, Rye, and Romney." When the Lord Warden, Robert de Kendale, attempted to hold an inquiry at Winchelsea, the men of that town and of Rye and Romney "by force and violence prevented the investigation from taking place" (Harris Nicolas, vol. i. pp. 359, 360).

and of the Hanse-like confederation of the western ports of the English coast.

As a natural consequence, the French had leisure to get together a fleet that took the place of the one destroyed at St Mahé; nay, more, they contrived to become masters of what of the Channel was not immediately dominated by the ships of the individual Ports. They occupied the Channel Islands, sacked a number of towns on the western shores of the Channel, captured several famous English vessels. With the advent of Edward III. matters gradually assumed a different aspect, and the Ports again embarked upon services of a more national kind. The turning-point was reached about the years 1338-39. In the former year Philip of France got together a fleet whose instructions were to ravage the southern coasts of England "without any pity." In 1338 this fleet sacked Southampton, captured the famous cogs Christopher and Edward, and made various comparatively unsuccessful attempts upon individual Port towns. In 1339 the fleet of the Ports, numbering sixty, was assembled by order of a Parliament held in February. Nevertheless, in July of that year, the French sacked the town of Rye. This was in the nature of a surprise visit, and the ships of the Ports being warned, speedily assembled and chased the French into Boulogne.<sup>1</sup> Here acting, according to Holinshed, under cover of a thick fog they landed, burnt part of the town, and returned with the booty that the French had taken. A few days afterwards, being reinforced by the "king's ships," they burnt five towns in Normandy and captured or destroyed no less than eighty ships.<sup>2</sup> Their vessels, however, no longer formed the sole navy of England. Edward III., perhaps, learning a lesson from his grandfather's conquest of

<sup>1</sup> "Et Angliæ insequabantur eos usque *Bolonia de nostre Dame* et posuerunt in flammam ignis magnam partem villæ."—Knyghton (Script. X. 2573).

—videlicet, *Austr., Rye, Rynele*—et alias tres quarum nomina non habeo, et incenderunt de classe Normannorum ibidem, scilicet lxxx naves."—Ibid., 2574.

<sup>2</sup> "... Inunderunt v. villas, scilicet tres portus



Wales, began to pay more attention to the collection of a standing navy. Thus that of the Ports no longer stood alone, though for a long time it must have formed the nucleus of the English fleets: its seamen must have been the most experienced and the most daring.

In 1340 was fought the great battle of Sluys. Here, if the ships of the Ports were in full force, they must have numbered rather more than a quarter of the whole navy, but I should be inclined to think they did not actually amount to more than one-sixth. Of their admiral, Sir William Clinton, Earl of Huntingdon, Minot says, "Mani stout bachilere broght he on raw." During the next decade the ships of the Ports were engaged in almost incessant warfare. Edward seems to have used the ports of Sandwich and of Winchelsea as his most usual places of embarkation and of return. From Sandwich he went to the battle of Crecy, from Sandwich to the siege of Calais; to Sandwich he returned after that siege. The Ports did good service at the taking of Calais, and did good service at the battle of Lespagnols-sur-Mer, three years afterwards. Of this latter battle I cite the never to be sufficiently praised description by Froissart. It was a battle in which the Ports' navy may or may not have<sup>1</sup> formed the entire fighting strength of the English fleet, but it was one so typical and the description of it is so "gentle and joyous," that it may stand here as the greatest and last of Cinque Ports victories: "At that time there was great hatred between the King of England and the Spaniards for certain evil deeds and pillages that they had done to the English upon the high seas." The Spanish fleet was at Sluys,

<sup>1</sup> I am inclined to think that the fleet was composed about equally of king's and of Ports' ships. Sir Harris Nicolas puts the number of ships engaged at fifty. Now the king, at the siege of Calais, is said to have had twenty-five ships (Hakluyt, vol. i. p. 17) and half the navy of the Ports. The number which the

Ports had found in 1338-39 (Nicolas, vol. ii. p. 36) would have amounted to thirty. We know that, in addition to manning their own ships, they did as much for several of the king's, many if not most of which they had even built.

loading its ships with such cloths and things that to them seemed good and profitable, and about the time of their sailing the King of England came to Winchelsea, to hold his court in an abbey near the sea, and thither came madame the Queen his wife. The Spaniards knew that the King would attack them, therefore when they went into their ships they had ready "so much and such a many of all kind of artillery that it were a marvel to think of. When they saw that the wind was fair for them, they up-anchored: And were forty great ships all of a make, so strong and so fair that it was pleasant to behold them: And, at the high tops of their masts, they had mounted their castles,<sup>1</sup> filled with stones and with flintstones to throw, and soldiers to guard them. Moreover, there were upon the masts the streamers, bearing their arms and devices, which waved in the wind, and streamed and fluttered; there was great beauty in the seeing and in the conceiving of it. . . . They thought and held themselves strong enough to fight upon the sea the King of England and his power; And, in this mind, came they swimming before the wind—for they had it with them—as far as off Calais. . . . The King of England stood on the deck of his ship, dressed in a black jake of velvet, and wore upon his head a cap of black beaver, which well became him. And at that time he was, as those have told me that were with him, as joyous as he had ever been before. And he made his minstrels play to him a dance of Almain, that Messer John Chandos, who was there, had newly brought back; and then, for his delight, he had the same chevalier sing with his minstrels, and in it took great pleasure: And ever and anon he looked up, for he had put a guard in the top-castle of his ship to give warning when the Spaniards should approach. Whilst the king was in this disport, and whilst all his knights gladdened to see him so joyous, the watch, who was aware of the Navy of the Spaniards, cries:

<sup>1</sup> "Châteauxbreteské's"—these seem to have been little more than casks which they slung up into the mast-heads.

“‘Ho! I see one come a-sailing; and I think it is a ship of Spain.’ Then the minstrels fell silent, and he, being asked if he saw more, within a little answered :

“‘Yes, I see one, and then two, and then three, and then four,’ and then cried, when he saw the great fleet :

“‘I see so many, if God aids me, that I cannot number them.’ Then the king and his men knew well that it was the Spaniards. So the king had his trumpets sound; and all the ships set themselves in rank and drew together to be in better order and the more securely to act; for they knew well that battle must be, since the Spaniards came in such a great fleet. It was then late; as it might be, the hour of vespers, or thereabouts. So the king bade bring wine, and drank, and all his knights, and then he set his helmet on his head and so did all those others.

“Soon the Spaniards drew near, who might well have gone away without fighting, had they wished it; for since they were well-loaded and had great ships, they need not then have spoken with these English, had they so willed it: But, through pride and through presumption, they would not pass before them without speaking with them: And they came down on them and all together began the battle.

“When the King of England, who was upon his ship, saw the manner of it, he set his ship against a Spaniard who was coming towards him, and said to him who steered his vessel: ‘Set me against this ship that is coming; for I will joust with him.’

“The constable would never have dared do otherwise, since the king so willed it. So he set the ship against that ship of Spain which came before the wind with all sails set. The ship of the king was strong and well-timbered, else she would have been broken: for she, and the Spaniard ship, which was large and of great weight, met with such fury that it seemed a tempest had fallen there; and at the rebound<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This perhaps means “at the second contact.”

that they made the [top] castle of the king's ship struck the castle of the Spaniard ship in such a way, that the strength of the mast broke it on the mast where it was placed, so that it fell into the sea. So all those that were in it were drowned and lost.

"By this encounter the king's ship was so astonished that its seams opened and it leaked, so that the knights were aware of it: But said nothing to the king, but set themselves to bale and to caulk. Then said the king, considering the ship with which he had jousted: 'Grapple my ship with that, for I will have her.'

"Then answered his knights: 'Sire, let that one go; you shall have better.' This ship passed on and there came another great ship. So, with hooks of iron and with chains, the knights of the king made their ship fast to it. Then commenced a battle, hard, and proudly fierce, and bows began to draw and the Spaniards with a goodwill to fight and keep them back, and not only in one place, but moreover in ten or in twelve. And when they saw themselves, the game begun, in the strongest of their enemies, they grappled with them and did marvels of arms. But the English had not greatly the better of it: For the Spaniards were in great ships, higher and greater enough than the ships of the English: so that they had great advantage in aiming, and in firing and throwing great iron bolts,<sup>1</sup> with which they gave those English much to suffer.

"The knights of the King of England who were in his ship, since she was in danger of sinking, for she let in water as above has been said, hastened exceedingly to conquer the ship with which they had grappled; and there were done many great deeds of arms. In

<sup>1</sup> The French words are: "*barreaux de fer*." One is tempted to think that these were cannon-balls. Sir H. Nicolas has a theory—whether since controverted or not I do not know—that cannon were employed on board the "ships of the kings of England" as early as 1338. If

that be the case, there seems to be no reason why the Spaniards should not have been equally well armed. This may account for the holes in the ship of the Prince of Wales—"Car leur nef fut *trouée* et *pertuisée* en plusieurs lieux."

the end the king and those of his vessel bore themselves so well that this ship was conquered; and all these set overboard that were in it. Then was told to the king the peril in which he had been, and how his ship leaked, and that it behoved him to set himself aboard that which he had conquered. The king favoured this counsel, and entered into the said Spaniard ship, and so did his knights and all he had aboard. And they left the other quite empty and set about to go and attack their enemies, who were fighting very valiantly and had arbalastiers who shot great bolts that much exercised those English. . . .

“The young Prince of Wales and those of his company fought other where: So their ship was grappled and stopped by a great Spaniard ship: and there the Prince and his people had much to suffer, for their ship was holed in many places, through which the water entered at great speed; nor, for anything that they could do, could they keep her from her sinking. In this case the people of the Prince were in great anguish and fought very bitterly to conquer the Spaniard ship; but this they could not adventure, for she was nobly held and defended. So, as the Prince and his people were in this peril and danger, came the Duke of Lancaster hastening alongside of the Prince's ship; and understood that they had not the better of it, and that their ship was in evil case, for they were all a-baling. So he went about and stayed by the Spaniard ship, then cried:

“‘*Derby à la rescousse.*’

“Then were those Spaniards boarded and thwacked in goodly wise, nor could they long support it. So their ship was taken and all they set overboard without any being granted quarter: and the Prince and his people went aboard. Scarcely had they done so than their ship sank. So they understood well, then, the great peril they had been in.

“Otherwhere fought the barons and knights of England, each one according to his order; and they had need to be both bold and active, for they found men to speak with.”

“The ship called the *Salle du Roi*, commanded by Robert of Namur, had grappled with a Spaniard that was so large that it was carrying them off willy-nilly. Thus faring, they passed near the ship of the king, so they cried ‘Rescue the *Salle du Roi*.’ But they were not perceived, for it was already late. . . . Now believe that these Spaniards would have carried them away at their ease, when a varlet of Monsieur Robert, who called himself Hanekin, did there a great deed of arms: for, with his naked sword in his hand, he leaped aboard that ship of Spain, and came to the mast and cut the cable which held up the sail; with which the sail fell down and had no more strength. For withal, by great strength of body, he cut the four sovran cords which governed the mast and the sail; and that ship stopped dead and could no longer sail onwards.” Robert de Namur fell upon the Spaniards struggling in the folds of the sail and made an end of them.

“I cannot speak of all nor say, ‘This man did well and this better’; . . . but, in the end, the day fell to the English, and the Spaniards there lost fourteen ships.<sup>1</sup> The rest passed on and saved themselves. When they had all gone and the said king had no one with whom to fight, they sounded with their trumpets the retreat. So they went their way towards England, and took land at Rye and at Wincenese, a little after the day was done.

“At that very hour went the king and his children, . . . and all the barons that were there, out of their ships, and took horse in the town, and went a-horse-back towards the manor of the queen, who was, it may be, two English leagues from there. So was the queen greatly rejoiced when she saw her lord and her children; she had had great anguish of heart that day through for fear of those Spaniards: for, at that place of the shores of England there are mountains from which they had seen the

<sup>1</sup> “Capti sunt ibi igitur viginti sex naves magnæ, reliquis submersis vel in fugam versis.”—Th. Wals. (Riley’s ed., vol. i. p. 275).

strife : for it had been a clear day and a day of fine weather. So they had told the queen, for she had wished to know, that the Spaniards had forty great ships : so was the queen of very good comfort again when she saw her husband and his children. So those Lords and those Ladies passed their night in great revels, talking of arms and of love.”<sup>1</sup>

In the tragic years of the end of Edward's reign, in the days of relaxed government at home and of a new growth of strength in France, bad days came once more for the Five Ports. They assisted at the glorious, but unfortunate, two-days' battle off La Rochelle in 1371, and their ships formed part of the inglorious fleet with which for five weeks the king aimlessly kept the sea, and on which he is said to have spent the incredible sum of £900,000. As after the battle of Lespagnols-sur-Mer, the king landed at Winchelsea—but this time without much heart for revelry. Under Richard things went from bad to worse in the Ports—the French “took what vengeance they would on them.”

In fact, from this time forward they can hardly be said to have formed the van of the navy. They found a diminishing quota of ships when called upon. Their ships formed part of the fleet that transported Henry V. and his army to Agincourt, and they enjoyed a kind of Indian summer during that king's French wars, but the winter of their discontent set in heavily with that of the nation at large before the end of the Wars of the Roses. Unlike the nation at large as a naval power, they never knew the spring again.

The cause of their decline was, as I have said, purely physical. It came about through the silting up of their harbours. That this was the case will appear, lamentably reiterated, in the histories of the individual Ports. For some centuries this only indirectly affected the wealth of their communities : the harbours remained deep enough to

<sup>1</sup> *Chroniques de Froissart* (Buchon's ed., vol. i. p. 285 *et seqq.*) Johnes's translation differs rather considerably in matters of detail, and I have found it better, for my own purpose, to give my own rendering. In Lord Berners' translation the passage is unfortunately missing.

float the light boats that sufficed to cross the Channel. They became in time of war little more than providers of transport and victualling vessels; they carried barrels of the arrows that struck down the French at Agincourt; and in time they sank into the state of small mercantile, later of small agricultural and fishing, towns. They were wealthy enough to pay for shipping in the time of the Armada—they even built the famous fire-ships, so it is said. But they could no longer house the ships they paid for, and thus “*les dits nef*” lost their communal character—were, in fact, nothing more than presents to the Tudor and Stewart sovereigns. Their last naval service was the formation, under the wardenship of Pitt, of the Cinque Ports flotilla-navy of armed fishing-smacks—a flotilla which did some service: captured a few of Napoleon’s gunboats, beat off a few privateers. They did much of this under the deputy-admiralty of Lady Hester Stanhope.

With regard to the ships themselves—the cogs, crayers, and snakes—it is interesting to consider that the fleet commanded by Lady Hester was, as far as size goes, almost the exact equal of that commanded by Hubert de Burgh. For the counterpart presentments of these vessels we have to go to the seals of the Ports.<sup>1</sup> There we see that the earliest vessels in shape closely resembled a section of melon-peel—a section of, let us say, one quarter. The bows and the stern ran skywards: at the bows and the stern there was a kind of castellated erection. These “castles” were, then, a kind of deck—a deck which, it is said, was removable, and was only used in time of war. The castellation we may or may not regard as a decorative fiction of the seal-engraver. The ships served during times of peace, as communal—or corporation—

<sup>1</sup> Pictures of these seals are not difficult to come by. One may see a number of them in Boys’ ‘History of Sandwich.’ The best collection of impressions of the Ports’ seals is, I should say, that of the Museum of the Sussex Arch. Soc. in the barbican of Lewes Castle. They give representa-

tions of ships of many types. One of the best is that of Hastings, which represents a sea-fight. That of Tenterden, which was incorporated very late, shows a four-masted ship of the “carack” type.



wine - ships and carriers. They brought wine from Gascony, took wool to Calais, or plied as cross - Channel packets. They had but one mast and but one sail; were steered by an oar let over the side. They had a crew of twenty men, and a gromet or garcion—a ship's boy. Later on "castles" were set at the mastheads—castles which look excessively like large casks, through the bottom of which the mast passed.

The ships must have been more seaworthy than one imagines, for the general habit of the Cinque Ports mariners was to attack their enemies during a gale. Their favourite manœuvre was to keep well away to windward until it suited them to "ram" their enemies, and it is moderately certain that it was to this skill and to this foul - weather seamanship that the Cinque Ports owed the large number of their successes. Says Captain Mahan:<sup>1</sup> "The writer must guard himself from appearing to advocate elaborate tactical movements issuing in barren demonstrations. He believes that a fleet seeking a decisive result must close with its enemy, but not until some advantage has been gained for the collision, which will usually be gained by manœuvring, and will fall to the best-drilled and managed fleet." This seems to have been the canon of the Cinque Ports tactical law. To the facts that they were a police, a privateering, a piratical, naval force; that their ships kept the sea from year's end to year's end, and were always ready to engage an enemy, we may attribute their superiority over the navies of the whole world of their day. How great their reputation must have been one may learn from the fact that the men of a western port gained and still keep the name of "Gallants of Fowey," because one of their vessels once beat off a number of Rye smacksmen who had attempted to force the Gallants to salute the flag of the Ports.

With regard to the moral of the sea - history of the Ports, I think it must be regarded as merely emphasising the doctrine of English

<sup>1</sup> Influence of Sea Power upon History, Note 1, p. 4.

naval superiority existing in the earliest times and continued to the present. The French ravaged the English coast times out of number; each and every of the Ports were sacked by them times out of number; there were times when the French fleets continuously held the seas alone. But eventually one is driven to the conclusion that England, at any rate during Cinque Port days, invariably did rule the waves—invariably, that is, when she had the intention of ruling them.

The exploits of the French, audacious and effectual as they were, were essentially military.<sup>1</sup> Under “Lewis the Dauphin,” in the days of John, they landed a force in the country, and might have held it indefinitely, had not the Ports’ fleet destroyed their sea-communications. Their burnings of the Port towns were little more than “landing-party exploits.” The Ports’ navy more than once destroyed great and efficient fleets of French ships; the French never, as far as I have been able to discover, won a victory over a really representative fleet of the Ports—never, that is, at a time when the Ports were kept under control by a sovereign of any ability whatever. It must be understood that I limit the time of this dictum strictly to the centuries before the Wars of the Roses.

After the reign of Henry VI., the Ports’ ships, which perforce remained cock-boats, had naturally no chance against vessels of the Royal Navy of France, against vessels that began more and more to approach the type of the *Harry Grace de Dieu*. How disproportionate the sizes were, even in the fifteenth century, we may gather from the account of the fight between five “balingers” of the Ports and a “carack.” These balingers had been part of the fleet which, in the maugre of the French king, conducted Henry V. to meet the Emperor at Calais: “At daybreak, . . . the Earl of Warwick and five of the balingers came up

<sup>1</sup> This theory is curiously confirmed by the account of the wooden fortifications, which were to have been set up after landing, found aboard two French ships which were captured and brought into Sandwich (*q.v.*)

with the carack, which was higher by the length of a lance than the highest of the English; but though very unequal in force, they grappled with and attacked her. A fight ensued with varying success, and they then rested by common consent. As soon as they had refreshed themselves the action was renewed with great vigour, and lasted until night, when the carack was on the point of surrendering. At that time there were many killed and wounded on both sides; but the English had expended all their ammunition, and, not having any scaling-ladders, they were unable to continue the engagement, and had the mortification of seeing the enemy pursue her course towards Sluys.”<sup>1</sup>

The subject of the gradual decay of the Ports as military institutions, of their sudden rise as local watering-places, is one which I am not here concerned to discuss. In their decay they seem to have done the nation some service—some disservice, the followers of the cult of the White Rose might say. There seems little doubt that the peculiar methods of their services gave, to some extent, a pretext, if not the very idea, of the ship-money tax; a tax against which—as a tax—it has always seemed to me that there was less to be said than against some others that one pays uncomplainingly. The men of the Ports, as a rule, resisted the imposition, and, as in the times of the Barons’ War, they were, to that extent, in the van of a protesting nation.

<sup>1</sup> History of the Royal Navy, vol. ii. p. 425. Precisely what a “balinger” was I do not know. Jal says that the name—which he translates as “whale”—meant a ship which looked like a whale or sea-monster. He figures a balinger, engraved by F. Huijs from a painting by Breughel the elder, which, from the heights of its poop and forecastles, its bulging sides and so on, certainly bears a strong resemblance to a fabulous monster. But this can hardly have been the type of ship of the ports. Henry V.’s writs speak of ships, barges, and balingers, from which one may draw the deduction that these

last were a small kind of vessel. The seal of John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, which Jal figures four or five times, and to which he assigns the date of 1417, shows a quite primitive, but rather lofty, one-masted, one-sailed ship. That of the Duke of Gloucester (1467) is almost exactly similar. If we take these as representative ships of great nobles, we are driven to the conclusion that English ships as a whole remained perfectly primitive—resembled those of the Bayeux tapestry—whilst those of the French, Spanish, and Genoese had attained large dimensions.

These, then, are their services to England. They may or may not be estimated highly: if one be a militarist, one must, I suppose, value them highly; if not, one may regard them as accursed. They have something to answer for in that they, more than any other towns or townsmen, sowed the seed of that traditional enmity that exists between England and the nation to whom all the world should cherish a tender feeling—to the pleasant land of France. Our debt of gratitude to them would have been greater if, instead of teaching us how, inevitably, to beat the French at sea, they had taught us how to be for ever friendly with a noble nation. As it is, we have to be thankful to them for making us what we are, for making us not cosmopolitan, but nothing better and nothing worse than good Englishmen.

One must, though the most pacific of quietists, admire the gift of perseverance. This the people of this small confederation had in the highest degree. One must, I think, admire the gift of resourcefulness, of doing good work with the fewest of tools; this gift, too, they had. One must, I think, admire great schools—the great schools that mould the youth of a nation, that mould young nations. The confederation of the Cinque Ports was one of these schools to the young nation that to-day flourishes as Great, as Greater, Britain.

They were, as nations go, a little nation. That little nation had its time of flourishing, had its time of decay, has its time of oblivion; but, such as they were, they formed an epitome of the country. This little abstract did contain that large that lives in England. England, too, must in the end fail before the oncoming of a New Spirit of the Age—must in the end. But, inasmuch as it is a goodly thing to have set a good tradition of whatever kind, so civilisations to come, civilisations in which little trace of English influence can be found, will have cause to thank England and the makers of England. In its day, the confederation was the door through which the course of empire fared westward: England is, perhaps, but the door for a larger movement. The upholders

of oncoming civilisations have little time and less inclination to look back, to remember. So the services of the Ports have been forgotten. But if nations and if cities have souls, and if their souls have after their deaths an abiding-place, they are, perhaps, content to be forgotten—content though only a few, a very few of those who love the *temps jadis*, look back and discern, rather dimly though with goodwill, that the proud, the hurrying-onward, the forgetful, and the colossal of that to-day owe a meed of gratitude to these forgotten dead. And, though there be none, not even one, to remember, it must be good to lie beneath the green turf and to remember for oneself—be one a great nation or a man or a confederation of little ports—that, in one's day and after one's lights, one did good work for a little time.

## CHAPTER II.

### HASTINGS AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

#### HISTORIC.

OF all the Five Ports it seems fitting to treat of Hastings first. Through good report and evil she has maintained her right to the Premiership of the Ports; she was perhaps the prototype of all the Ports. To-day she flourishes, health-giving—in older days, flourished, protecting. Like many other towns—like us all—it has had its moments of grandeur, its moments of decay and despair.

What glory it had in times before us the sea gave; what the sea gave the sea took away. There seem to have been, at different times, three towns of Hastings—four perhaps, if we include the modern lines of brick. The sea little by little ate away the front lines of each town, the houses, as it were, falling in behind the new front. Sometimes the townsmen fell into despair—went into exile. Then we hear that the French or the Spaniards burnt a deserted city. For, again and again, what the sea spared, the men from across the sea harried. The place of the old town of all—whether it were Saxon or Roman or British—is utterly unknown. Archæologists spend pleasant hours in building up fair theories anent its site: spend perhaps unpleasant nights when rivals demolish those edifices. Except perhaps to them, the matter is of little importance. The sea possesses the old town, the breakers hurry over it, or linger to dance

EAST HILL AND FISHING TOWN. HASTINGS









in the sun. It lies looking upwards to the air through the translucent waters.

History is silent as to who were its builders. Archæological philologists play upon the names of Hasten, a Saxon chieftain, and Hæstingas, a Sussex-Saxon clan; but declare that here a Roman castle stood, the old name of the town being Heastenchester. To back them up there have been found in the town Roman pottery and traces of Roman ironworks. The Britons, too, are alleged to have here fenced in the land-approaches—the “*aditus munitos molibus mirificis*” of Cicero.

These wonderfully made earthworks are supposed to be the very ones that still exist on the East and Castle Hills of the town. That the Britons had a town here seems not impossible. They were dwellers on the seaverges of thick woods, and at one time the forest of Andred topped the Fairlight Hill. British coins—three of them of the reign of Cymbeline—have been found at Pevensey; and the Minnis Rock on Hastings Castle Hill is supposed to have served the Britons as a place of worship. A probably British burial-place has also been found on the same cliff.<sup>1</sup> Of the town under the Romans we have no trace left. We even do not know what its name may have been. If, as Cole and others think, it was the Othona of the Villare Cantium, it must have been a town of vast importance to the Count of the Saxon shore.<sup>2</sup> Others assert that Hastings was the landing-place of Cæsar, or that, at least, he landed at Pevensey and marched to Hastings. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that Pevensey was a place of great importance in Roman times. It is supposed to have been the Anderida which Cælle of Northumbria destroyed after the departure of the Romans.

<sup>1</sup> An account of these coins, and of the excavations at Pevensey, will be found in Roach Smith's ‘*Collectanea Antiqua*’ and other works by R. S. The British remains at Hastings are described in Cole's ‘*Antiquities of Hastings*.’

<sup>2</sup> “*Sin autem Britannicis temporibus floruerit,*

*Othona illa videatur, in qua Fortensium numerus hoc littus . . . sub Littoris Saxonici Comite tueabatur. Fieri enim potuit ut Saxones nostri Germani, qui in primis consonantium, pro Othona Hasteng olim vocarint.*—Camden, *Britannia*, 1st ed., p. 161.

The Romans being gone, there came the Saxons. Under them Hastings became more flourishing. It had a mint of its own. Coins struck there are catalogued by Ruding as bearing the heads of Canute, Hardicanute, and the Confessor. Mr Cole thinks that the destruction of the great harbour at Anderida accounts for the sudden prosperity of Hastings as a port of the same neighbourhood. But apart from the fact that it flourished, we know little of its history, of its ups and downs under Saxons or Danes. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle tells one that "the men of Hastings and thereabout fought two of Sweins ships with their ships, and slew all the men and brought the ships to Sandwich to the king." This was during the revolt of Godwin against the Confessor. Shortly afterwards the men of the town turned their coats, and sailed with Godwin against London and the king.

But it was under the Norman kings that the town really reached its greatness. The Conqueror, of course, landed at Pevensey. They preserve at Hastings the stone on which he fell on landing, on which he dined, or which was placed over the dead Harold. The stone is unchanging; the stories vary. Were one an archæologist, one might attempt to reconcile all the three versions. William, we are told by tradition, on landing, slipped and fell,—grasping the land and, as he said, taking seisin of it. The land that he grasped was this rock. What more natural than that he should wish to dine off his own newly-seized land? and what more natural, again, than that he should wish the dead Harold held down by the very stone that had welcomed the victor?

I do not propose to give a detailed account of the battle of Hastings, nor have I any intention of approaching the thorny subject of the shield-wall.

One knows that Merlin<sup>1</sup> had prophesied the overthrow of the English

<sup>1</sup> "The German dragon shall hardly get to his holes because the revenge of his treason shall overtake him. At last he shall flourish for a little time (as Saxon paramount in Britain), but the decimation from Normandy shall hurt him. For a people in wood and iron coats shall come and revenge upon him his wickedness."—Geoffrey of Monmouth, Giles's translation.

by the Normans,—“a Norman people in iron coats shall lay low the pride of the English,”—that before the battle Harold felt confident, and William too. One knows—at least the Norman chroniclers tell us so—that the night before the battle the Norman spent in prayer, the English in wine-bibbing; that the English cried “Let them come!” and “Drink to me!” and “Out!”—the Normans, “Dex aie!” (“God help us!”) They fought through the long autumn day “by the hoar apple-tree,” and, presumably, the better man won. “The Duke William, in his pride, where the banner had stood, had his own standard set on high. His barons and knights and squires cried all: ‘Never man so rode nor fought, nor did such deeds of arms. Since Roland and since Oliver such a knight had not been in land.’”<sup>1</sup>

There was a vast slaughter of men on both sides. “The dales all around sent forth a gory stream which increased at a distance to the size of a river. How great, think you, must have been the slaughter of the conquered when that of the conquerors is reported upon the lowest computation to have exceeded ten thousand?”<sup>2</sup> So says the Battle Abbey Chronicler.

One incident of the battle is curiously similar to one of another famous and hard-fought field—Waterloo. “There lay between the hostile armies a certain dreadful precipice caused either by a natural chasm of the earth or by some convulsion of the elements. It was of considerable extent, and, being overgrown with bushes or brambles, was not very easily seen, and great numbers of men—principally Normans in pursuit of English—were suffocated in it; for, ignorant of the danger, as they were running in a

<sup>1</sup> Wace. Wace is, of course, not the most accurate of describers of the battle, but he is one of the most picturesque. A “Bibliography” of the subject is supplied by Mr Round to the present volume (xlii.) of the *Sussex Archæological Collection*.

<sup>2</sup> According to the latest writers on the subject,

the number of Normans engaged in the battle did not exceed 5000 (Sir James Ramsay’s ‘*Foundations of England*’). Indeed, taking into account the difficulties of transport and victualling, the 50,000 of the Chroniclers seems an impossible figure. Monastic licence in things of the sort is not unknown.

disorderly manner, they fell into a chasm, and were fearfully dashed to pieces and slain. And the Pit from this deplorable accident is still called Malfosse."

The battle did not take place for some time—for nearly a month—after the Duke of Normandy's landing. Perhaps the dysentery that broke out among the troops hindered his movements; perhaps he was waiting to take the sense of the country. He seems to have begun his harryings not until he learnt that the country favoured Harold. Immediately after the representation of William's receiving the news of Harold's approach, there follows in the Bayeux tapestry the picture of a house burning at Hastings.<sup>1</sup>

Harold has been blamed for joining battle with the Normans whilst the country was still sending men to him—before his army was at its full strength. But it must be remembered that a more favourable position than that occupied by him at Battle would have been difficult to find. It commanded the only passage inland. He probably wished to keep William shut up in the triangular space of sea-shore and marsh-land between Hastings and Pevensey until reinforcements arrived. William, however, forced his hand.

After the battle the Conqueror marched away inland, having built a temporary blockhouse<sup>2</sup> at Hastings. This wooden *castellum* in course of time became the Norman castle from which Castle Hill takes its name. The great congeries of buildings called Pevensey castle also contains a large amount of Norman adaptive work. The Conqueror seems to have

<sup>1</sup> The inscriptions touching Pevensey and Hastings on the tapestry are as follows:—

Hic Willelmus Dux in magno navigio mare transivit et venit ad Pevense.

Hic exeunt caballi de Navibus.

Et h. milites festinaverunt Hestinga et cilum raperentur.

Iste jussit ut foderentur castellum ad Hesteng.

Hic nuntiatum est Will<sup>o</sup>. de Haroldo.

Hic domus incenditur.

<sup>2</sup> Matthew Paris: "Apud Hastings ligneum agiliter castrum statuerit Guilielmus Conquestor." Tradition has it that William brought his wooden castle on shipboard, piecemeal from Normandy. The French certainly did the same thing subsequently, as in the case of the wooden walls which were captured by Sandwich men when they took a couple of French ships in 1365.

fortified these two places to serve as safe ports for his entrances and exits. Both Hastings and Pevensey soon recovered from the spoliation of his mercenaries, Hastings being the larger of the two. Both towns possessed a mint until the time of Henry I.

What was the size of Hastings in Norman days we have little means of knowing. In Domesday-book mention is made of a New Burg in these parts. Winchelsea antiquarians declare that this was Winchelsea—Hastings calls it part of Hastings. It stood in the manor of Rameslie or Brede, which had been granted to the Fécamp Priors by the Conqueror. If we call the New Burg part of Hastings, the whole town contained 68 burgesses, 14 borderers, 100 salt-pits, seven acres of meadow, and only two hogs. Without the New Burg there were but 4 burgesses. The growth of Pevensey under the Conqueror was exceedingly rapid. In 1066 it contained only 27 burgesses, in 1086 as many as 109. This great increase was of course due to influxes of Normans. Hastings probably grew quite as fast as the other town, but being largely owned by Churchmen<sup>1</sup> its royal rents were smaller. It is to the favour of the Conqueror, or of one of his immediate successors, that Hastings owes its precedency over the other Ports. If we allow that, before the Conquest, the several Ports were not joined into one body, it must follow that one or other of the Norman kings commenced to make them the *imperium in imperio* that they subsequently became, and that he, favouring Hastings, conferred on it the leadership. In the Confessor's, and probably in the Conqueror's, times, the town furnished as many ships as Dover—21—and more than the joint contributions of Hythe, Sandwich, and Romney—15.

These, in fact, were the grand days for Hastings. The Ports as a rule flourished in the light of the king's smile—found life too hard in the shade. Thus Hastings flourished in Norman days, and the privileges that

<sup>1</sup> This, though the usual and locally accepted theory, is very debatable. Mr Round (Feudal England) says that the greater part of the men of Hastings were "King's men"; that from this circumstance arose the pre-eminence of Hastings among the Ports. See Appendix.

it gained then it never lost in days of adversity. The Ports as a whole were too jealous of their rights to curtail those of any of their number however low she might have sunk. It was not until quite lately—in 1861—that Dover made an unsuccessful attempt to wrest the supremacy from the Sussex Port.<sup>1</sup>

The town at this time probably possessed a fine harbour at the mouth of a river, but harbour and river have now disappeared. The sea, which ruined so many of the other Ports by filling up their harbours, ruined Hastings by eating away the land through which the harbour mouth ran. The sea, in this part, seems to have hated all creeks, to have wished to smooth out the wrinkles of the sea-shore. Hastings struggled as desperately to preserve its harbour as did the other Ports, and the process of decay was a fairly gradual one.

The raising of the Conqueror's Abbey at Battle probably was one of the causes of the town's prosperity. The building largely consisted of Caen stone which the Conqueror had imported. This and the traffic of monks between England and Normandy made the Port thrive. In early Saxon times close ties had obtained between the men of the Ports and those of the towns of the Seine. These are said, on very dubious authority, however, to have been fostered by the monks of St Denis, who in the time of Charlemagne had had rights over the harbours of Hastings and Pevensey. These rights the monks had gradually lost, but, under the lordship of the Comtes d'Eu and of the Abbots of Fécamp, Hastings was once again united with the towns in France.<sup>2</sup>

Not content with harbouring ships, Hastings built them; ships of war,

<sup>1</sup> The subject was thrashed out with some acrimony. The Hastings Corporation presented a petition in favour of their rights (B. M. 9930. g.g. 15), and a similar one on behalf of Dover was prepared by Mr Knocker. Dover, however, had no case at all, almost the only authority in its favour being Harris—the quite inaccurate historian of Kent.

<sup>2</sup> A rather amusing correspondence between the mayors of St Valery sur Somme and of Hastings still exists. The authorities of the little Norman town, from which the Conqueror finally set sail for England, conceived the idea that commercial intercourse between the towns might be re-established in 1855. They rehearsed the advantages of their position, the ease of



of trade, royal long-boats and royal yachts for the three Norman kings. "Esnetka mea de Hastings," ("my Hastings yacht"), Henry I. writes in an extant letter. The great forest of Andred afforded wood for the purpose of the shipwright. Most of the Sussex Ports then found ample employment for the shipwright—several still do so. Moreover the goodly harbours of the neighbourhood sheltered what ships the king of the time possessed.

These were its sources of wealth. For defence it boasted its castle, which had taken the place of the wooden structure of Conquest year. In later times walls were built to defend the town against the sea and other foes. The walls, however, served little, and almost entirely vanished in the great gales of the two succeeding centuries. It is not as a walled town that the place was noteworthy. It was of the type that relied not on its own impregnability but on that of a central hold. In the Conqueror's time and during the succeeding reigns the town was in the charge of the great feudal lords of Eu. With the passing of them and of the system that they represented, its day came to an end; it fell into disrepair, into ruin.

Under the Red King, however, the castle was in the full flush of its life. It served as a royal palace when, in 1093, the king's passage over-seas was delayed for a month by adverse winds. Rufus spent his time in feasting, in adjusting clerical differences, in witnessing the consecration of a bishop. He returned in 1095 to assist at the dedication of the Abbey of Battle. "On the appointed day he came to this place with an innumerable train of his barons and of the common people." The Abbey was, by the great Anselm of Canterbury, dedicated "to the honour of

communication with Paris, the fineness of their new harbour at Pte. Hourdel, and so on, and so on. The mayor of Hastings directs the town clerk to reply that they too are anxious for a commercial alliance, that the town of Hastings has been newly put in railway communication

with London, and that proposals are on foot for the construction of a new harbour in the town. There the matter rested. Proposals are still on foot for the building of a harbour—they have been at any time during the present century—and St Valery is as far away as ever.

the holy and undivided Trinity, the Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, and to Christ's Confessor, St Martin."

From this time forward the story of Hastings is one of change and decay. Mr Cole says that the decadence of the town dated from the reign of Stephen. Nevertheless in this reign the men and ships of Hastings earned the thanks of Christendom during the crusade that deprived the Moors of the kingdom of Portugal. At the taking of Lisbon, in the year of grace 1147, the ships of the Five Ports, headed by those of Hastings, played the foremost part. Alfonso, the first Christian king of Portugal, showed his sense of gratitude by making a chaplain of the Hastings fleet first Bishop of Lisbon.

This was nearly the last and greatest glory of the town. Stephen had inherited none of the Conqueror's traditions, and William's descendant, the Empress Maud, had little power in the land. The struggle between king and empress, as far as it affected the Ports, took place round Dover; Henry II. cared little for the Ports as a whole, and Richard and John, although fully alive to their importance, did nothing to save Hastings.

The disastrous close of Lackland's disastrous reign saw Hastings occupied by Lewis of France, into whose hands it fell without a struggle.

The Angevin kings gradually transferred their royal affections to Winchelsea, one of the contributory members of the Port of Hastings itself. Henry III. visited Winchelsea, but seems to have ignored the very existence of its head port. During the reign of Edward I., although the town suffered as much as its members, the king did not come to its aid. Possibly he despised it for its measure of cowardice at the end of the Barons' war. During that long struggle it behaved well enough, and supported the cause of the Constitution against the Crown. But, on the final defeat of De Montford, its burgesses forwarded to the king a humble apology—or should we say an egregious monument of casuistry?—"To their most excellent Lord," it ran, "and most dear Lord,

the most illustrious King of England, his liege and faithful barons of Hastings, greeting, in the Saviour of all, and prompt and ready willingness to obey in all things, even to the division of soul and body, with all subjection, reverence, and honour. We have thought it right to declare by these letters, to the excellence of your Royal Majesty, that extreme grief of heart, and anguish beyond measure, have now for a long time past affected all and each of us, inasmuch as we have neither been able to approach the bodily presence of your loyal clemency during the delay of your long sojourn in remote parts, nor to direct sure messengers in order to ascertain the certainty of the good condition of your person, for the sake of both the love and honour of which we are ready to be crowned with a victorious death, if necessary. Moreover, let your Royal excellence take notice that we have, up to this time, guarded your town of Hastings for your use and that of your heirs, and at your good pleasure shall guard it for ever, although anything of the contrary may have been suggested to your pious ears by our enemies against us. To which enemies, indeed, do not give credence, since they are not to be believed in anything; and although some persons, without the assent of our community, may have offended your Royal Majesty, we have at no time adopted them nor their evil deeds, but, even in the presence of your Royal Majesty, have disapproved and disavowed them and their evil works, and have never ceased to disapprove them. Wherefore, we humbly implore the clemency of your Royal Majesty. May the excellence of your Royal Majesty be in health, and flourish to endless time!"<sup>1</sup>

Rye, it is true, sent a precisely similar apology—but Rye was never unprofitably courageous. Winchelsea, however, rebelled boldly and took its punishment as we shall see.

Whether or no Edward admired its boldness, he favoured Winchelsea and left its head port to struggle with the sea as best it could. The storm

<sup>1</sup> *Sussex Arch. Coll.*, vol. iv. pp. 110, 111.

that destroyed old Winchelsea must have proved as fatal to Hastings.<sup>1</sup> Its cliffs were gnawed away, the castle's chapel fell into the sea: "quod per frequenter maris inundationes pro majore parte devastatur," write the Dean and Chapter in 1229. Seven years afterwards the church of St Clement's had to be abandoned and rebuilt on another site. One hears of disasters to the churches because the Religious were clamorous, and sought new lands on which to build. Of the silent woe of the poorer sort we hear nothing at all. Yet it must have been great enough.

The sea has gone on attacking Hastings until well into the present century. When the Queen was Princess Victoria the sea washed away the road between the town and St Leonards. "The enthusiastic townsmen," we are told, "dragged the carriage of the Princess over the White Rock." The adventure sounds unpleasant—harrowing even, for young "Royallity," as we say in these parts.

To help the town to provide its quota of ships, Seaford, Pevensey, and other towns in Sussex and Kent were added to its number of contributory members. Seaford must have been added about 1229 or earlier—perhaps after the storm that destroyed the chapel on Castle Hill.

Both members have at different times been noteworthy and flourishing towns. Until 1638 Seaford had a fine harbour—the mouth of the Ouse—but at that date the river suddenly changed its course and ran to the sea

<sup>1</sup> Storms of prodigious violence seem to have been of frequent occurrence all along this coast up till quite late days. Some of the happenings recorded by early chroniclers would be hardly credible were it not for the confirmation afforded by the destruction of towns like Hastings and Winchelsea. Thus, in 1233, a thunderstorm continued without ceasing for fifteen days. In 1230 there were two earthquakes, and the sea flowed twice without ebbing. According to Richard Grafton's smaller chronicle there were incredibly violent tempests and earthquakes in 1232, a terrible earthquake in 1246, another

great tempest in 1249; in 1269, "the ryuer of Thamys was so hard frozen frō the feast of St Andrew untill Candlemas that . . . merchaundises was caryed from Sandwich and other Hauens to London by Land"; in 1280 there was a tremendous snowfall followed by floods; and in 1288, "Grate hayle fel in England this present yere, and after that ensued so continual rayne that the yeere following wheate was sold for xl. shillings a quarter"—which, making allowances for the change in value of money, was more than twenty times its price at the present day.

at Newhaven. It is said to have had five churches, and is the only one of the lesser members of the V. Ports that returned members to Parliament. It retained its privileges until quite a late day; had, like all the other ports, to undergo the assaults of the French and the sea, and has finally become a watering-place. As much may be said of Eastbourne, which, however, was not a corporate member, and never seems to have attained to any consideration until watering-place days.

The incorporation of places like Seaford and Pevensey, which in after years became mere hamlets, seems to have been the cause of Sussex's reputation for stupidity.<sup>1</sup> Its mayors and jurats were frequently mere cottagers, and they held their courts and pronounced sentences of a farcical nature with admirable gravity. Pevensey produced the famous Andrew Borde—the original Merry Andrew. This Sussex worthy immortalised his native place under the name of Gotham. Every one has heard of the wise men of Gotham, who essayed to execute an eel by drowning, and perpetrated hundreds of similar oddities. Of them it is recorded that their grand jury found a man guilty of manslaughter for stealing a pair of leather breeches. This finding may be apocryphal, but the exceedingly well-preserved municipal records of Seaford contain findings almost as whimsical. As thus:—

“13<sup>th</sup> Eliz.—We finde Thomas Woman's wife was sacy upon the witness, but she sayght hir beans and pease were spillde.”

“17<sup>th</sup> Jas. I.—We find Cooper's wife guilty of making discord between neighbours.”

Although, aided by the Wise Men and the inhabitants of the Ancient towns, Hastings managed to pay its way as far as the ships and the fifteenth were concerned, it gradually lost all vigour of life. Whenever the French or the Spaniards or the Scots chose to attack it, they found

<sup>1</sup> Sussex men are called by their detractors “Sussex dolts.” In Kent one still hears said: “Oh, he comes from Sussex. He sucked in silliness with his mother's milk, and has been silly ever since.” I don't know, however, what Sussex has to say of the man of Kent.

it an easy prey. They seem, indeed, only to have thought it worthy of attack as a *pis aller* when they had been beaten off by Rye or Winchelsea. Thus in 1238 they "frightened away the inhabitants and burnt the town" on their way from the sacking of Rye to the occupation of the Isle of Wight.

By 1544 the town had sunk so low that Seaford, its quondam member, was by Henry VIII. made an equal corporation, with bailiff and barons, in return for weightier contributions. Almost immediately after its apotheosis, Seaford received its baptism of fire. A French marauding force under Claude d'Annehault landed near the town, but was repelled by the inhabitants under Sir Nicholas Pelham. This was practically the last of the piratical cross-channel expeditions of the kind, and its defeat took place appropriately enough at the last town to earn Five Port honours. Before this date, Henry VIII. had selected Seaford as a fit locality for one of the many castles that he built along the coast.

In Elizabeth's time Hastings made another struggle for life, built two piers, and so on. But these seem to have done little for the town. It is not even mentioned by name in Sir Walter Raleigh's 'Discourse of Seaports,' nor does it figure in any of the myriad discoverable pamphlets putting forth plans for the regeneration of the navy that saw the light from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries. Nevertheless, it was in the reign of Elizabeth—in Armada year—that the town received the final honour of incorporation under a mayor. One supposes that this advancement was more in the nature of an inducement to a final struggle with the *précieuse ridicule* called Fate than in recognition of the size or actual importance of the town. The Virgin Queen, a certain parsimoniousness apart, made vigorous efforts to re-establish the naval status of the realm. Incidentally she essayed in vain to resuscitate the glories of the Five Ports and of other decayed ports of the kingdom, witness the already cited 'Discourse of Seaports.' Thus we may regard the promotion of Hastings as a bribe; perhaps as a reward for services rendered against

the Armada. The charter of Elizabeth also made the town owner of the beach of stones, which had a value of its own, and of a quantity of what, perhaps, she hoped would become building sites in a rejuvenated town.

In return the townsmen built the two stades, built them and saw them battered to pieces by the winter storms of a century or so. According to one account, "Queen Elizabeth granted a contribution towards the making a new harbour, which was begun; but the contribution was quickly converted into private purses and the public good neglected." In 1804 the remains of one of the piers were still to be seen at low water. It appears to have been built of timber on a foundation of huge rocks. Hastings, in fact, passed out of history with Henry I., but continued unceasingly the attempt to struggle into life again. It had to stand by, to be a witness of the warlike haps of succeeding centuries. It saw French fleets sail slowly up or down the Channel. Dutch fleets seek a flying English foe. From its position it was fated to witness only the more mortifying of England's encounters. It had to suffer when De Witt swept the southern shores of the country, to suffer when the French under Louis XIV. were masters of the Channel. Jeake tells us that in 1690 the French supporters of the last Stewart king landed at Hastings, fired on Hastings in passing, killing some and wounding others. One of the cannon-balls of that firing is still to be seen in the tower walls of St Clement's church.<sup>1</sup> It must have been mortifying to the town to have heard the cannonading at Beachy Head a few days

<sup>1</sup> I give a fuller account of this transaction in my chapter on Rye. Lower in his History of Sussex says that the cannon-balls at St Clement's were fired in an attack made by a joint French and Dutch fleet in 1691. This is impossible, the Dutch being the allies of the English at that date. I have not been able to find any traces of this second attack, although there are plenty of accounts of the one the

year before. Thus, in 1690, the Bishop of Chichester was unable to hold a confirmation service because the churches in Hastings were full of soldiers. Of Lord Torrington, the admiral of the battle at Beachy Head, Captain Hozier says that he was not to blame for attempting to save his fleet by retreat. Torrington was tried by court-martial and acquitted; but the verdict was a political one, intended to irritate Dutch William.

after, and to learn that the English ingloriously fled from the fight, leaving their Dutch allies to be overwhelmed.

Hastings nearly saw a historic evasion—one that the hand of Fate wrote down instead a might-have-been. Charles I., a prisoner in Carisbrooke, had for a time a body-servant, Ashburnham, whom the Parliamentarians removed. Ashburnham, returning to his home near Hastings, received a letter from Carisbrooke bidding him have in readiness a vessel to carry the king over-seas. Ashburnham got ready the ship, which lay off Hastings for some three weeks; but at the end of that time news came from the luckless king. Some of his jailers were not sufficiently complaisant, could not be bribed; Charles would not trust those that had been bribed—Charles, one must remember, would trust no one sufficiently: the matter fell through. Hastings did not witness the memorable event. Instead, at Ashburnham House, near Battle, are preserved the blood-stained relics of a martyr, the clothes that Charles wore when the axe fell.

Hastings saw little of the Civil War. One hears that “on Sunday morning, being the 9th of July 1643, in time of Divine service, Colonel Morley, the crooked rebel of Sussex, came towards Hasting, one of the Cinque Ports, but in his march being discovered, presently notice was given to Mr Hinson, Curate of All Saints’, who, knowing that one end of the Colonel’s Sabbath-day’s journey was to apprehend him, was compelled to break off Divine service in the midst, and fly into a wood near at hand, there to hide himself. The Colonel being entered the town, scattered the body of his horse into several parts to intercept all passages out of the town, and having secured the parts, he summons the Mayor and Jurats, and demands the arms of the town, to which he found ready obedience; for presently the Mayor and Jurats sent their servants to command all the inhabitants to deliver up their arms, which was done accordingly; and one of the Jurats, Fray by name, furnished the Colonel with a waggon. He sent them away to Battell,



being a town in Sussex, some five miles from Hasting. That night some soldiers lay in the church where Mr Hinson officiated, where one Wicker, a common soldier, getting up into the pulpit, preached unto his fellows; and to show the fruits of so good doctrine, going out of the church, either the preacher or one of his auditory stole away the surpluss."<sup>1</sup> For the rest, the subsequent history of Hastings, is mere matter of gossip.

In 1645 the Hastings contingent of the Sussex clubmen gave much trouble to both parties of the realm. They were a band of desperate men, ruined by the wars, who murdered solitary Cavaliers and Cropheads with impartial club. In 1744 the whole county was alarmed by the appearance in the Forest of St Leonard's of a vast serpent, who killed men and beasts with his poisoned breath. Amongst others a Hastings cobbler is said to have met his end whilst passing at a hundred yards' distance from this monster's roadside tree. In 1754 a Dutch ship of war came ashore between Hastings and Bexhill. Her crew had been overmastered by the convicts that she carried. These latter escaped inshore, gave some trouble, and caused much alarm to the local authorities. Frightful wrecks were of constant occurrence along the whole coast as far as Beachy Head. On one occasion a whole convoy of merchant vessels and their attendant man-of-war were utterly destroyed on the Head itself. A famous vicar of East Dean was so touched by the suffering that the Head cost, that he had a cavern, communicating with the land above by a staircase, carved out of the cliff on the sea-shore. Here he hung up a lantern on stormy nights and waited for mariners to come ashore. His parishioners and those of the neighbouring cures of souls are said to have rejoiced exceedingly when a French privateer, running atilt against the cliff, completely filled up Parson Darby's Hole.

The coastmen seem to have been wreckers to a man. They hung out misleading signals at night, murdered shipwrecked men, plundered

<sup>1</sup> *Mercurius Rusticus*.

their corpses and the vessels from which they came. Possibly the fact that the Ports had from time immemorial been "wreck-free,"—that is to say, had a right to the goods of vessels wrecked upon their shores—had helped the portsmen of these parts to form habits of this sort; to aid the hand of Providence. "To this day," writes the historian of Winchelsea, "when the boats of Winchelsea or Hastings enter some of our western ports, a hatchet is held up to them as a sign of opprobrium for their ancestors' conduct; conduct not altogether unknown in later times, if report speaks truly."

The last war with France found Hastings in a state of patriotic excitement. The following sublime account of the preparations made to resist Napoleon occurs in Moss's History of the town: "With the spirit that animated the rest of the kingdom, their Yeomanry and Fencibles were embodied and trained and exercised in arms. Prompt and ready, they were constantly and cheerfully at their posts, fully prepared to act against the invaders of their lands, and willing in the extremity to lay down their lives in defence of their laws, their country, and their homes." They were called to do little against the invaders.

In 1796 the crew of a French privateer attempted to cut out a vessel laden with lime that lay up against the Stade. The French were, however, beaten off by the Hastings fishermen, and their landing party made prisoners. In 1803 the 11th Light Dragoons garrisoned the place; in 1804 temporary barracks for 200 men were erected. Altogether 1200 men were quartered in the neighbouring towns. They were commanded by the Duke of Wellington. "He resided at Hastings House, where he took up his abode with his bride on the very day of their marriage."

Hastings seems at this time to have been a moderately prosperous town. It built ships. In 1804 a man called Hamilton had a shipyard on the Priory Ground. "A sloop of war is at present on the stocks, and a brig of 14 guns will shortly be set up. . . . A great number of

fishing-boats, long-boats, &c., are also built in this town, the boat-builders of which are esteemed famous."

Besides these the town still had a considerable trade in iron. Sussex and Weald iron had for many centuries been famous the world over. The railings round St Paul's are Sussex made; and in the notes to an early eighteenth-century map of Sussex, the trade of Rye is said to be in "wool, hops, timber, cannon, kettles, and chimney-backs"—a list which suggests 'Alice in Wonderland.' Hastings also exported wool and planks, as well as lime, which last was brought from quarries near Eastbourne to be burnt in Hastings.<sup>1</sup> The cause assigned by the Hastings inhabitant for the decay of the iron trade is "that the supply of wood for heating the furnaces has failed considerably within these few years. For since hop-planting is become so principal a branch of the farmer's system, the woods that are now remaining are chiefly reserved for hop-poles." Were this all the matter, now that hops are being everywhere grubbed, the Sussex iron-trade might live again. But . . .

The renaissance of Hastings came with the growth of sea-watering-places towards the end of the last century. At that time it contained only two straggling streets and a population of a thousand or so. It is now a town of vast size and great floating population, indeed the whole of the neighbouring coast is strung with watering-place pearls of varying size. The moderns do not seem to have been the first to have discovered the delights of the adjacent climates, for at Seaford and in other places the remains of the lordly pleasure-houses of the Romans have been found.

<sup>1</sup> The harbour resources of the town were by this time limited to the Stade, a stone incline up which sloops and cutters were dragged by capstans manned by horses. "Vessels of 50 to 100 tons burthen are moved in this way with a facility and expedition which is something wonderful," says the Hastings Guide, by an Inhabitant, 1804. Hastings then possessed

thirteen coasting vessels ranging from 15 to 36 tons burthen; nine privateers, each carrying two 18-pounders; and 11 fishing-boats, each fitted with a 12-lb. carronade. The privateers were under the command of Captain Isaac Schomberg, the fishing-boats were probably members of Pitt's fleet of Cinque Port luggers.

The sort of thing that happened on the discovery of Hastings is thus described by the irrepressible Theodore Hook: "From the meditation in which he was absorbed, Jack was roused upon his arrival at that splendid creation of modern art and industry, St Leonards, which perhaps affords one of the most beautiful proofs of individual taste, judgment, and perseverance that our nation exhibits. Under the superintendence of Mr Burton a desert has become a thickly peopled town. Buildings of an extensive nature and most elegant character rear their heads where but lately the barren cliffs presented their sandy fronts to the storm and wave, and rippling streams and hanging groves adorn the valley which a few years since was a sterile and shrubless ravine."<sup>1</sup>

Byron perhaps knew more of how to enjoy life than did Mr Jack Bragg. He lived when the world was a little younger, it is true, and when it was not quite so full of Mr Burtons as it is to-day. "I have been renewing my acquaintance with my old friend Ocean," he writes from Hastings in 1814, "and I find his bosom as pleasant a pillow for one's head in the morning as his daughters of Paphos could be in the twilight. I have been swimming and eating turbot and smuggling neat brandies and silk-handkerchiefs, and listening to my friend Hodgson's raptures about a pretty wife-elect of his, and walking on cliffs and tumbling down hills, and making the most of the *dolce far niente* of the last fortnight."

Whilst he was at Hastings a good lady prayed earnestly for his "spiritual renovation." Possibly this would have lessened the enjoyment

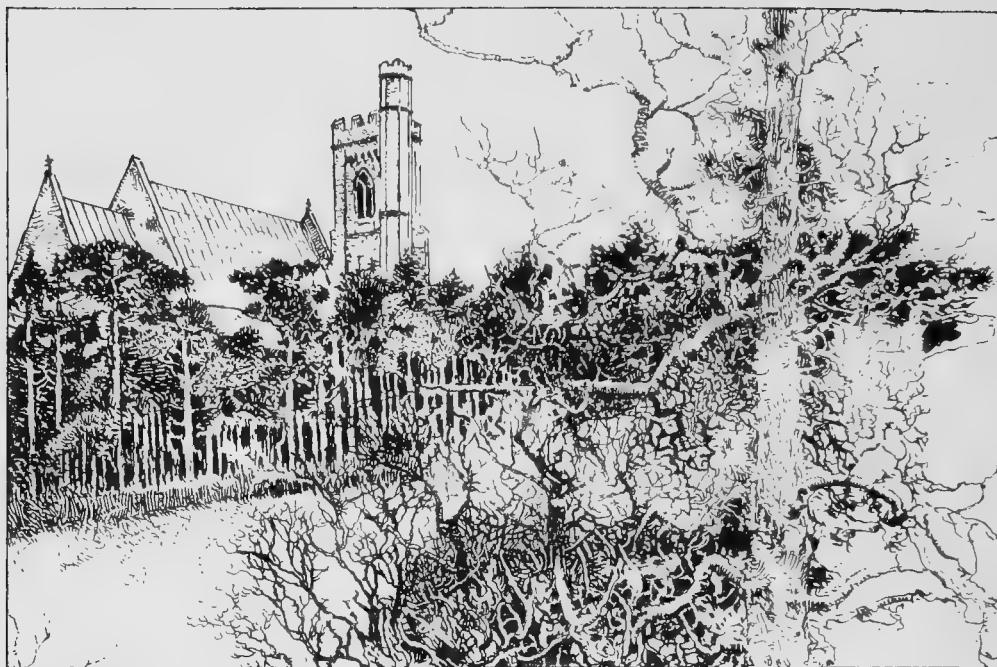
<sup>1</sup> The place was virtuous as well as elegant, if in Hook's time it maintained the traditions of 1804, when "one circumstance, above all others, must render Hastings dear to those who have a regard to morality. Vice has not yet erected her standard here; the numerous tribe of professional gamblers, unhappy profligates and fashionable swindlers find employ-

ment elsewhere. Innocent recreational delight, card assemblies, billiards, riding, walking, reading, fishing, and other modes of pastime banish care from the mind, whilst the salubrity of the atmosphere impels disease from the body.

"The society of Hastings are (*sic*) gay without profligacy, and enjoy life without mingling in its debaucheries."

of his stay in the place had he known of it. But it was not until the lady's death that her husband communicated to the poet the form of prayer that she had been offering up. Lamb, who came later, did not like Hastings. In unbridled language he fulminates against the town, the resort of stockbrokers and of other people whom Elia found trying.

To pursue further the story of the Premier Cinque Port would be to see a noble historic river lose itself in the sands of Fashionable Facts and Polite Anecdotes. This witness I leave another chronicler to bear.



FAIRLIGHT CHURCH.

## CHAPTER III.

### HASTINGS AND ITS NEIGH- BOURHOOD.

#### DESCRIPTIVE.

THE pathos of Hastings does not lie in its picturesqueness, for of that there is little in the place. Yet it has a pathos of its own. One loves old towns where the sunlight lies along mellowed walls—one loves them for the mellow-



THE GATEWAY, BATTLE ABBEY









ness, for the suggestion of lazy age, of leisured times before us, of things gone, things that can never be recalled.

But Hastings, unless one has there spent pleasant hours, the pleasant idle hours of dalliance, one cannot love for old sake's sake. It suggests nothing traditional; its message is of another sort. To appreciate it one must appreciate the Spirit of the Age—of an Age that cares for nothing but its own products. As a modern town the place has its excellences—excellences that are, perhaps, none the less real for being conceivably unsympathetic. It is a little London of the shore—a London less appalling, less overwhelming. Its sanitative arrangements are excellent; its architecture uninteresting. It bears on its face to-day almost no traces of its illustrious past, but to-day one does not live for the Past, and Hastings elects to be of to-day.

The old High Street of the town has elements of quaintness, and there are one or two old tenements in the same quarter.<sup>1</sup> St Leonards—the *magnum opus* of the ingenious Mr Burton, the Paradise of Mr Jack Bragg—is only one degree less architecturally *banal* than the streets around the Albert Memorial. It might have been evolved by Sir John Soane himself, whilst that architect was engaged in prosecuting his search for the Sixth Order. The Hastings churches are some of them of considerable antiquity. St Clement's may or may not have been founded in the fourteenth century by the monks of Fécamp; and All Saints', which stands on the site of an earlier building, was once a fifteenth-century building. Both churches have been restored by an architect almost as unsound as Sir Gilbert Scott.

The Conqueror's castle stands forlornly on a height dominating a grassy "open space" which, except for its lift and its purveyors of light refreshment, bears a family likeness to Primrose Hill. As a specimen of

<sup>1</sup> The execrable Titus Oates was a native of this part of the town—was, indeed, its curate under his father. The gallant Admiral, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, is said to have been born in the same quarter, but that is matter of tradition.

Norman fortification the castle is not remarkable. It is a not vastly well-constructed hold—indeed, in comparison with Henry VIII.'s castle at Camber, it seems jerry-built. But its situation is excellent, and its inner spaces are laid out with lawns and not distressingly tidy beds of bright flowers. One may here sit in the shade of a tree and read the morning paper with more advantage and comfort than elsewhere.

From the castle walls one may see both old and new town stretch up into the landward valleys. One may also view the sea, when it is not too covered with row-boats, the spasmodically progressing harbour and the fishing town. The fishing quarter is the most picturesque of the town. One sees nets a-making, luggers hauled up on the beach, high black timber shanties aspiring to the heights of the East Hill, which presses them into the sea. One may also read mystical statements of fishermen's accounts, written in unclerkly hands, and pasted up against the black doors. From one statement that I attentively perused the other day, I should be inclined to think that a share in a boat marked RX must be worth many gold-mines. The working expenses were given as a trifle over £400, the takings as somewhat over £1200. The place, however, like most others where gold flows, is malodorous, rivalling Cologne itself.

In the soft stone face of the towering East Hill may be seen the entrances to some caves that, until the last decade, were inhabited by a squatting tribe. A paternal corporation, with an eye to the observance of difficultly attained *convenances*, and a corporate dislike for the unusually picturesque, ejected the ragged clan, their goats and other small deer, and fenced off the cave openings. And yet a small admission fee would have brought hordes of visitors anxious to inspect the more or less savage inhabitants.

There are other caves—those of St Clement's in the hill behind the church of that name. These are illuminated at night and used for a dancing saloon. They are supposed to have been made by smugglers.

But then everything in the nature of a cellar of this kind and neighbourhood is ascribed to the same agency.

On the East Hill is the Minnis Rock, which may possibly have formed part of a cromlech. It is usually styled a hermitage; but it bears no traces of that usage. It seems far more likely that it was mediævally used as a votive chapel, full in view of the fishermen as they crossed the bar. It has three diminutive apartments hollowed out in it, the centre one of these containing an altar. Hermits did not use altars. On the face of the East Hill are to be seen three pointed arches carved out of the living stone. These are stated by tradition to have been a bogus antiquity, serving as a gathering-place for a festive society. A learned archæologist has lately proved that they were the beginnings of a chapel similar in purpose to that of the Minnis Rock. The completion of the chapel was for some reason or another—perhaps through lack of funds—deferred. The story suggests a reversal of the famous “Bill Stumps his mark” case. Perhaps, after all, Mr Pickwick may have been in the right, and we who have laughed with his detractors have taken part with the stoners of a prophet.

These, then, in addition to the stone that served the Conqueror for a landing-stage, a dining-table, and Harold for a memorial, are the antiquities of the premier Cinque Port. They are somewhat negligible. But there is one thing about the place that makes it a fascinating study-ground, there is one thing—its floating population.

St Leonards is comparatively aristocratic. Hastings itself in the winter months, with its mild grey air, its quiet sea, is the home of the silent invalid, the invalid of the bath-chair and the grey muffler. But the summer months see it filled by the noisy Cockney, and, if one can bring oneself to the study, if one can forget one's nerves, one finds that this usually trying individual grows here very pathetic, very pleasant to contemplate. For it is pleasant to see mankind taking its ease, lounging, enjoying.

After thought one understands life—this life and other lives—so much better. One understands that the majority of mankind finds pleasure not in essaying new sensations, but in tasting the old savours, in doing the things that his life is spent in doing—but in doing them lazily, liberally. Thus the airs that take the Cockney ear are the ones that are the most like the airs that were last popular. Thus the Cockney wit, the man whose remarks set a score of faces grinning, has no wit of his own. He repeats the current witticism, introduces the current catch-words, his audience have no strain imposed on their imaginations. They feel at ease. *Æsthetics*, in any case, are all a matter of association. “I want a change,” our friend says. But what he actually wants is the same thing modified as little as possible. Hence the architectural banality of Hastings, its petty resemblance to the London from which its summer guests come.

Not being swayed by the same emotions, the same associations, one may find it difficult to appreciate the pleasure of the thing. When last at Hastings—taking a final survey, as one might say—I carefully followed the round of pleasures provided. I rode on a char-a-banc up to Fairlight. One sat on a box-seat behind four spavined horses which dismally limped up the abominable hills. A warm wet mist<sup>1</sup> hid earth and sky and sea. One climbed up and up and up between rows of somewhat squalid villas. As one got higher, when the fog lifted for a minute, one saw valleys on either hand, sinking abruptly away from the mounting road. The valleys were filled with slate-roofed, yellow-chimneyed houses, crowding, clinging for foothold to the steep valley-sides.

After climbing interminably through the mist, the vehicle stopped abruptly at a “kissing gate” just at the end of the last row of villas. One descended in mild surprise and walked through the gate on to the bare top of a sun-baked “open space.” One was going to visit the Lovers’ Seat. Tradition says that the lovers threw themselves from the cliff-face here.

<sup>1</sup> This, however, to do Hastings justice, is not the normal state of its atmosphere.

One knew very well that tradition lied, that the lovers married and lived moderately happy ever after. But one preferred the melodramatic. One was making a sentimental pilgrimage, one was paying an erotic tribute. It was the banana season. Through the mist at one's feet one saw the lining of the banana-skins stand out white against the dun grass. This was the tribute. Our Saxon ancestors, passing a war-chief's tomb, threw pebbles on the spot. To-day we throw empty paper bags, cherry-stones, and ginger-beer bottles—to form an endlessly renewed evidence of the tribute we pay to Eros.

One followed the banana path. It led through some glorious woodlands along the face of a southward cliff. One saw the mysterious trees, the wreaths of fog hanging among their branches, one heard the drip of falling water. The glen was vocal with the sound, and with the sound of the pilgrims' happy voices. One came out into the open on a steep cliff-path. It was very warm in the mist there. One smelt the wild thyme on the breathless air.

In a few minutes from far down below came whispering the roar of the invisible sea. It was incredible the emotion caused by that slumbrous murmur winding slowly, slowly upwards through the rifts in the mist. One sat down near the Lovers' Seat. Processions of lovers appeared through the gloom, coming out of the darkness, and outlined against the grey light. As each pair stood before the seat they gave forth suitable ejaculation. Then, almost invariably, the young man's fancy led him to throw up his arms to mimic the action of plunging into the void. One saw them silhouetted for a minute. Then the young lady would exclaim, "Don't be silly, Charley," and the matter was at an end. There was something disturbing in the unanimity of inspiration of the spot, in the turning to ridicule of a sentimental legend that had brought them so far.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Curiously enough, Campbell the poet records against himself a similar performance. He went up to the Lovers' Seat accompanied by three

estimable ladies. To each of these in turn he swore that unless they vowed eternal love to him he would throw himself into the sea.

It is not, perhaps, in this capacity that, except for his unfailing good humour, the Cockney is a pleasant object. Indeed, during the greater part of the hours of light he is a little too much in evidence. But in the evening, when the lamps along the vast parades gleam through the welcome coolness, he forms part of a pleasant crowd. For it is pleasant to see the normally restless, the eternally hurrying, for some three or four unbraced hours sauntering, taking its ease. The place ripples with quiet laughter, rustles with quiet footfalls. On the piers there is the same leisure. One may listen to an indifferent variety entertainment, perhaps sometimes to a very good one, for all one knows. One is for once in a way amongst a people wishing to be and being pleased. And that one is so seldom, so seldom. This is the pathos of Hastings—this its message.

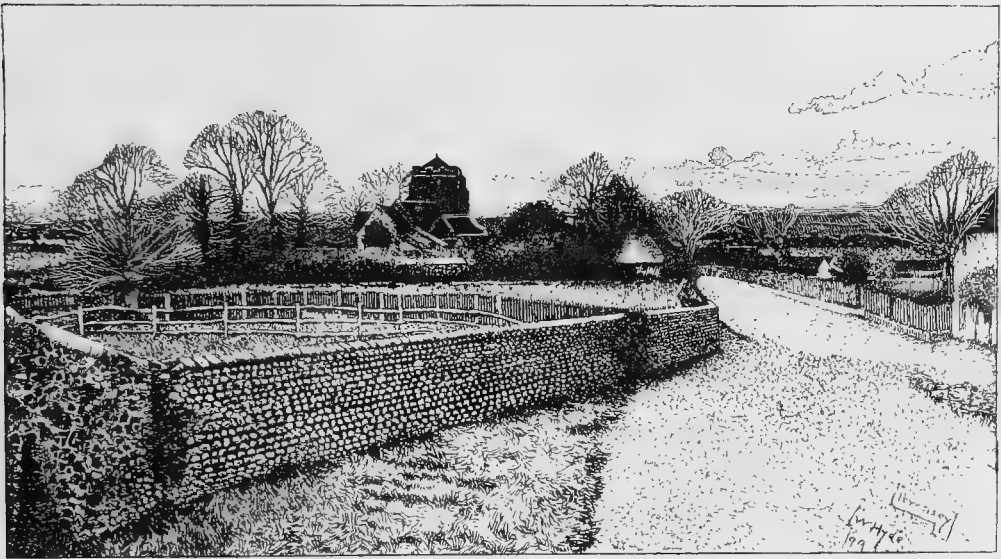
Hastings is shut out from the eastern world by high hills. To reach Winchelsea and the other Ports, one must climb the Ore hill through a weary wilderness of insignificant houses. Westwards the town is stretching out towards the Pevensey marshes. One goes by road through St Leonards and its interminable suburbs—by a weary and hideous road that must be maddening to the pedestrian, that is unbearable to the cyclist. One comes to Bexhill, whose chief landscape feature is an unnecessarily vast gasometer. Bexhill may once have been a quiet old village, for it still retains some traces of a former state of the sort, but it now boasts of being an appendage to a marine suburb.

Beyond Bexhill one has a brief respite from the temporary-residential. The main road to Pevensey ran along the sea-shore; but a summer storm, a few days before the moment of writing, entirely washed away all traces of some miles of that highway. Thus the unwary, wandering, unprepared traveller finds himself suddenly confronted by the territory of the sea itself. It is as if that element, in these piping times, had resolved to show its teeth, to show that its power is still great.

If the sight of the shingle do not deter one, one travels towards



Pevensey by a precarious path on the slope of the railway embankment. Just before again reaching a hard road, one comes upon a pleasant solitary congregation of huts and cottages at the sluice into which drains Pevensey Marsh. The cottages stand mostly on the shingle at the bottom of a little bay. They are protected from the southern gales by a sandbank out in the open. The remains of a submerged forest, too, act in some sort as a breakwater. Thus the waves add to the beach immediately in front of the cottages. A few yards farther on, outside the shelter



PEVENSEY VILLAGE.

of the bank, the process is just the opposite. Whilst the other day I was sheltering from the sun in a smacksman's cottage, I heard from the fisherman's wife the stirring tale of damages done by the last storm. An inhabited martello tower and an inhabited cottage were clean washed away, she said.

"Th' owd chap as wer' in the tower wou'd na coom eawt twell hoo wer' welly drooned."

She spoke good broad Lancashire, very refreshing to hear. She had married the Pevensey man, her husband, and had come to this desolate

place to be within reach of the churchyard in which her husband's kin slept.

"Hoo winnot have so fer to goo from here," she said, "an' aw think aw's be sarved like him. 'Tis thretty years sin aw seed Owdham, sitho."

One leaves this stony sluice-hamlet to plunge into the Pevensey Marsh. It is a friendly little tract, lacking altogether the desolate grandeur of its Romney brother. The red cows that graze it break up its surface much more than do the far-spreading sheep-flocks of the marshes beyond Rye. Its grasses are longer, more lush; one is never surrounded by an unbroken horizon of flat land. Otherwise its configuration is very similar to that of the Romney Marsh. To the west there is the range of hills ending in Beachy Head; running from north-east to north-west the hills below Hurstmonceux and Crowhurst; to the east the heights above Hastings; the little space of marsh in an irregular triangle. The little river Avon meanders through it, and it is everywhere intersected by rush-bordered dykes. It is the pleasantest portion of the westward road, this which runs from the sluice to Pevensey.

Gotham itself is a quiet little village of one street sloping up to the castle. It is just like any other little Sussex village. They show you the cottage that served the Gothamites for a municipal building until Sir Charles Dilke's Act took away their municipal rights. The town that William the Conqueror honoured with his presence, that Oelle of Northumberland sacked, that the Romans made a principal city, now undergoes no invasions more disturbing than those of the trippers from Hastings and Eastbourne. For the most part it slumbers as slumbers the desert sand. It lends its name to a marine suburb that I have not visited, lying as it does a mile distant from the original town. But I am assured that it boasts of every modern convenience, and I have no doubt that it does.

The castle is one of the most imposing ruins of the neighbourhood.

The outer Roman wall is more than a quarter of a mile in circumference, and the Norman and later medieval remains of the interior are noble in proportion and suggestion. On a sunny day one may lie in the shade of the walls and feel delightfully lazy and at ease until one resumes the road.<sup>1</sup>

Eastbourne lies a few miles to the south-west of this place, and if one be so disposed, one may take it on one's road to Seaford, the most western of the members of the Ports. Eastbourne contains a number of hotels, of bathing-machines, of parades and waggonettes. It styles itself "Empress of Watering-places." This is intended to insult the town of Brighton, which is styled the Queen of such. Eastbourne was once a Roman station—the remains of villas and of baths have been found in the neighbourhood—was once called Hydney; was a member of the Port of Hastings. It is not otherwise historically remarkable or interesting.

To reach Seaford from here one climbs the Beachy Head range, passing through the villages of East Dean and West Dean. Of the former the excellent Parson Darby was rector. Tradition has it that his "Hole" served himself as a refuge from the storms of married life as well as the mariners for one from those on the sea. But one must remember that Parson Darby's efforts to prevent shipwrecks were disliked by his parishioners. Beachy Head itself is a bold headland, on whose brow the South Downs come to an abrupt end. One may draw deep breaths on its verge; one may see, in imagination, the hordes of sea-ghosts swirling in and out among the flights of sea-birds. Alone there, with the sea and the sky and the cropped turf, one may, if one will, be happy—and all around grey seascape and the sound of droned sea-song.

<sup>1</sup> Messrs Roach Smith and Mark Anthony Lower made careful examinations and excavations in the castle. Their resulting opinions may be found in Lower's 'History of Sussex,' and Smith's 'Excavations at Pevensey.'

In certain lights—with the morning sun against one—these downs are as monotonous and maddening as anything in life; in certain lights—in many—they are as varied in their swelling lines as the lot of man; as subtle in the harmonies of their folds as life itself. When the evening sunlight abounds in red the greens of certain fields appear like the hues of medieval velvets, fit for the limbs of one's love; the green of certain other fields is shot with the blaze and glory of scarlet poppies—like green silks shot with red.

They need wooing, though, these downs near the sea; they are at times out of humour, and then it is best to leave the open for one or other of the little villages. East or West Dean will serve. They lie in valleys and have gathered trees about them, trees that are never out of humour, that are for ever beautiful. From East Dean—it was called *Orientalis* to distinguish it from west East Dean, near Chichester—the valley slopes graciously down to Birling Gap, a romantic opening in the cliff-face. Tradition says that French pirates were in the habit of landing here until the gateway across and the portcullis above it were erected. At West Dean, according to Lower, Alfred the Great met his teacher, the great and learned Asser; but rival archæologists declare that it was not at this pretty West Dean, but at the prettier West Dean on the Lavant, that the memorable meeting took place.

One crosses the little river Cuckmere and shortly reaches Seaford, an ugly, little, modern watering-place only less unpicturesque than many others by reason of its phenomenal smallness. It is distinguished by containing the most western of Pitt's martello towers, the most western of Henry VIII.'s castles, and by being the most western town of the Ports' confederation.

I have seen it look pretty at sunset, but other places do as much at such times. One may sit on a seat at the railway-station and watch the

light fading out of the sky and the water over by Newhaven pierhead. The jetty runs seaward out of the liquid black shadow of the cliffs behind, smacks sail silently in behind it, lights shine out—one sees the landscape for Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

The older inhabitants will tell one stories of the town in its corporate days. I am indebted for a certain amount of information to the station-master. It seems that on the days of the mayoral election the barons and jurats met in the court-hall—a cottage room no larger than 12 feet by 12. Thence they proceeded in solemn procession, robed and gowned, all round the town until they came to a post standing near the sea-shore. Here they halted for the mayor in office to whisper the name of his successor in the post's ear. If the post made no objection the new mayor was declared well and truly elected.

According to the station-master, the great Serjeant Parry of Old Bailey fame invariably attended these solemnities. He took no part in them, but was usually observed to be doubled up with insuppressible laughter. A feature of the Seaford judgment-seat rather suggests the trials of Morocco.<sup>1</sup> For the chair boasted no back, the counterfeit presentment of one being painted on the wall. Under its shadow whimsical judgments were delivered, as I have elsewhere stated. Sir Charles Dilke's Act abolished mayor, processions, oracular post, and chair. One wishes Sir Charles no good for his Act. In fact the national hand should be heavy on those who dig old customs up. One has so few things to remind one of the doings of the old times before us—one is so aridly rational that the little dying flames of whimsical lights should be sedulously guarded—lest we forget.

The men of Seaford fought a good fight in other days. But for them and their fellows we should scarcely now be what we are. We might be even worse. Thus it behoves us to remember; and without the little aids

<sup>1</sup> See *Mogreb-el-Acksa*, by R. B. Cunningham Graham.

to remembrance afforded by rites like those swept away by an Act,<sup>1</sup> we have little to redeem us from being mere inmates of excrescences like those on Seaford shore.

To return inwards to the liberties of the Five Ports, it is pleasantest to turn inland. One may go, for instance, to Lewes up the pretty valley of the Ouse. By keeping to the eastward road by the river one avoids the unpleasant sensation of passing through squalid Newhaven—the town whose rise spelt the fall of Seaford. The road is delightful when the sun is setting behind the further downs. Then one reaches Lewes in a pleasant frame of mind.

Lewes contains a castle, and once contained a noble priory, which vanished under the hand of the first of our iconoclastic Cromwells. The castle stands on the highest ground of the loyal town. One sees pleasant views from its battlements; and in the museum of the Sussex Archæological Society one may see the seals of most of the Five Ports. Lewes—loyal Lewes—figured in the history of the nation and of the Ports. It was here that Henry III., after attempting to reduce the Ports to allegiance, met defeat at the hands of the men to whom the Ports were loyal.

“Then was the field covered with dead bodies, and gasping and groning was heard on every side; for either of them was desyrus to bring the other out of life. And the father spared not the sonne, neither yet the sonne the father. Alliance at that time was bound to defiance, and Christian blood was shed that day without pity. Lastly, the victory fell to the Barons; so that there was taken the king and the king of the Romainys, Sir Edward the king’s sonne, with many other noblemen to the number of fifteen barons and bannerets, and of the common people there

<sup>1</sup> One is of course aware that abuses crept into the procedure of these small courts. But the abuses were quite tiny in comparison with the picturesqueness. One prefers, I think, the mayor of Seaford, who condoned the offences of a

drunken but indispensable shop-hand of his own, to the J.P. who, yesterday, kept a girl of seventeen six months in prison awaiting trial, for the offence of obtaining by false pretences goods worth one penny.

were slain about 15,000.”<sup>1</sup> Cobbett called Lewes the town of clean windows and pretty faces, and such it remains. It consists of a long, sleepy street running upwards along a ridge of the downs; but it has no salient characteristics other than those of quiet thriving.

One goes from Lewes to Pevensey along pleasant valleys, watered by little streams, shut in by high hills. One catches a glimpse now and then of the Beachy Head range; and now and then of the Long Man of Wilmington, a gigantic figure scored in the sloping turf of a hill. He stands there, as he has stood for ages and ages, holding a spear in either hand—a monument to Odin or to some other hero of the vanished Saxons. Just beyond Pevensey one may turn aside and pass through the narrow marsh to the low hills and climb upwards towards Hurstmonceux.

The castle is an ordinary show-place—a mellow brick structure built rather for indwelling than for resistance. It took in 1440 the place of a manor-house—the owner, Sir Roger de Fienes, in that year receiving from Henry VI. licence to kernel. It seems, however, to have been regarded as little more than an ordinary house. “The same house is built castle-like, in a quadrant, as before, having at every corner one fair tower, covered with lead, of six-square, four stories high, and also between every one of the same corner towers there is one other tower of like building, leading to the leads and embattlements.”<sup>2</sup>

The castle never underwent any sieges, but its lords had to undergo special vicissitudes. The son of its builder became by marriage Lord Dacre—the Lord Dacre of the south. The Dacres seem to have been an unruly crew. The second lord was committed to the Fleet for harbouring thieves, and for “his remysnes and negligence in ponyshement of them, and also his famylyar and conversaunte being with them, knowing them to have

<sup>1</sup> Grafton's Larger Chronicle.

<sup>2</sup> Return of 12 Eliz. quoted in Venables' 'Hurstmonceux and its Lords.' A vast num-

ber of interesting facts concerning Hurstmonceux will be found in Mr Augustus Hare's memoirs.

commyted felonye and diuers other misdoings." His grandson met his end on the gallows. Intent on a poaching frolic, "he passed from his house at Hurstmonceaux, the last day of April 1541, in the night season." On the way he and his train committed a murder, and eventually he and three of his men swung for it. Says Holinshed: "For the said young lord, being a right towardlie yoong gentleman, and such a one as manie had conceiued great hope of better prooffe, no small mone and lamentation was made; the more, indeed, for it was thought he was induced to commit such folly by some light heads which were about him." The young lord—he was but four-and-twenty—hardly seems to have had the fair play that lords of those times expected. He was so rich, and such a power in the land, that Henry VIII. is said to have been suspicious of him; and, says Camden, "his great estate, which the greedy courtiers gaped after, caused them to hasten his destruction."

It was at Hurstmonceaux, too, that a gardener in league with smugglers played such pranks with a muffled drum that Addison did his best to immortalise him and his instrument in a bad comedy. Walpole visited the place, and, with the bad taste of a dilettante of his polished period, found it detestable in comparison with Strawberry Hill.

At present the castle is a mere shell containing an exceptionally beautiful walled garden—a rose-garden that one might profitably travel miles to visit on a sunny day. It is pleasant, too, to have tea on the green grass where once stood the banqueting-hall of the Dacres and their thieves. One sits in the shadow and watches the sunlight linger on the high brick towers, on the masses of ivy. One looks across the teacups and sees the green Sussex hillsides through the empty window-spaces—sees them framed and rendered greener by the red of the frame.

The tracks from Hurstmonceaux to Battle lead one past Ashburnham Park over a surpassingly lovely road. One has on the left the great stretches of sward, noble trees, and mellow fences; on the right a



confusion of softly outlined valleys waving down towards the distant sea. Ashburnham House is a rather uninteresting modern building, but the lands around it have been in possession of the Ashburnham family from time immemorial. The library used to be famous the world over, and the relics of Charles I. are still preserved in the place.

Battle, or rather Battle Abbey, is one of those show-places that have lost most of their properties making for association. It is true that the battle of Hastings took place in the immediate vicinity, but the fact is not brought to mind by the appearance of the barbarously restored dwelling that there confronts one. Indeed it is nearly impossible to become enthusiastic about battles in the immediate vicinity. The Conqueror founded the abbey to commemorate his victory, but he can hardly have foreseen that it would have brought crowds of woefully uninterested people to wander about the spot on which he caused his banner to be set on high.

It needs an effort, greater than most are capable of, to drive the image of the place as it is out of one's mind's eye; to see the peoples who built it, for whom it was built, who named it "the token and pledge of the Crown and realm of England." The monks who held the ground after the king and his men had taken it from the former king and his men, were probably little better, perhaps much worse, than the people who occupy or visit it to-day. But they contrived, at least, to be more interesting.

The monks quarrelled a good deal with the Conqueror as to the site of the abbey, protested that it contained neither water nor stone, that it lay upon a hill with a parched dry soil. The king was obdurate; the high altar of the abbey was to stand upon the place where his victorious banner had stood. "If God spare my life," he said, "I will so amply provide for the place that wine shall be more abundant here than water is in any other great abbey." He had stone brought from Caen until by a miracle a quarry was revealed to them. "They made search accordingly, and at no

great distance from the boundary which had been marked out for the abbey, found so great a store of stone that it plainly appeared that a concealed treasure of it had been divinely laid up in that very place from eternity for the building there to be erected."

Before the building was completed William placed in it "his royal pallium, beautifully ornamented with gold and very costly gems, and 300 amulets suitably fabricated of gold and silver, many of which were attached to chains of those metals and contained innumerable relics of the saints: with a feretory in the form of an altar, in which also were many relics, and upon which mass was accustomed to be celebrated in his expeditions." Inasmuch as the feretory upon which swears the pictured Harold in the Bayeux tapestry takes the form of an altar, it is just possible that this was the very altar upon which Harold swore away his kingdom.<sup>1</sup> The good monks did not long enjoy their amulets in peace, for a monk of the Abbey of Fly importuning Rufus for a chasuble for his abbey, Rufus gave him a letter to the Abbey of Battle, commanding them to give the bearer ten pounds of silver. According to the chronicler of Battle, the king had no right to make the demand; but the monks, in their fear of the temporal power, thought fit, after vain protestings, to comply. Having no other silver, the Abbot of Battle was forced to part with the precious amulets, wherewith the monk of Fly joyously purchased the purple and gold fit for his chasuble. But mark the sequel:

Firstly, a tempest and an earthquake afflicted the wretched Monastery of Fly. "The Lord, the righteous Judge, was not slack to manifest His vengeance for the spoiling of His beloved Martin and the tokens of the saints preserved in His temple; for the next year the visitation was renewed in the following manner: The vestment of which we have spoken was lying carefully folded up in a linen cloth between two of the principal vestments of the abbey, when a stroke of a thunderbolt, brandished from heaven, pierced it, and, although the linen cloth and the

<sup>1</sup> This, at least, is a suggestion of Mr Lower.

vestments above escaped all injury, this chasuble had wonderful holes made in it by the force of the lightning. . . . We have learned these particulars from those who were present as eyewitnesses, and mainly from the exactor of the money himself, the monk Richard.”<sup>1</sup>

The theft or extortion of sacred relics was common enough in the middle ages, but it was not often that a despoiled abbey was thus vindicated. One hears of no retribution overtaking the thief of the relics of the Heiligen drei Koenige, and the monk who stole for his own abbey of Burgue St Winnox the bones of St Lewinna from the Monastery of St Andrew near Seaford, was held up to posterity as “*fidelis fur et latro bonus*” (a faithful thief and an excellent robber). But the stars in their courses would generally seem to have fought on the side of the monks of Battle. They, at least, were uniformly successful in their quarrels with the Bishops of Chichester, who continually essayed to reduce them to a subordinate position.

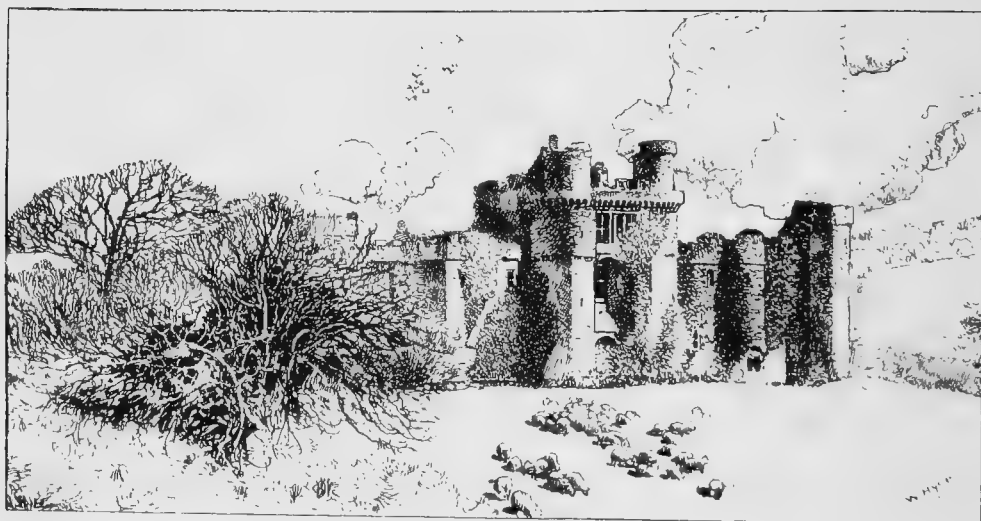
The Chronicle of Battle Abbey affords a good deal of interesting reading. From it one may learn how one abbot would leave the affairs of the abbey, the rents and tithes, too much in the hands of the stewards; how the stewards waxed fat and the monks thin; how the next abbot set his house in order in despite of the hardy insolence of the stewards, and so on, and so on. But all these things are behind us. Of the things that remain it suffices to say that these too shall pass away and be reckoned.

For the rest, if I have deplored the giving over of these fair things to an uncongenial folk, I would not be understood as wishing the matter

<sup>1</sup> This and the foregoing extracts are taken from the Battel Abbey Chronicle (Lower's translation). The subsequent history of the abbey is very similar to that of most others. By the time of the Reformation it had fallen into something like decay. Henry VIII. granted it to Sir Anthony Browne, who began the work of res-

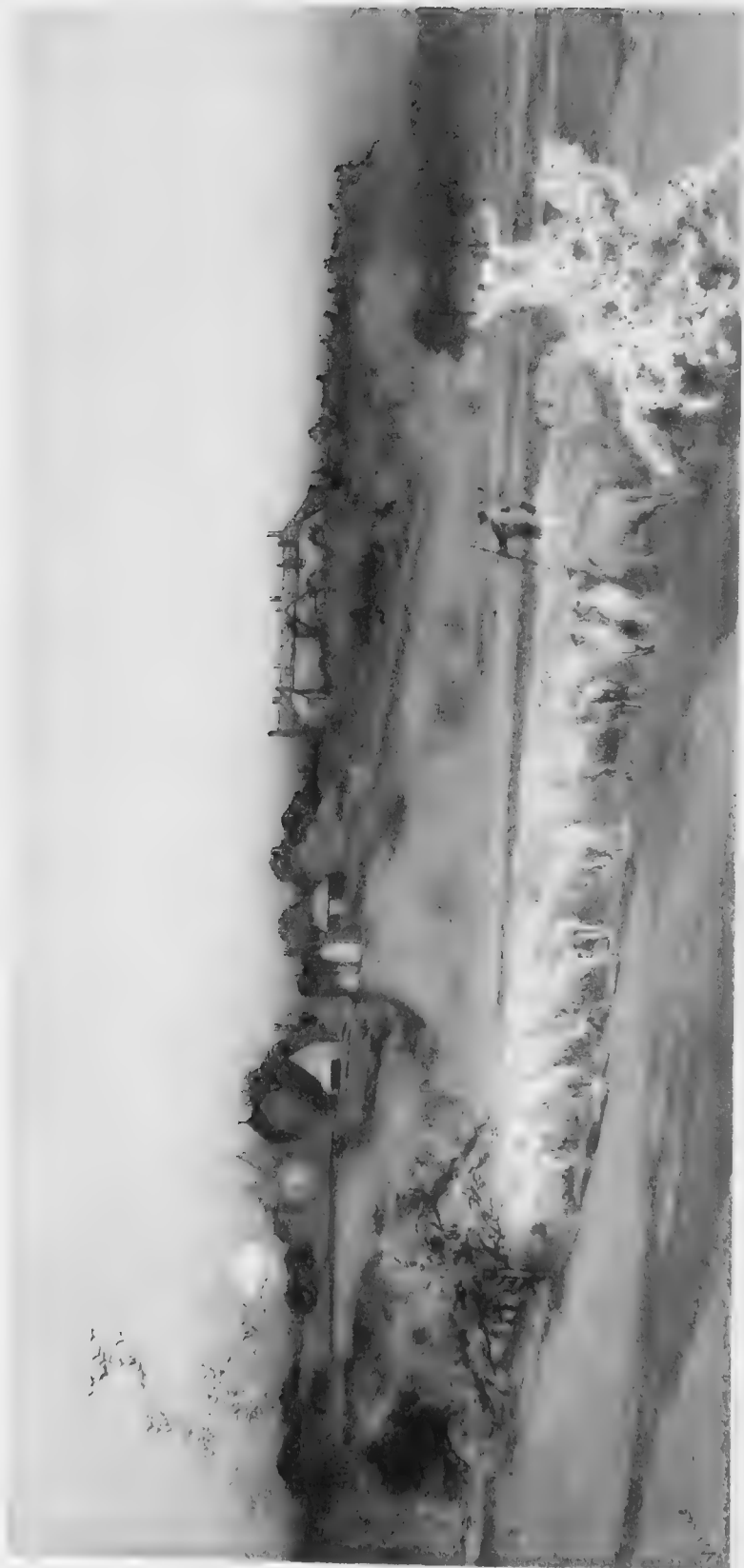
toration, which has gone on unceasingly. It passed through the hands of various families before coming into those of the ducal house of Cleveland. It was for a time inhabited by the fair Geraldine, the second wife of Sir Anthony Browne.

otherwise. The least imaginative of us must gain some inspiration from the tract of lands, the ancients' battle-grounds, lying along this sea-shore. And this, perhaps, is better than that they should be possessed by the solitary idealist. Besides, by the massing of happy people in these few towns and hamlets, greater spaces of the fair earth are left solitary with the sky.



RUINS OF HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE.







WINCHELSEA



## CHAPTER IV.

## WINCHELSEA.

## HISTORIC.

“SEEING therefore that as corne hath his chaff and metal his drosse, and that even so can there hardly any writer of the ancient History of any Nation be found out that hath not his proper vanities mixed with sincere veritie: the part of a wise Reader shall be, not to reject the one for doubt of the other, but rather with the fire and fan of judgment and discretion to trie and sift them asunder. And as my purpose is, for mine own part, to use the commoditie thereof so oft as it shall like me; so my counsell shall be that other men will, both in this and other, observe this one rule. *That they neither reject without reason, nor receive without discretion.*

“Thus much in my way, for assertion of the Kentish Historie, I thought good to say, once for all, to the end that from henceforth (whatsoever occasion of debate shall be offered concerning either the veritie or antiquitie of the same) I neither trouble myself nor tarrie my Reader with any further defence.”

Could one, upon the whole, adopt a wiser course—be one myself, the author, or the reader—than is here exemplified by “William Lambarde of Lincoln’s Inne, Gent,” who wrote his *Perambulation of Kent* in the year 1570? I think not, and thinking so, am content to let that lover

of the old times before him, sturdy prose-writer and excellent Elizabethan Perambulator, introduce my latter-day traversing of his grounds.

In the treacherous marshland of historic controversy the stream of Cinque Ports' story seems to have its head. In Lambarde's day people were engaged in discussing the exact position of the fortress of Andredceaster; the question is still a bone of contention for the Sussex archæologist. In Lambarde's time people quarrelled about the site of old Winchelsea. They are quarrelling still in that part of the world. To me—and probably to the greater part of the world—it seems a small matter. One has the grace to allow that a great principle is involved. But the winds and waters of the sea have had their way, and Old Winchelsea is as undiscoverable as Carthage.

It did not play as large a part, but the memories of little things, to those haunted by them, are as poignant as the memories of the great. Good Englishmen—bad ones too, perhaps—imagine that their country's fame will in ages to come be sounded as widely, as loudly, as that of the dead empires. They have a certain spirit that leads them to build up nations out of unpromising materials. "It's dogged as does it," they are taught, and they go on pegging away.

In the old times before us, the men and women from whom we have inherited, worked unrealising at building up an empire, mother of empires. They pegged away. A handful of them founded this old Winchelsea. We must think of them as naked savages perhaps. They lived on the edge of a wood wider to them than the universe is to us; they had fears—life to them was one black panic. The Infinite was peopled with lurking devils. They wished to shut out the Infinite, to shut out the gloom of the forest. They built hovels on a sandbank where the salt air of the sea forbade the wood's growth. Inside the walls of their huts they made-believe that the black woods, the sluggish grey stream, the demon-peopled Infinite, did not exist. They discovered that the sea held fish, that fish satisfied certain cravings. They made

themselves boats. They were laying the foundations of the Fleet in Being, of the fleets yet to have being. They began to venture up the sluggish stream, to fear the devils less. They began to venture on the sacrilege of cutting down the tree-homes of the devils themselves.

Peoples from beyond the seas invaded them, enjoyed the fruits of their toil, spread the blessings of civilisation.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps the dwellers on the shingle bank thought their invaders gods. If they did, they grew sceptical sooner or later as they began to appreciate the blessings of education. They realised that two could play the game. They ventured on reprisals after two or three invading nations had had their day.

Perhaps from having been beaten so often their perception of beatings was dulled, and, like their descendants, they did not know when they *were* beaten. They began to beat. They got together two or three ships, sailed across the seas, and harried as they had been harried. They grew proud, adopted the *rôle* of defenders of their inland kinsmen, claimed privileges, the price of their labours. They realised that they were part of a nation.

Their town grew rich, built churches, elected aldermen, evolved customals, civic rites and functions, grew proud of its corporate importance. It boasted seven hundred households. "Its contributions to the Royal Navy of England were the largest in number and tonnage of all the Cinque Ports or their members, and it commonly supplied from among its citizens the Admiral of the Cinque Ports, who was, in fact, the commander of the royal fleet." Perhaps it grew too proud, perhaps its townsmen declared too loudly and persistently that they ruled the waves. The sea stirred in its bed, determined to try a fall with its rulers. Tempests aided it, winds, earthquakes, thunderbolts, incredible

<sup>1</sup> In Johnson's map of the district Winchelsea and Rye figure as a single town under the name of Staninges. I don't know who was his authority.

phenomena—two flood-tides without an ebb. The townsmen used their mops vigorously to little purpose. They were beaten, but they did not know it. At least they refused to acknowledge that the town was a matter of any importance. They cried to the ocean that they would rule it, whether or no. They importuned the king of the land, represented the hugeness of the nation's peril, lacking a Winchelsea to protect it with its ships, its garçons, and its admirals.

One recognises in all this the national characteristics. One might, it is true, recognise them in other villages—nay, in solitary households. But Winchelsea, along with the other Ports, really did play an important part in the development of the kingdom at that date. They had to bear the brunt of what foreign aggression there was; they were for ever at war with the townsmen of the opposite coasts. The sailors of the kingdom were trained in their fishing fleets; all communication with the outer world passed through them. One has only to look at the map of the Channel to realise as much—nay, on a clear day, one has only to stand on a little hill on that coast.

An east wind there brings a clear day, as a rule. One looks along it and sees—very close at hand—a foreign land, very clear, very still, very beautiful, with the shadows on its cliffs, purple-blue and white. One has pleasant memories of that pleasant land, hardly realises that there the Queen's English and the Queen's coins are not current. It seems so part of the pageantry of English skies and seas.

It was other guess work then. The east wind and its clearness meant fair passage for famine and slaughter-fraught bottoms. A little white sail, out there near those twinkling cliffs, foreboded flames leaping up after night had closed in. If one were a townsman, one feared for one's wife, one's children, one's all the world, one's unprepared soul. If one were a king, one feared for one's soul and one's throne. One kept in order one's towers along the deep.

In the days when the ravages of the sea grew dire for old

Winchelsea the king was in straits himself—in the days of the Barons' War. The first outcry of the town went unheard among the clangour of the nation's awakening. The men of Kent have always been sturdy upholders of their rights, and that little bit more that makes rights worth upholding. Winchelsea is near enough to Kent for its townsmen to be infected with these notions. Thus, when before his defeat and capture at Lewes, Edward, son of Henry III., summoned the barons of the Five Ports to swear fealty at Shipway, the representatives of Winchelsea refused the light of their presence. Even after the prince's escape and victory over the barons of the realm, Winchelsea made no submission. It afforded the fugitives from Evesham passage out of the kingdom. Thus in those early days the town did what it could to forward the evolution of the nation's constitution, the nation's freedom. Vengeance—the princely vengeance of those days—fell on the place. There were fines and hangings, and, worst of all, the walls that served against sea and foes were destroyed. The prince was too young then to understand that one should not cut off one's nose to spite an offending face.

Edward marched away again after a short stay and left the town to the tender mercies of the sea. He retained pleasant memories of the place. One does as much for the places in which one has, in early life, fought and had the best of it. When he came to be king he had frequent occasion for passage to France, to his lands there. He had to do homage for them at times; at times to do some harrying in the lands of his overlord. The bailiffs, barons, jurats, and freemen took occasion of his nearness to them when he was in the neighbouring ports, of his presence when he lay in the town itself. They approached him with petitions. He was to build them a new town in a safer position. He lent a complaisant ear. In the year 1280 he set about the acquisition of the land on which the town now stands.

Lambarde puts the matter in a different way. As a true man of

Kent<sup>1</sup> should, he despises the Sussex folk, and inclines to believe that Old Winchelsea never was a Cinque Port at all, that even New Winchelsea had only the pains without the privileges of the Liberty. His account of the matter is as follows :—

1268. “Neither yet will I deny, but that soon after *Winchelsey* and *Rie* might be added to the number (of the C.P.’s). For I finde in an old record, that King *Henrie* the third took into his own hands (for the better defence of the realm) the towns of *Winchelsey* and *Rie*, which belonged to the Monasterie of *Fescampe* in *Normandie*, and gave therefor in exchange the Manor of *Chiltern* in *Glocestershire* and divers other lands in *Lincolnshire*. This he did partly to conceal from the Priors, aliens, the intelligence of the secret affairs of his Realm, and partly because of a great disobedience and excess that was committed by the inhabitants of *Winchelsey* against Prince *Edward* his eldest Son. And therefore, although I can easily be led to think that he submitted them to the order and governance of the Five Ports, yet I stand doubtfull whether he made them Partners of their privileges or no, for that had been a preferment and no punishment to them. But I suspect rather that his sonne King *Edward* the Firste (by *Winchelsey* whose encouragement and aid old *Winchelsey* was afterwards first  
built, abandoned and the now town builded) was the first that ap-  
1277. parelled them with that pre-eminence.”<sup>2</sup>

Here, then, is an end of Old Winchelsey; for the king’s consent to

<sup>1</sup> Some of the Lambarde family actually lived at Winchelsea, and are buried in the church there. Lambarde is not, of course, a trustworthy authority; but he is so much more genial a writer than topographers of Cooper’s stamp, that one must prefer him for purposes of quotation where there is any margin of doubt.

<sup>2</sup> Old Winchelsea was a member of the Port

of Hastings. According to the 1190 charter of Richard I. she found, “towards our full service,” two ships which were included with those of Hastings. But we may imagine that she and Rye were of somewhat more importance than the other members of Ports. Richard granted them a special charter, and they are elsewhere spoken of as *nobilitiora membra*.





"AT UDIMORE."







build the new town brought about the final downfall of the old. There can no trace be found of the haven under the hill. It must have stood on some small rise in the marshland, much as Romney stands, or perhaps on a spur of beach, like the strange settlement at Dungeness. Nowadays shingle or mud-flat are alike beneath the ooze at the bottom of the shifty shallows of the Rother mouth. The Rye boats fish over the house-floors. I remember once trawling in a Yarmouth boat when the net caught and tore in an invisible something. The owner swore, and then averred that that something was Dunwich church steeple, Dunwich having shared the fate of Old Winchelsea. Perhaps now, when the Rye smacksman's nets are caught, he swears at the abbots of Fécamp, who builded Old Winchelsea's church of St Giles.

New Winchelsea was many years in the building. Mr Inderwick, one of the principal barons of the now town, has made a laudable attempt to let modern readers see the uprising of the new settlement. The king said, "Let the town be," and in good time it stood on its little hill. The king bought the land for it—land lying round the royal manor of Iham; the Bishop of Ely, Lord Chancellor of the kingdom, drew up the plans for it; and king and chancellor did their best to render it a model medieval community. How well they did their work one may realise when one learns that to-day Winchelsea and London are the only unreformed corporations in the kingdom, when one sees that to-day the little old town stands just as if its plan had been drawn up yesterday.

In 1288 the town was delivered into the hands of the municipality of Old Winchelsea; was formally declared open, in fact, by the king's treasurer. The king favoured his people in this place: they had their houses rent-free for seven years;<sup>1</sup> their rights and privileges were defi-

<sup>1</sup> The rent-roll is thus subscribed by the mayor and corporation in 1290: "Item dicti Major et jurati dixerunt quod anno regni Regis Edwardi sextodecimo citra festum sancti Jacobi Apostoli, dominus J. de Kyrkeby, tunc episcopus Elienen-

sis ex parte domini nostri Regis communitatem de Wynchelsea de tota nostra terra contenta in rotulis illis in præsentia vicecomitis comitatus Sussexis et aliorum nobiliū tam militū quam aliorum plurimorum de dicto comitatu in seisinam

nately confirmed; they were defended from the influx of the halt, maimed, and blind, of too many religious. These advantages caused the lot of a Winchelsea freeman to be envied by the peoples of less favoured spots—even as they are to-day. Aspirants poured into it from all parts of Sussex, and even from the “Sheeres,” as we say in this part of the world, meaning anywhere that is not just Sussex or Kent. The price of tiles manufactured at Battle rose enormously; indeed building materials of all kinds were in great demand in the vicinity. Winchelsea became at a bound a busy haunt of men, a thriving city.

Its position favoured it. It stood then very much as it now stands. It covered perhaps more of the triangular hill-top, the houses running almost down to the western gate. To the north it stood upon a bluff overhanging an arm of the sea; to the east the hill sloped precipitously down to the sea itself. From both these sides it was difficult to approach in the face of armed resistance. A road was cut steeply down to the quays on each of the northern extremities of the town. These roads were topped by strong gates which still remain—the Strand and Ferry gates. It touched the land towards Hastings; here a road, also protected by a gate, served for the in-and-outgoing of traffic. The height of the sea-headlands was added to by earthworks shoulder high; the slopes towards the land were fortified by stone walls and a moat adjoining the Land gate.

In spite of the king's precautions against the religious, the town soon had a plethora of the kind. The queen, who loved the order of Black Friars—she founded the monastery that gave its name to a dismal quarter of London town—founded another in Winchelsea. William de Buckingham soon afterwards re-established the Grey Friars in the place. There

*posuit ex parte domini Regis et dictæ communitatis, repromittentes quod a solutione dictæ arentacienis a festo supra nominato vsque in septem annos proximos subsequenter quæta esset et absoluta.”*

The rents paid varied from one penny up to tenpence, this latter being paid for the eighth part of an acre “et xiii. virgas.” The whole rent for the town amounted to something more than £14.

were, besides, two<sup>1</sup> parish churches and a votive chapel of St Leonard. Besides religious, the town contained court officials, shipwrights, wall-builders, water-carriers, chapmen, salt-makers, cobblers, thatchers, fishermen, basket-makers, and representative arts-and-craftsmen galore. It was, in fact, self-supporting and much more; a proper medieval township; a first and second line of defence for the country; a channel for imported and exported wealth.

At its foundation it enjoyed the rights and privileges of the other Ports and the name of an Antient Town. It provided for the king's use ten ships out of the fifty-four of the total Cinque Ports' navy, this at a time when Hastings found only three, Rye five, Hythe five, and Folkestone seven. It was second to Dover, which found nineteen.<sup>2</sup>

During the reign of Edward I. the town played its part in the history of the country. Edward loved the place. He was upon the whole a far-seeing publicist; understood that for its ultimate prosperity a country depended rather upon its powers of work than upon its fighting strength.

<sup>1</sup> Lambarde says that three were standing within mortal memory in 1575. I remember to have read somewhere that there were at one time seven, which seems absurd. "An Inhabitant" of Hastings, writing in the early years of this century, claims to have discovered vestiges of *fourteen* chapels and churches. This also seems to overshoot the mark. It is possible that Lambarde is right, and that another parish church did exist at one time. On the other hand, his informant may have had hazy ideas as to the distinction between parish and conventual churches. Anyhow, all trace of the third has now disappeared. The Grey Friars had been established in Old Winchelsea. An old account of them which I possess, states that De Buckingham materially aided them in their new home. The Black Friars seem to have made themselves unpopular in the place, for in the reign of Edward III. they were several times roughly

handled by the populace. Perhaps Wickliffe had supporters in the town.

<sup>2</sup> The fact that Winchelsea at this time could provide ten ships and yet be unaided in its contributions by any limb or feeder, points to the great wealth of the town. The whole question of the grounds on which the Ports were assessed seems to be wrapt in mystery. Thus Folkestone, which never was a wealthy town, provides more ships than the Port which it fed. This was in the time of Stephen Penchester's government of Dover Castle. In a later instrument of Hythe, Winchelsea is represented as providing only three ships out of the total contribution of Hastings — twenty-one — from which we may imagine that Winchelsea later sank to the position of feeder to Hastings. Cooper quotes a record of 1347 which attributes to Winchelsea no less than twenty-one vessels.

It was during the years that saw the growth of the new Winchelsea that the constitution of modern England was rough-moulded in its present shape. In Edward's time mercantile morality, trade itself, became possible with the Statute of Merchants. Edward himself was the first king since the Conquest to crave his subjects' love—and to have it. It was during Edward's reign that the first Parliament met containing representatives of the burgess class. Winchelsea saw a memorable meeting between king and people in 1297. Edward was awaiting the barons' contingent for the expedition to the Low Countries. The barons on arrival flatly refused to sail from the Port unless the king reaffirmed the Magna Charta. The king perforce consented. The charter, it is true, had been confirmed times without number by Henry III., and had been as often by him disregarded. But Edward had for his motto, "Keep troth." He kept it. His consent turned down a new leaf in the book of history. If one wished for an end-piece for the chapter of Norman feudal rule, one should vignette the ancient town in which Edward gave his promise; for very soon after the citizens of such places began to play their part in the making of history.

The king, we hear, had another unpleasant experience in the place. As he rode along the earthworks above the harbour his horse took fright at the arms of a windmill—perhaps, like Richard of Almaine, he thought they were mangonels. King and horse fell on to the road along the quay below. But the horse did not lose his feet, or the king his seat, "so that the king turned him round with the rein and rode him straight up to the gate."<sup>1</sup> He lived for ten years more, so that the shock cannot have been over-dangerous.

These were the days of Winchelsea's glory—the days of the three Edwards. Edward II. confirmed the town's charter. Of Edward III. Mr Inderwick says: "He spent almost as much time there as his grandfather did. He used the port of Winchelsea in passing and repassing

<sup>1</sup> Thomas of Walsingham. Lambarde of course gives another version of the story.

from between England and France, and when, in May 1329, he sailed from Dover, he selected a Winchelsea ship to carry him and his suite. Numerous orders, writs, and proclamations, signed by the king and tested at Winchelsea, show the frequency of his visits."<sup>1</sup>

Winchelsea ships must have been in favour with the royalty of other days; for in one sea-fight Edward III. and the Black Prince each commanded a Winchelsea ship; and it was on the Gabrielle de Winchelsey that Henry V. sailed to his victory at Agincourt.

But Winchelsea had its bad quarter hours under Edward III. It had grown so rich that the inhabitants of the opposite coast descended upon it again and again. Three several times it was burned and ravaged; its saltmakers, cobblers, and gold and silver embroiderers were butchered along with their wives and children. The town in part recovered from these attacks. Town-building was an easier matter then than now. All that was needed was a sufficiency of timber, which what remained of the forest of Andred supplied, and a sufficiency of mud, which is nowhere difficult to find. Burning and harrying were current coin too. The townsmen were not so overcome by despair as Londoners to-day might be. The Antient Town was rebuilt.<sup>2</sup>

Under Richard's deposer, Henry IV., Winchelsea became the principal port of entry for French wines. The whole town was honeycombed with cellars.

"Ah, with the grape my fading Life provide  
And wash the Body whence the Life has died."

The Antient Town, like the singer of the Rubaïyat, provided its fading

<sup>1</sup> According to the Sussex Arch. Coll., Winchelsea supplied 21 ships and 596 men for the siege of Calais in 1347, more than four times as many as did Hastings, and more than any other port in the kingdom, save London. Winchelsea also built a number of the king's own ships.

<sup>2</sup> It is difficult to distinguish between the

attacks, successful and unsuccessful, of either party. What is certain is that both Winchelsea and the French towns carried on incessant warfare whether the high contracting Powers of either nation were at war or no. I shall have occasion to give a fuller account of the French attacks in the chapter on Rye.

life with the grape; but by that time the Bird of Time had but a little time to flutter. The bird was on the wing.<sup>1</sup>

It was not the onslaughts of the French or the Spaniards or the Scots that humbled the pride of the place. It was its own lack of foresight. The sea was receding fast—that could not be helped. But the townsmen allowed the filling up of the harbour to be swiftened. The Rother of those days was navigable up to the village of Bodiam one must remember—twenty odd miles of it; but cultivation and the disappearance of the trees of the forest of Andred under the axe had already diminished the flow of its waters. Thus the port of Winchelsea was in danger enough. To make matters worse the sailors themselves helped to stop up the channel. Thus one may read:<sup>2</sup>—

*“De portu de Winchelsea providendo: The King to his well-beloved, &c., Robert Etchyngham, Robert Oxenbrige, Henry Horne, and William Bertyn, greeting. It is given to us to understand that many mariners, both native and foreign, daily trading to the port of Winchelsea in ships and other vessels, have filled up and obstructed the channel of the said port from a place called Camber as far as Bodiam, with stones, sand, and other ballast, so that vessels laden with merchandise have been unable to enter conveniently the port as formerly, which tends to the destruction of our town and its adjacent haven. WE, wishing to see to this matter, commission you, or two or three of you, to circumspectly and diligently supervise the said port from Camber to Bodiam.”*

<sup>1</sup> The sudden growth of the vogue of St James of Compostella made Winchelsea flourish for a time. Energetic Winchelsea men seem to have forestalled the Cook of to-day in the service of the Galician saint. In 1434 no less than 2433 pilgrims set out for Spain. As the old ballad had it—

“Men may leve all gamys  
That saylen to St Jamys,  
For many a man hit gramys  
When they begin to sayle.

For when they take the sea  
At Sandwich, or Winchelsea,  
At Bristow, or where that it be,  
Theyr hearts begin to fayle.”

The cult of St James lived on until well into this century. Borrow mentions a Swiss pilgrim who, in Catholic countries, managed to earn a precarious living by posing as coming from the shrine. But Winchelsea does not seem to have sent any ships there after the year 1456.

<sup>2</sup> Rot. Pat., 12 May, 1 Henry IV.



They are told to find places for the discharge of ballast where the course of the river may not be interfered with, and to see that no one disobeys these orders. But it was too late. The flow of the Rother was checked—nay, even diverted towards Rye; the sea receded farther and farther. For a time it left open a small nook to the westward of the old harbour, but in a little while that too was silted up and the place died. Elizabeth, in one of her progresses, visited Winchelsea, and with her half-sardonic humour styled it “Little London.” She was overcome, we are told, by the grave bearing of the mayor, barons, and jurats. One imagines her laughing behind her handkerchief at the grave men in scarlet and ermine who played so solemnly at being serious personages. The health on their faces must have struck her too, for in the times when Great London was visited by plague she sent her trained bands for safety to Little London.<sup>1</sup>

And so the town vanishes from the pages of history in the large. It had played its part. It vanishes under the tide; but for a century or so it struggled under water, bobbing up to the surface as the drowning do. So late as 1692 we find the town petitioning the king to reopen the harbour. But the matter was beyond the power of kings. The petition was indorsed, “Nothing to be done.”<sup>2</sup>

Evelyn, in 1660, writes of the place as “all in rubbish, a few despicable hovels and cottages only standing.” But the town has done its best to rise again since those days. What all the king’s horses and all the king’s men could not do, it tried to do for itself. Perhaps the Huguenots helped it. They certainly established a manufactory of cambrics which lasted

<sup>1</sup> Great London had before this helped Little London in the hour of need. After the burning of Winchelsea in 1357, London opened a Mansion-house fund—or its fourteenth-century equivalent—and provided the Antient Town with ships and men for its retaliatory descent upon the French coast.

<sup>2</sup> Rye and Winchelsea petitioned again in 1699.

Their petition was backed by the merchants of a number of towns, and in 1701 a bill was passed by the Commons sanctioning an elaborate scheme for reopening the harbour. It was, of course, thrown out by the Lords. In 1722 works were sanctioned, and actually begun near Cliff End. They proved a failure, however.

into the middle of the eighteenth century, and occupied a considerable portion of the little town. The last that we hear of them is that, "after exhausting the greatest part of their capital in erecting houses, workshops, and two large houses for the principal managers, the proprietors failed; and the whole was let to Messrs Kirkmam, Nouaille, and Clay, who established an Italian crape manufactory, and carried it on for a number of years with great success. Since that has been given up the buildings have been converted into barracks for the troops now quartered there."

The houses still remain in the place called Barrack Square. "The bricks are alive to this day to testify to it." They form a street of high, weather-beaten, red-tile houses, with a little of the forbidding aspect that streets in certain French towns possess—perhaps because they stand so level with the roadway, as if their careful French builders did not leave an inch of space uncovered for the sake of the semblance of liberality.

The threat of invasion from Boulogne brought the troops into the town, and their presence restored to it some of its former liveliness. The officers built houses for themselves, and Winchelsea was galvanised into new life. The Hastings guide that I have just quoted states that "this place, though now so small, contains a number of genteel families and some good houses." This was in 1804. But the days of invasion from Boulogne passed over, the troops went away, and with them most of the genteel families—the Rev. Mr Hollingberry and Francis Denne, Esq., who occupied Mariteau and Perriteau Houses, which the former proprietors of the cambric manufactory had built for themselves. Even in their day the Monday and Friday cattle and meat markets had disappeared, but with them went the annual fair for stock and peddlery goods on the 14th of May.

The place sank into despair—lethargy, if you will—in which it remained for half a century. Nowadays "genteel families" come there

in search of health and quiet, which they find in abundance. A lace manufactory has been established by people that wish to revive the industries that Mariteau and Perriteau tried to establish. But it all goes very sleepily and quietly there. Perhaps the place is only resting, waiting for the inconstant sea's return, waiting for the days when a new threat of French invasion shall cause its walls to stand up again, its streets to be gay with the scarlet and yellow of war-times.

## CHAPTER V.

## WINCHELSEA AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

"Can I forget you, being as you are  
 So beautiful among the pleasant fields  
 In which you stand?"

I KNOW of no place more prodigal of pleasant impressions than this old town, which offers itself so open to the sky upon its little hill. Consider it beneath a summer sun and it recalls the May-day riot of colour and bright laughter of a medieval township. Under a grey sky it will make you ponder on the cracks and crannies of the castles of the old time before us. Here the Georgian, Elizabethan, and the Early English crumble into one harmony of grey and red and russet.

Go out from the place, down the sea hill, and looking back from the marsh you will see the Antient Town from its most striking side. A steep road that once led up from the quays ascends to the Strand Gate. This road cuts diagonally (*cater* is the local word) the green girdle of hill on which the town stands. On the far left there is a mass of green leafage; then a low grey wall, a grey, red-roofed house with its garden cutting up the side of the hill; then the majestic old gate itself—a grey patch, picked out with the green tracery of climbing plants; then a fretted, peaked, and gabled red line of roofs, dominating a profusion of foliage. This—with a gay blue sky above and the sunlight bringing out the red of the roofs—is the Winchelsea that forms the background of Millais's picture of the "Blind Girl."

MOONRISE, WINCHELSEA MARSHES





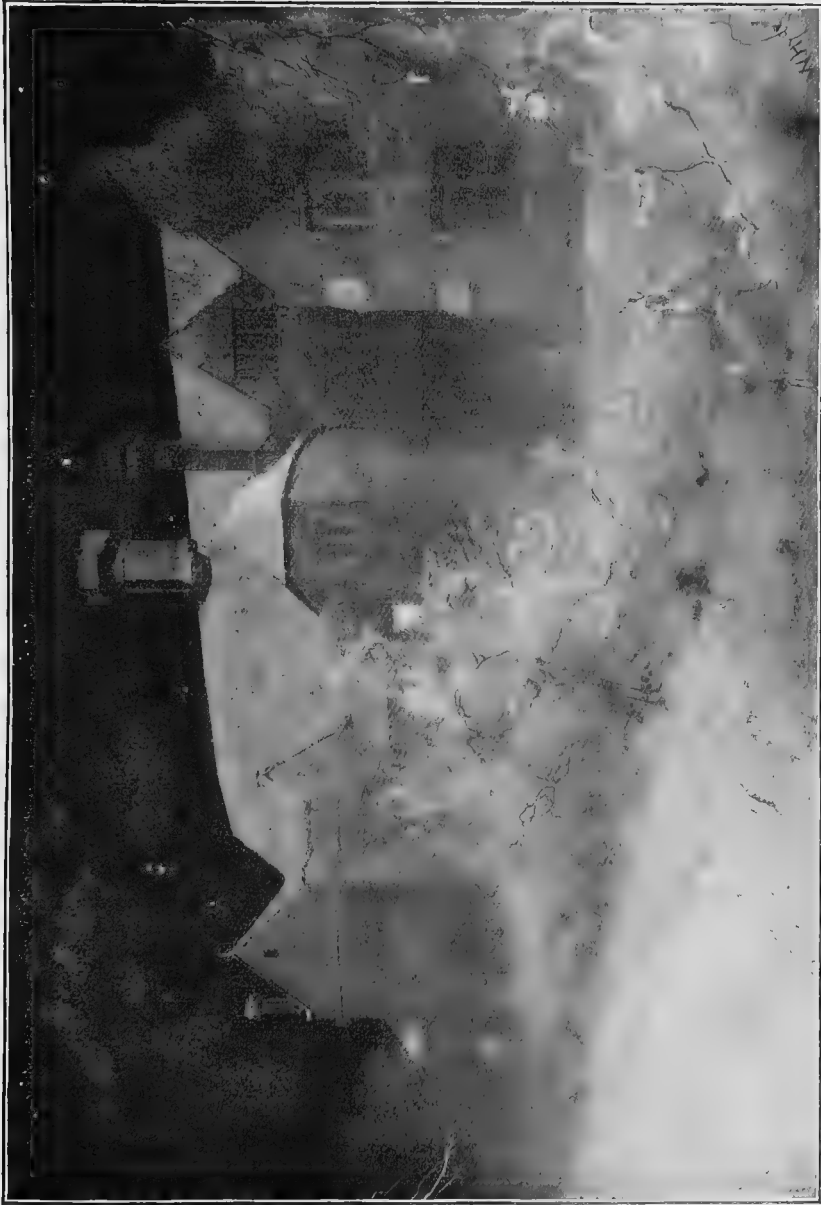
it remains a singularly dignified building. Seen as one enters the town from the Hastings side, up the Broad Walk, it has that emotional quality that belongs to the highest art. It is grey, old, four-square, and absolutely sincere and really more satisfying than, say, the *Friedensaal* at Muenster or the *Hôtel de Ville* of Paris, or any other of the more elaborate of the *tour de force* show-places of the sort. It fulfilled in the old days the functions of municipal meeting-house, prison, and, on the occasion of a state visit, of the royal lodging. Such restoration of the building as has been carried out is not much worse than seems to be inevitable. There remain at present on the ground-floor part of the old prison cell and the court-room, which is now used as a reading-room. On the upper floor is the great meeting-hall, where nowadays on Easter Mondays the election of mayor, barons, and jurats takes place. On the wall farthest from the door is a thirteenth-century fresco lately discovered, which portrays St Leonard of Winchelsea, a Norman saint who had power over the wind and waves, and of whom I shall have more to say. In this room is preserved the ancient horn, which is the outward and visible sign of incorporation. Winchelsea possesses a pair of maces of very fine silversmith's work, and the town seal is also extant. Unfortunately the arrangements for the custody of these insignia have not always left nothing to be desired; for in the eighteenth century one of the mayors, who had got into trouble through tampering with electoral matters, broke one-half of the town seal, which had to be replaced—in facsimile, we are assured—before he could be prosecuted. In later times a distinguished visitor deemed it expedient to disappear from the town in a piano-case, and about the same time there disappeared the mayoral chain and the silver oar, which gives the mayor the right to stop all ships sailing up or down Channel.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is the local legend. One of the arms of the Guldeford family and an eighteenth-century hall-mark.









BREDE PLACE



It is perhaps a little to be regretted, in the interests of the gaiety of nations, that this silver oar should have been lost. The right to stop ships has not been much exercised in late years, though in the early part of the century mayors in whose cellars the smugglers had neglected to leave a keg or two occasionally used the oar in the interests of the preventive officers. It amuses one to imagine a mayor who should take it into his head to cause international complications by summoning a foreign warship or a transatlantic liner to an inopportune halt. But, alas! the erstwhile great navy of the Antient Town has now entirely disappeared. Of late years it had been represented by one solitary fisherman, a most amusing and epigrammatic person, who a few short months ago gave up his employment to become the doorkeeper of a Southwark chemical works. So that how the mayor might reach the ships sailing up or down Channel I do not presume to suggest.

Winchelsea has the distinction of being, along with London, the only unreformed corporation in England. It elects its mayor, barons, and jurats in solemn secrecy on Easter Monday, and not on the 9th of November. In this latter peculiarity it stands alone—even London has to conform to the municipal habits of the rest of the kingdom in that respect. Flowers, too, are strewn in the path of the mayor as he leaves the Court Hall after his installation.<sup>1</sup>

Next to the Court Hall in point of antiquity comes the parish church of St Thomas of Canterbury (or The Apostle, as he was styled after the Reformation). This is the very heart of the town, standing alone in the spacious square, of which the Court Hall is at the north-western angle. The church, if not so unique an architectural achievement, is almost more imposing than the Hall—this, not so much by dint of architecture as of a certain tranquil suggestiveness. It is much debated

<sup>1</sup> There is an amusing description of this ceremony in the Family Letters of D. G. Rossetti, written in 1850 or thereabouts.

Outside the western wall of the churchyard stands Wesley's tree, under which the great preacher delivered his last open-air discourse.<sup>1</sup> The tree, like much else in the town, is now grown decrepit, and is kept together by iron bands and chains of dubious efficacy. On the south-west corner of the square, and opposite the house called the Elms, is a small enclosure, of which a glimpse is afforded through a grated door. This is the Jews' market, and once formed part of the Winchelsea Ghetto.<sup>2</sup> The Antient Town was one of the few places in the kingdom which the chosen people were allowed to frequent during the long space of years that saw their exile from England. Even here their intercourse with the townsmen and their trading-rights were restricted by rigidly enforced statutes.

Of the medieval fortifications of the town very little now remains save the three gates spanning the roads to Rye, Udimore, and Pett. Of these, the most imposing is the Strand (Rye) Gate; but both the Ferry (Udimore) and Land (Pett) gates have picturesque merits of their own. Even nowadays, if you will make the tour of the town, you will see how strong a fastness Winchelsea must have been whilst its walls still stood, and when water was all around it.

Just beside the Ferry Gate, projecting over the Station Road, are to be seen the remains of the Roundel Tower, in which the harbour watch was stationed; and, in the playing-fields which run from the vicarage to the mill, as well as beside the Pett Gate, the outlines of moated earth-works may be traced.

<sup>1</sup> The entry in Wesley's diary is as follows: "7th Oct. 1790.— . . . I went over to that poor skeleton of Ancient Winchelsea. It is beautifully situated on the top of a steep hill, &c. . . . I stood under a large tree and called to most of the inhabitants of the town: 'The Kingdom of God is at hand: repent and believe the Gospel.' It seemed as if all that heard were, at the present, almost persuaded to be Christians."

Wesleyans are still numerous in the Antient Town.

<sup>2</sup> The Jews seem to have been encouraged by the townsmen, for, on several occasions, writs were issued to the mayor, &c., directing their expulsion. They must have been a source of profit to the town—at Rye, at least, they were charged three and a half times the usual fee for entering the harbour.

Near the Roundel Tower stood St Leonard's Chapel. The saint, as I have said, was of Norman origin, and had power over the winds and waves. You will notice that, as he is portrayed in the fresco in the Court Hall, he holds in his left hand a kind of weather-cock or wind-mill. This same vane was preserved in St Leonard's Chapel, and the faithful who had business on the great waters were accustomed, due offering made, to turn this vane in the direction of the wind that best suited their ends. After a time that wind was sure to arrive; and in those old days people were even less pressed for time than they are, or should be, in the Winchelsea of to-day.

Below the chapel—that is to say, at the foot of the Station hill—St Leonard's Well bubbles out of the earth. They say that the good saint found that spring when all the land cried out for rain. So, maybe, the vane was the prototype of the divining-rod. Be that as it may, the saying is that whoso drinks of St Leonard's Well will never rest till he drink again. That is true enough; but I have found it even more so of that other well to which one descends by the steep path at the end of Barrack Square.<sup>1</sup>

A more delightful place for dalliance than is the Holy Well it would be difficult to find. You may sit on the coping-stone, hidden on the mid-face of the little cliff, and look out to Rye over the marsh levels, and in a little while you will forget all the troubles of this weary world. For the place is sovereign against the heartache. So Queen Elizabeth found it when she visited the town. Indeed, to such an extent did she revel in this spot that she bestowed upon it her own august name in place of its former sobriquet, the Holy. But whether the well is any the less holy on account of her visit I should not care to say.

Another delightful place for love—or aught else—in idlesse is the Look-Out, which one approaches by the steps confronting one, as one

<sup>1</sup> The names assigned to the wells differ vastly. Holy Well. Mr Inderwick, however, calls it St Katherine's. I have always heard this well referred to as

enters the town through the Strand Gate. Here, on a rainy day, one may sit and enjoy life at leisure. The marsh stretches out below one's feet; beyond that, a narrow strip of sea and the narrower strip of pebble-land on which stands Dungeness lighthouse; beyond that again more sea, and then the cliffs near Folkestone. The whole expanse of the Romney Marsh is visible on the left, and, on the right, the full sweep of the Channel. One may sit there and lazily read, glancing occasionally at the small figures of the people wandering along the road towards the sea. One may, if one cares, speculate on who they are, where they are going, why they are none of them a whit better than they should be, and, if it is a soaking day, on how wet they will get. For the patron of this nook is, without a doubt, Dame Gossip.

As I have said, the houses of Winchelsea cannot boast of any remote antiquity. Probably the oldest is the old Workhouse at the foot of the sea hill, which is perhaps Elizabethan. The town was a good deal pulled about in days when there was fear of Napoleonic invasion. Traces of the military occupation linger in names like Barrack Square (which used to be known as Bear Place) and Magazine House.

It was in Magazine House that Thackeray lodged; but indeed the muster-roll of the great that have lived in, lodged in, and loved the place is a long one, ranging from William the Conqueror to Miss Ellen Terry, who still dwells there. Millais painted two of his best-known pictures there, and there Rossetti, Ruskin, and William Morris visited him. Thus one may love the Antient Town "by authority" if one is so minded.

In the tiny cottage attached to Magazine House Thackeray thought of Denis Duval as dwelling, and in the house that the present Friars has replaced, the Westons, Denis's villains, actually lived. Very real and actual villains they were. I have before me a pamphlet history of their exploits, written whilst they lay under sentence of death in the Stone Jug—"the whole exhibiting a most striking view of Human



Nature," says the Impartial Hand that penned it—"in a series of Frauds, Villainies, and Highway Robberies, scarcely to be paralleled in the Annals of Infamy."

The Westons had performed their crowning feat—the gutting of the Bristol mail upon a bank day—when they retired to Winchelsea to spend an honoured old age in the enjoyment of their savings.

"But," says the Impartial Hand, "nothing could satisfy their covetous minds but new methods of fraud and villainy. They still practised their game of forging notes, &c., and by virtue of them obtained goods and cash to a high amount.

"Besides, they even suffered their avarice to prove their ruin by refusing the payment of their just debts. Mr D——, the jeweller, long applied, in vain, for the payment of his demand, and was obliged to enter process against them.

"On Sat., Apr. 14, 1782, the officers met our two heroes on the road at Rye; and, intent on the execution of the writ, attempted to pull Joseph from his horse. The two brothers immediately presented a case of pistols, and, clapping spurs to their horses, rode off to the metropolis.

"A gentleman who was then at Rye had beheld the transaction, but was so much taken up in viewing their features that he neglected to assist the officers. He asked his friend who those two men were. He was told that they were gentlemen of eminent fortune who kept their carriage and two footmen. The gentleman then communicated his suspicion that they were those very Westons, said to have robbed the Bristol mail, as they exactly corresponded with the description given in the public prints."

So the runners were set on their tracks, and in the end ran them down. One of the many counts of the indictment against them was that of smuggling, which in the eighteenth century was a capital offence. It flourished vastly in Winchelsea, and perhaps attained to greater heights

than those to which the Rangsleys carried it—this in spite of the troops quartered in the town.

Winchelsea stands above a maze of cellars that were the hiding-places for the free-traders. Just what the cellars were meant for is somewhat of a mystery. An old writer opines that they were built as foundations for “fair stone houses”; but if stone houses had ever been built over them they would have left traces of existence. The only old stone house in the place is the buttressed building near the town well, and the cellars beneath this are nowise remarkable. I imagine that the cellars were merely built as places of storage, perhaps as caches from the French. A large number of them contain niches which may or may not have been used as aumbries or money-safes. The original houses of the town were mere wattle-and-daub cottages, and their inhabitants probably needed the cellars for workrooms and shops. Be that as it may, many of the said cellars still exist, though a number of them have been filled up or put to *indicable* employments. There are, however, several specimens of fine vaulting to be seen—there is one below the choir of the church—and most of the houses on the north side of the town still stand over cellars which once held good liquor, but do so, alas! no more.<sup>1</sup>

Out on the sea-shore you will find the remains of the old harbour, the silting up of which caused the final decay of the once great port. There are still the massive stone pier-heads, streaked with the rust that trickled down from the boat-rings. You may still trace in the rushy amphitheatre the entrance of what was once the haven in which the whole navy of the kingdom used to lie.

Those who are so minded may here fitly muse upon the obtuseness of municipalities. For the Winchelsea burghers were so intent upon

<sup>1</sup> The best specimen that is easily accessible is that below a little beer-house kept by a man called Streeton. The grotesque bosses in these large vaults are, curiously enough, distinctly Norman in type; are probably decorative “throw-backs.”

the preservation of the land which the receding sea gave them, that they forgot that the sea's recessional was the death-hymn of the town's greatness. They grabbed eagerly at the land, staked it in and walled it round, and took no steps to keep the harbour channel clear of sand. They even suffered the people of Rye to decoy away their river, which now serves to keep alive Rye's moribund traffic with the great waters.

Yet, may be, we to-day have little to lament in this. In place of a city of rest, where overstrung nerves may slacken into tune, we might have had nothing more than another seaport. We might have had another Liverpool, with docks and steam-cranes and a number of things excellent for the making of money and for the extension of the empire. But the empire is rich enough and large enough—yet where do we find rest?

Out at the old harbour mouth we are in the mid of the marshes. This Pett Level is a more fascinating tract than even the Romney Marsh. Its flat surfaces are more broken up by reeds and rushes and thorn-bushes. Perhaps they count for more, because Pett Marsh is a miniature affair, a little place, though difficult enough to find one's way about in. The Romney Marsh is a great silent expanse, a thought forbidding to those whom long acquaintance has not led to long for it.

But the Pett Level is more friendly. You will see it best if you go down the sea-hill from Winchelsea and then follow the canal to the right—towards the west.

The canal is always asleep. Even the fiercest of westerly gales can do no more than raise a quiet ripple on the waters and a tranquil rustle among the tall reeds on the banks. It is the place of places for the meditative angler. He may sit at his ease and doze for hours, blinking at his float, and occasionally hauling out a fat bream. The canal is full of fish. Once the sea broke in, and I would not care to say how many tons of roach and carp and bream they raked off the top of the waters.

You wind along with the canal for about three miles through the quietest of the marshland.

It is a lotus-eating land—a land where one loses one's grip of life, to remain intensely individual. Nowhere is one so absolutely alone; but nowhere do inanimate things—the water-plants and the lichens on the stiles—afford one so much company. It must not be hurried through, or it is a dull, flat stretch. But linger and saunter through it, and you are caught by the heels in a moment. You will catch a malady of tranquillity—a kind of idle fever that will fall on you in distant places for years after. And one must needs be the better, in times of storm and stress, for that restful remembrance.

Either the canal bank or the road by the sea-shore will lead you to Pett. The sea road is the more bracing of the two; but it, too, is devious and dilatory, winding along among shingle and sand, past solitary cottages that bear signs and tokens of heavy weather. The capricious sea is once again advancing upon the land. The coast-guards have been forced to abandon their cottages down by the harbour mouth, and all trace of the martello tower that once stood beside them has been washed away. In a few years it is not impossible that the sea will again be at the foot of Winchelsea hill—it has played cat-and-mouse with the land so often before. At low water one may see among the ooze the trunks of what centuries ago were the trees of the forest of Andred. They stand there, turned into clay, like soft fossils, but retaining startlingly the forms of tree-stumps. And farther along, the sea, which had receded far enough to afford a glimpse of the treasures it had submerged, is busily engaged in gnawing away the cliffs at Cliff End, below Fairlight. Quite a short while ago a frail stairway used to ascend the face of the chalk; but Jacob's Ladder has fallen away, and, along with it, tons and tons of the cliff itself.

The village of Pett is so hidden away that it has had little to do with the making of history. Indeed, but for the fact that here Mr Holman Hunt retired in the fifties to work in solitude, I know of no public associ-







ICKLESHAM CHURCH.





ations worthy of record. But it is worth a visit, because it is so *very* isolated, and because the walk from Winchelsea is so well worth taking.

If you have come by way of the marsh, you had better return to Winchelsea by the inland road, which winds uphill and down through a wooded country, watered by a number of little streams, and relieved by welcome views of the not too distant sea.

The Hastings road, on the other hand, is rather dull, and is apt in summer to be enlivened disagreeably enough by what the local folk style *charrybangs*. The interminable village of Icklesham, however, contains an interesting Norman church, with a fine Norman tower, which is somewhat Byzantine in general effect. There is, too, a "leper's hole"—a round aperture piercing the south wall and the intervening pillar. Through this, *on dit*, the unfortunate unclean were allowed to gaze at the high altar and the raising of the Host. The church is particularly picturesque when it is lit up on Sunday evenings. A sufficiently unromantic person once said that it seemed at such times to be the nook nearest heaven upon the earth.

Of the other roads out of Winchelsea, the military one to Rye is not interesting, and is, moreover, very trying to travellers upon a windy day. But the Ferry or Station road is picturesque, and even amusing, on account of its remarkable sinuousness, and of the pollard willows that border it. Shortly after crossing the railway, it turns sharply to the left and runs for a time along the rushy valley of the Brede, until it climbs the hill to Udimore, another long village whose name is its most salient feature.<sup>1</sup> The road here joins the turnpike from Rye and takes a north-westerly direction towards Brede. It runs for some way along the ridge of a range of hills, and the expanse of the valleys on either hand, with old farms sheltering in the bottoms, is lush and fair to see. As one approaches

<sup>1</sup> The name is explained by legendists as meaning "O'er the mere." The church, they say, was originally commenced elsewhere, but the builders were continually alarmed by the foul fiend, who assailed their ears with cries of "O'er the mere." It is said that the builders took the hint.

Brede the roadside cottages grow smaller and quainter, mostly white, with heavily thatched roofs. Brede itself, which lies a little to the left off the road, is another place of utter isolation. It stands upon high ground, and the view from the church steeple is imposing in the extreme. This is, indeed, a land of noble outlooks.

Down in a hollow stands Brede Place, a very fine specimen of a grey Tudor manor-house. It has been long more or less abandoned—though it is at present inhabited—and it has nearly escaped the hand of the restorer. It once belonged to the powerful Oxenbridge family, who were reputed giants, and some of them cannibals. In an upper room they show you the hook upon which one giant Oxenbridge was accustomed to hang the carcasses of his wives (he was a species of Bluebeard) prior to converting them into suitable joints. When in after-years he saw the error of his ways, he hanged himself from the self-same hook. Perhaps to emphasise the warning, his blood reappeared in stains on the floor when the room was lately reboarded. There is, however, another version of the death of Giant Oxenbridge—a version which, if less credible, is more romantic. It is said that the children of Kent and the children of Sussex, finding the Giant's cannibalistic attentions rather troublesome, clubbed together to purchase a barrel of a newly invented beverage called ale. This, on a day, they presented to the owner of Brede Place. The unfortunate Giant liked its flavour so well that he speedily became intoxicated. The children thereupon seized him, and carried him to the Groaning Bridge close at hand. Here they laid him down and proceeded to halve him with a wooden saw. His groans may still be heard by the Bridge.

Brede Place has altogether an uncanny local reputation ; for one thing, the ground beneath it is riddled with underground passages running for miles and miles—who knows where? Lights, too, which cannot be humanly accounted for, have been seen glowing in the chapel windows. As a matter of fact, it was once the headquarters of a band of smugglers

who, not wishing to be troubled after nightfall, both spread reports to the discredit of the place, and took steps to make bogies manifest to any bold spirit who ventured to disturb them at their trade. But the house is a noble house, and the park in which it stands a fine tract of rolling country. From different parts of it you will get glimpses of the distant sea and of the valleys which wind down to it.

You may return to Winchelsea from Ore station, which is some five miles away ; but the roads between are exceptionally precipitous and badly made. On the other hand, you may be repaid by the sight of a yoke of red oxen, which are generally to be seen drawing the plough in the steep green fields along the railway.

## CHAPTER VI.

## RYE.

## HISTORIC.

THE mystery of the foundation of Rye is not easily to be solved. One historian of the place remarks that since the rock on which the town stands must have existed in prehistoric times, it probably had inhabitants. This theory seems unobjectionable, but not vastly bold. Another has it that, from Rye rock, Time himself was used to survey the slow progress of the adjacent land. This theory, on the other hand, seems overbold. The valiant supporters of the Roman-origin theory declared — I mentioned as much in a note on Winchelsea's origins — that Rye and Winchelsea formed parts of the Roman city of Staninges. This seems to have as little to support it as the "Old Time theory." On the other hand, Holloway suggests that the rock was first used by fishermen for net-drying; that afterwards they built huts; and afterwards again the huts became houses and the houses a town.

When we remember that the flourishing town of Yarmouth was founded in this manner by the herring-fishers of the Cinque Ports, the theory grows in acceptability. What renders it objectionable from the Rye man's point of view is that the theory assigns a lesser antiquity to the place than that of the ports from which the net-dryers











came. I offer one and another with due deference, leaving the matter where I found it. That the origins of the place were fishy in an honourable sense seems certain from the fact that the Confessor granted the town, along with Winchelsea, to the priors of Fécamp—or Fish-champ, as old writers have it. Religious in those days loved fish. It was, indeed, the staple food of the entire nation for centuries after the Confessor's time, and the religious, by decreeing fast-days on which fish alone was lawful food, increased—whether wittingly or not—the value of one of the chief articles of their revenues.

Thus Rye, with its fishing fleet and drying-grounds, was in the Confessor's eyes a fitting gift from a king to the servants of his God.

The priors were not allowed to enjoy their rights in Edward's days. Godwin, Earl of Kent, Warden of the Five Ports, and chief subject (one might say master) of the king, his son-in-law, preferred to retain the manor of Steynings<sup>1</sup> "in the family," as one would say to-day. Harold, too, Godwin's son and the last Saxon king, kept the manor and towns within it for his own uses. The monks of Fécamp were Normans, and Harold did not love the tribe. He is represented to us, too, as being essentially irreligious—as not given to giving to the monks, that is.

For the Conqueror, on the other hand, the priors were, on the whole, people to be encouraged. They were Normans, and they had been injured by the dead Harold. The Conqueror, one must remember, called himself, for a time, an elected king, and professed to respect the rights of property of unoffending persons. He finally installed the priors in their manor. They did not, like the abbots of Bury St Edmunds, become the possessors of the soil and its inhabitants. The townsmen

<sup>1</sup> The locally and generally accepted theory is that Rye and Winchelsea formed part of the manor of Steynings. Mr Round, however, throws doubts upon it. But, in any case, either as lords

of the manor of Steynings, or of Rameslie, or Brede, the priors of Fécamp had certain rights over the Antient Towns.

were free to buy and sell, to reap and plough, without licence from the monks. The grant of the Confessor gave the priors only the town revenues, or a certain proportion of them, and the right to elect bailiffs, who surveyed the fisheries and trades of the town and collected the taxes upon them.

What were the laws that ran in Rye and Winchelsea in the beginning of the Conqueror's reign does not appear. Probably Cinque Port law did; for both the towns seem to have been members of the organisation of the Five Ports at a very early date. In Richard I.'s charter of 1290—the earliest discoverable—the king speaks of the privileges that “our father granted” and that he confirmed. In a charter of Edward III. Rye is spoken of as the more ancient of the members of the Ports, and, very much earlier, both Rye and Winchelsea became, under the style and title of Antient Towns, entitled to all the privileges of the Head Ports.

The growth of Rye was more gradual than that of the little town over against it. It is one of the three principal Ports that did not move its site for one reason or another. It first rose into being on its rock, and there it remains to this day. In the old days it was entirely surrounded by water, fulfilling the definition of island that one was taught at school. On the south and east the front that it offered to a sufficiently hostile world was precipitous; the sandstone rock rose steep from the sea's edge. On the north and west it sloped gently towards the not distant land. It must have presented an appearance not unlike that of St Michael's Mount above the narrow, shallow water. Perhaps the Winchelsea men and Edward I. had Rye in mind when they selected the site for their new town. To early medieval minds Rye must have seemed, even in its first unwall'd state, a hold impregnable. Sad experience enlightened them as to the growing possibilities of modern warfare. Little by little the necessity of fortification

appeared. William de Ypres, the commander of Stephen's mercenaries and the overthrower of the Empress Maud, first built a castle in the place, which he meditated holding for himself. On the death of Stephen and the accession of Maud's son he found it expedient to quit the realm and the outer world. He died a monk eight years afterwards. After his time the tower seems to have become the property of the town. It was used as a place of retreat for the townsmen just as did the church towers in the vicinity. The outer houses of the town probably faced inwards and had their backs loopholed. On the approach of the ever-threatening enemy the bell in Watchbell Street was tolled and the Rye men made ready to defend themselves. When they were driven out of their houses, they retreated to the Ypres tower and held it as long as they could.

Incursions of French and Flemings must have been daily feared—how many actually took place cannot now be discovered—and in Richard I.'s time the licence to fortify the sea-walls was granted. "*Maior et communitas villæ de la Rye manuceperunt villam prædictam muro de petra et calce infra triennium a data presentium in locis necessariis sufficienter claudere et firmare.*" The king granted the revenues of the town for the defraying of the costs, and the town was liable to a penalty of £100 if the walls had not arisen within the three years. In the same charter we find that the fortifying of the town was considered to be "the greatest safeguard which could be made in these parts for the security of our kingdom." The wall on the sea side does not seem to have proved very serviceable.

In the next reign Rye was taken and held by the French during the whole time of the Dauphin's invasion of the kingdom. Whether the priors of Fécamp contributed anything to this end does not appear, but it is certain that the next king resumed possession of the town. The priors are said in the deed of exchange to have been willing parties to the

arrangement.<sup>1</sup> They received in exchange two manors in Gloucestershire and the hundred of Navenby in Lincolnshire.

In this charter again the towns of Winchelsea and Rye are styled "the more noble members of our Cinque Ports," so that here too the upholders of the Antient Towns find their account.

Henry again confirmed the towns in their privileges, and from this time forward their status seems uncontested. The completion of the fortification of Rye was deferred until the reign of Edward III. It did not become necessary until the shallows separating the town from the mainland were inned. These shallows, formed by the mouths of three rivers, were probably a more efficient defence than the walls that replaced them. But the townsmen preferred to possess the land at the expense of the security of the town. The incursions of the French seem to become more frequent and more successful as soon as the process of inning was complete. This happened about 1366, when "Ralph Spigurnel, Robert Beallknap, Andrew de Guldeford, and others were ordered to view and repair the marsh-walls within the liberty of the town of Rye."

Edward III. to some extent managed to keep the wars in his enemy's country, but almost immediately after his death the French utterly ruined the walled town. "They, within five hours, brought it wholly into ashes with the church that then was there, of a wonderful beauty, conveying away four of the richest of the towne, and slaying sixty-six, left not above eight in the towne. Forty-two hogsheads of wine they carried thence to their ships, with the rest of their booty, and left the towne desolate."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> They would seem only to have parted with the Antient Towns, for they retained the manorial rights of Iham—or Icklesham—outside Winchelsea until the dissolution of foreign monastic orders in the kingdom, when the manor fell to the monks of Syon. Iham was included with Rye and Winchelsea in the manor of Steynings (or Brede); indeed, part of Iham was, as I have

said, purchased by Edward I. for the site of New Winchelsea.

<sup>2</sup> This is Stow's account as quoted by Holloway, the historian of Rye. Holloway suppressed something, for—alas! for the credit of the principal townsmen—Stow in the original says, "Upon the feast day of St Peter and St Paul the Apostles, in the morning the Frenchmen, with

The rich men and the resources of the town may be approximately gauged from this account. The former must have counted seventy-eight or so, the latter have consisted largely of Gascon wine. This was one of the most serious reverses of the town. But worse followed, and even before this time they had undergone much. Thus in 1337 a French fleet of thirty-five ships and thirty-two galleys having been driven off from Sandwich, invaded Rye and spread ruin before them. The Cinque Ports squadron, however, this time arrived in time, chased the French home to Boulogne, set fire to part of that town, and hanged twelve captains of the offending fleet. The French must have done more damage before the ten years were out, for in 1347 fifty-two houses and a mill at Rye were reported as burnt and uninhabitable, and ninety-four in Winchelsea as utterly destroyed.

Upon the whole, life in a Cinque Port must have been exciting. What made it rather worse was that the townsmen were considered by the king as little more than stewards of their own property. When disaster fell upon them they were considered to have been remiss in watchfulness. Perhaps they were. Like chess-players skilful in attack, they do not seem to have paid sufficient attention to their defence, and, too probably, their ships returned from marauding expeditions to find that their towns were in ruins. This irresponsibility—forgetfulness that they were, in a sort, national guardians—brought them into disrepute with their overlords. Thus, after the last-recorded and most terrible visitation of the town, an example was made of what few of the corporation remained.

five vessells, greate and small, invaded the towne of Rye, and, with small labour tooke it: albeit the towne dwellers, upon confidence of their strength, had taken order that none should remove their goods from the towne, that, at the least wise, for love of their goods, they might with more courage abide the conflicts; yet, notwithstanding, they turne their backs in the time of battell, whereupon it came to passe,

that by their want of heart and courage, the towne was taken with all their goods." The French were driven off by the brave Abbot of Battle and the men of Winchelsea, but not before they had burnt the town and carried off the wine. They then sailed to the Isle of Wight, pillaged that, and then returned to Winchelsea, where they were met by the abbot in the manner I have recorded in the chapter on Winchelsea's history.

This was in 1448, and fell about almost immediately after Henry VI. had confirmed the town's charter. A king at that time was no longer afraid to visit some of his displeasure on them. The townsmen<sup>1</sup>—or some of them—were accused of treachery, but the height of their offence does not seem to have reached higher than a want of watchfulness. Perhaps the mayor, barons, and jurats were too snug in their beds to be aware of the oncoming of the French. That they had a sort of reverence for a comfortable bed we know; for, somewhat earlier, the mayor and jurats, being upbraided for having spent as much as one penny on lodging in the foreign, replied that the accommodation paid for was well worth the money, for they had slept upon that delicious new marvel—a feather bed. In any case, traitors and sleepers were hung, and the poor town struggled into being again. Many of the poorer inhabitants went into exile as it was called—left the town for good and all.

There were so many scourges in those days, so many rods in pickle. Besides an angry king and bitter foes, the town was wracked by ever-returning plagues. Unlike Winchelsea, which had plenty of space in which to breathe, Rye, whenever its buildings stood, was a crowded place. Its streets were narrow, its buildings crowded close upon one another. Winchelsea was a model medieval town, Rye a typical.<sup>2</sup>

Time and again the plague swept through the streets, and time and again fire followed it. After the great plague of London the fire came as a purge. Rye never seems to have felt the beneficence of disaster; but it had an incredible hold upon life and its beloved rock. Perhaps the privileges that were its own drew foreigners—that is to

<sup>1</sup> It is not absolutely certain that it was after the 1448 invasion that the punishments for treachery took place. Holloway suggests that it was after that of 1377. Treachery was also alleged against some of the inhabitants of Winchelsea after the destruction of that town

in 1360.

<sup>2</sup> The plague seems to have been at its worst in the sixteenth century. In 1544 it carried off 385 people in six months. In 1579, 744 in five. It came again in 1590 and in 1596, and these were not the only visitations during the century.

say, dwellers without the Liberties—into the place. If they did not, it is difficult to imagine how the phoenix of a town can have been peopled and re-peopled. If outlanders came, they must have been bold spirits to venture into a place so sorely and so constantly visited.<sup>1</sup>

“God save Englonde and the Towne of Rye!” they wrote at the end of their custumal. They must have had a great faith in the God that was to save them, a steadfast belief in themselves as a chosen people. It is this that strikes one most in the story of the town. There was no despairing. Other peoples have been sorely tried: few have kept such a stiff upper lip. They were a sturdy crew of sturdy villains, respecting no people’s rights but their own. Their own they respected immensely. They robbed whoever they could rob; they were grievously punished again and again; but they learnt no lesson. Complaints against the men of Rye and Winchelsea bulk largely in old naval records—largely, that is, in proportion to the size and importance of the towns. At one time it is the Council of the city of Cologne who, promising the most ready obedience in all things to the most serene Lord Henry of England, complain that their “beloved fellow-citizen, Hermann, coming with his goods into your jurisdiction, has been, by your citizens of Winkilse, plundered of his goods to the value of 100 marks.” At another, it is the sailors of Fowey who are attacked by and beat off the men of Rye and Winchelsea.

The Antient Townsmen, in return, were ever awake to uphold the rights of their own fellow-citizens. Even in comparatively late days we find them protesting against the action of the market officers of London town, which latter had seized some Rye silk goods which should have gone market-free.

<sup>1</sup> After the invasion of 1448 the town was so impoverished as to be unable to furnish its quota of ships. To aid it in the task Tenterden was erected into a limb or feeder of the Antient Town on August 1, 1448. Edward IV. confirmed

this charter, which, for one reason or another, seems never to have been acted upon. Edward’s charter, which was granted in 1463, speaks of Henry VI. as “late King of England, in fact, but not of right.”

The townsmen, indeed, must have made themselves exceedingly troublesome to all such of gods and men in this world as were not in the number of their immediate friends. They probably deserved punishment. They certainly had it; but, on the whole, they gave as good as was given them. Just who began the quarrels with the French it is impossible to say. A punitive expedition, as a rule, followed some such occurrence as the following. A Rye ship and a French were watering at the same spring in Normandy. The boats' crews came to blows as to who should first fill a cask. A Frenchman was killed, and the Rye ship sailed off with the honours of war. Then the Boulogne men in revenge slaughtered the crew of an English ship that lay in the harbour. Afterwards they strung the bodies from the yard-arms of their boats, interspersing the human corpses with those of dogs. They dangled these in the eyes of the Rye men. Those of Rye were naturally irritated, and organised a coast-harrying expedition. The French retaliated, attempting to "go one better." In one stage of the proceedings, as we have seen, the French had sacked Rye and carried off the bells from the burnt church. The Winchelsea men came to the rescue of the sister town and sailed over to the opposite coast, where they burnt a convent and brought back another set of bells. This may have happened several times.<sup>1</sup> At any rate the bells that now clamour from Rye tower, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, are of English make and bear jingle-inscriptions in good English.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "In 1378," says Stow, "the men of Winchelsea and Rye sailed for the coast of Normandy, desirous to requite the losses which before they had received; and so, in the night, arriving in a town called Peter's haven, entred the same, slaying so many as they met, and those whom they think able to pay ransome they carry to their ships; they spoyled the houses, with the churches, where they found many rich spoyles, which sometime had been, by the Frenchmen,

fet from Rye, and especially the bells and such-like, which they shipped, set the rest on fire, and then they land at Wilet, where they practised the like cheuance, and so, with their rich spoile, turned home." See *ante*, 'Cinque Ports.'

<sup>2</sup> They may, however, have been the identical bells, for, in the accounts of the church, frequent items refer to the cost of having the bells recast in London. These recastings mostly occurred in the sixteenth century.



One learns at school to admire this sort of thing, and, in spite of later learnt altruism, one goes on admiring it. It was the making of the nation in its schoolboy days. It taught the people how to give and how to take hard knocks; it had its place in the scheme of creation. This, then, was the mode of life in Rye town until the harder fighting days were over. The place seems to have contained very much the same kinds of crafts and trades as did Winchelsea, though not in quite such numbers. The wine-trade was carried on in both alike; both places at different times had licence to export wool. Ships also were built in the harbour: they are so still. It possessed a mint, which until the seventeenth century struck coins and tokens.

Rye never contributed as many ships to the king's navy as Winchelsea and others of the Ports. As a rule, its contribution numbered twenty-one ships manned by 105 men. Holloway calculates that this must have cost the town the equivalent of £819, 7s. 6d. It also owned a fleet of merchantmen, which were generally employed in the wine-trade. The number and the nature of these ships are equally obscure. The most feasible conjecture is that these ships were identical with those contributed to the Royal Navy. It seems extremely unlikely that the Ports men would have left their ships unemployed during the three hundred odd days of the year that the king's right did not cover. The end of this fleet is also unexplained. Probably they were lost at sea. At any rate, as Jeake says, "Rye never recovered its ancient shipping since the loss of the Bourdeaux fleet, as reported, in the time of King Henry VII."<sup>1</sup>

The town sank very low after its loss. It does not even seem to have been fully populated again until the massacre of St Bartholomew and the Low Country slaughters under Alva. Then Fleming and

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Young mentions a return of the time of Edward VI., which states that of thirty-seven vessels laden with wood—Rye, it must be remem-

bered, stood on the verge of what was even then a vast forest—which left Rye harbour at one tide, not one was an English bottom.

French Protestants took the places of those who had died of the plague and conflagrations. From that time onwards it took a new lease of a less stirring life. Hitherto the town had been more or less frequently in touch with what we call nowadays national events. Thus, when before Agincourt Henry V. captured Harfleur, the Rye ships took a principal part in the engagement. Holloway mentions that the king, being short of money, left certain jewels in pawn with the mayor, bailiff, and commonalty until such time as he was able to pay the wages of the men employed. Ten years afterwards the fleet assembled in Winchelsea harbour; and even under Elizabeth the Rye ships or men must have done service against the Invincible Armada, for in 1589 "the town of Rye was by her presented with six brass guns beautifully ornamented with the arms of Spain, which stood on the spot called the Green until the late war, when they were unfortunately—and to the great discredit of the parties, whoever they were, whose bad taste led them to do it—bartered with the Government for two iron six-pounder guns."

This service against the Armada is almost the last naval service that the town performed. The harbour was no longer deep enough to hold the large ships of war of that day, though a little time before the town was tantalised with hope. In 1577 the sea suddenly burst the sea-walls on the west and north-west of the town and formed a new harbour. The townsmen at once began to project schemes of fresh naval greatness. "In hope of the continuance of the same new-opened haven certain men of the town," says Holinshed,<sup>1</sup> "have begun to build fair barks to travel the seas, which in the continuance of time will be a great furtherance to the maintenance of the queen's navy." Perhaps it was this fact that enabled Rye to help in 1588. Whether or no, the new harbour—it was called "The Wish"—was afterwards filled in again and the sea walled out.

<sup>1</sup> He incidentally suggests that the inroads of the sea were by way of being a providential retribution incurred by a surly marsh-owner who had suddenly refused to allow the fishermen to dry their nets upon his ground.

When Henry VIII. built Camber Castle it stood upon a sand-spit similar in form to the famous Chesil Beach. This spit ran from the eastern side of Winchelsea to within a short distance of the marsh walls to the east of Rye. The water within was shallow towards Winchelsea and only slightly deeper in the channel of the Rother. Very soon afterwards—within fifty years—the castle which had been built upon the sea-shore stood several hundred yards from the high-water mark, and the Winchelsea shallows were nearly filled up by alluvial soil brought down by the Brede, the Rother, and the Tillingham brook. Rye harbour has never entirely disappeared. It still affords shelter for a few fishing-boats, and is occasionally visited by small sailing vessels. But for a century or so after Elizabeth's time it was probably even less deep than it is to-day. Thus it became utterly unfit to float men-of-war, which were already beginning to be of large burthen—one should remember that Cabot's Great Harry was built in the reign of Elizabeth's father. The appearance of this vessel among the ships of the navy meant the end of the day for the Channel cock-boats of the Five Ports.

Rye, however, happy in the possession of its harbour, such as it was, continued to flourish. It enjoyed comparative tranquillity. International law grew strong enough to put a stop to Channel bickerings in peace-time, and wars with France less frequent. Once, however, in the Stuart century there was a French alarm. Jeake—the most diligent of Cinque Port historians—tells us in his diary that on July 4,<sup>1</sup> 1690, the French

<sup>1</sup> This, it will be remembered, was just after the battle of the Boyne. The French ships had actually carried the miserable James II. past the shores of the land he had lost towards his final defeat. This was one of the periods in English history at which the French navy was immeasurably superior to that of England. Le Roi Soleil had practically gained command of the Channel; and just before this time, as Jeake mentions in his diary for July 1, "news came to town that the English fleet was beaten by the French off

Beachy Head, which being not far off, put the town in some apprehensions of danger." This diary affords a picture of the state of mind of Rye at this juncture which is worth a moment's perusal. As thus:—

"*Jy 4th.* At sunset, news arrived that the French were shooting to beat down Hastings, and they did indeed shoot some bullets into the town and killed a man or two, but without much other damage.

"*Jy 5th.* On this day I sent for my mother

fleet came into Rye Bay in search of the English, who had left it that same morning. "At noon of the next day the French fleet were most of them in the bay, full in sight of the town, and on the morning of the 6th a terrible alarm reigned in the town of the French coming to land, they having sent three small shallops to sound the depth at the coming into the harbour, which they supposed to be either to come in that tide, it being then near full sea, or to prepare against next, and that their intentions were to burn the fire-ships that were then put into the harbour, and to fire and plunder the town. There was an intolerable hurry all day," he goes on, "the trained bands up in arms with the soldiers and sailors of the Anne who were then in the town, sending out into the country for more men and planting guns on the beach with a breast-work of deal boards to make a show at the mouth of the harbour." Probably the French were frightened by the deal boards—walls of oak would have been better—in any case, they sailed away and left the town unharmed.

A Dutch fleet, too, before this time had made its appearance in Rye Bay. De Witt in 1652 spent a day in plundering the fishing-boats whilst Blake was away in Scotland. Shortly afterwards, however, the Lord Warden—for Blake filled that post—arrived in the bay. The Dutch had left by that time, but within the fortnight the two fleets met, and Blake succeeded, after two days' fighting in the neighbourhood, in driving the Dutch home again. The English had gained a "stupendous victory";

and wife and children back to Rye, being persuaded thereto by some seamen."

*7y 6th.* The passage quoted in the text. He continues: "Nothing seen but fears and consternations, sending of goods out of town in waggons and on horses. I sent my mother-in-law and daughter out of town again about two in the afternoon, and, with them, my writings and gold, the rest of my money in the evening, and my wife's clothes, but she went not out of town,

because my little boy was this morning taken sick of a fever, and very bad, so that he could not be carried without danger of his life, and therefore we had two poor women provided, ready to have carried him in a flasket if the French had landed. . . . But through mercy there was no attempt made by them to do any mischief to the town." The good Jeake immediately casts a horoscope and discovers that the heavens had been all along propitious.

the Dutch seem to have thought theirs a "moral" one, for in nine months' time they were out again, this time with the broom at the mast-head.

Since those days Rye has seen no more of war. It was, nevertheless, tenacious of the privileges that warlike deeds had given it. When during the Napoleonic wars the pressgang appeared in its streets it pleaded exemption, and was allowed to provide its quota of men for the navy. That, at least, is the Rye version of the matter. As a matter of fact, the pressgang was bought off by the payment of a sum sufficient to provide a due number of substitutes.<sup>1</sup> In any case, a large number of Rye men fought and fell at Camperdown. During the same wars, too, the town raised a corps of artillery which managed the two six-pounders aforementioned.

Rye, in fact, became a mere trading city after the days of the Armada. It received the merchants of Winchelsea who abandoned their homes towards 1498,<sup>2</sup> and from that time onwards Rye, which had been creeping up towards the pre-eminence of its sister town, assumed an absolute lead. It had merchants, fishermen, sailors, and a body of foreign Protestants, which last in 1562 numbered as many as 1532. Its history became that of any other more or less flourishing town. Kings and queens visited it from time to time. Elizabeth herself came in one of her progresses. She is said to have rested outside the town beside a well that ever since has been called Queen Elizabeth's. You may remember that Winchelsea sets up similar pretensions. The Georges, too, came now and again, driven in by stress of weather or what not on the sea. The First Gentleman is said to have loved a fair unknown who lived near the church; but, if he came, he came as a man and a lover, rowed ashore from his ship, and the official records contain no mention of the visits of the gentleman and

<sup>1</sup> I do not feel quite certain that the Rye plea was valid. Sir Harris Nicolas quotes a number of writs to the Bailiffs of the Five Ports during the reigns of the three Edwards—writs which command the said bailiffs to impress men for the

service of the king's ships.

<sup>2</sup> Cooper quotes a return made in that year, showing that Winchelsea then possessed no person who had above £40 in goods.

king. The town, like Winchelsea, retained its two members until the days of reform, and personally I see no reason why it should have been deprived of them then. It seems to me that members returned by towns so beautiful ought to be better than members for towns as hideous as —. But there are too many cities contending for this last distinction. One is no Paris to award this particular apple.

The system of representation of earlier days caused gaiety and bustle in its time. At one time Rye boasted but nine electors to the two elected; in 1831 it had but twelve voters at the poll. But the populace was by that time clamorous for votes. Its leaders attempted a *coup d'état*. "Only nine months had elapsed since the war of the barricades in Paris." Holloway writes this. He was an eyewitness of a scene that would have done credit to *la ville lumière*. "The sight of the coastguards was the signal for the wildest uproar and confusion. The populace, infuriated, prepared to arm themselves; and it was but the work of a moment to tear down the iron fence which enclosed the market-house, each palisade of which became a pike in the hands of the man who held it. . . . The people began to pull up the pavement at the end of Market Street, where it joins to East Street, and to prepare for barricading it, when the mayor and his party made their appearance. . . . The night brought no rest, but confusion (if possible) was worse confounded. The passions of the people knew no control; the magistrates had no power."

The trouble was that the electors had all been elected freemen by the mayor and jurats, who were themselves all relatives. The whole corporation consisted of Lambs and their nominees. For forty-nine years in succession the mayoralty was held by a Lamb. Upon the whole, therefore, the time was ripe for a change, and the change soon came. Shortly afterwards every ratepayer became a freeman, and such stirring times passed away and were reckoned. Under the old system Rye contrived to return one member of world-wide fame—the great Duke of Wellington, who sat as Sir Arthur Wellesley in 1802.

Since its reformation it has never contrived to do as much. After the passing of the great Reform Bill the town returned but one member at a time, now it returns none at all. It has been merged into a division of Sussex.

The Rye populace enraged must have been rather trying to deal with. Many of its constituents—perhaps the majority—were smugglers of a most determined type. Their antipathy to the coastguards seems thus more comprehensible. The story of the exploits of both parties is of immense length, the smuggling organisation seeming to have been the more perfect of the two.

“In May 1826 a smuggling galley, chased by a guard-boat, ran ashore near the mouth of Rye Harbour and opened fire on the guard. The blockade-men from Camber watch-house came to the spot and seized one of the smugglers, when a body of not less than two hundred armed smugglers rushed from behind the sandhills and commenced a fire on the blockade, killing one and wounding another, but were ultimately driven off with the capture of their galley, carrying off, nevertheless, their wounded.” This sort of thing was of constant occurrence and went on for many years. “The last occasion on which a life was sacrificed was on April 1, 1838, when Thomas Monk, a poor fiddler of Winchelsea, was shot by the coastguards in an affray at Camber Castle.”<sup>1</sup>

Of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the Antient Towns to-day this is perhaps not the place to speak. Of the manners and habits of the Rye men in earlier days much may be discovered. The Rye municipal records for centuries have been preserved in a manner that reflects the utmost credit upon whoever preserved them. They offer immense inducements of reward to the student of human

<sup>1</sup> Sussex Archæological Collections, vol. x. The author adds: “I have been present, in a house at Rye, when silks for sale were mysteriously produced from their hiding-places; and it was the custom of the farmers in that neighbourhood to favour the smugglers so far as to allow the gates in the field to be left unlocked at night.”

documents and of municipal vicissitudes. One learns from them the price of lime, of lead, of butcher-meat—of everything, at almost any season of any year. One may see how much wine the clerks drank at Whitsuntide 1513, and what was paid for it. One may spend lazy days in poring over the account-books, on wondering why there should so often have been needed “four mats to kneel on, for the two seats that Mr Mayor and his brethren do sit in”; one may wish that a pair of boots and four pairs of shoes could nowadays be bought for 5s.; one may feel with the luckless person, whoever he was, who in 1574 poured out his woes on the sympathising page of the mayor’s book as thus :—

“As with pain he serves in pain  
That nought doth get thereby,  
So thanks are small to him that doth  
Serve a commonalty.”

The mayors and jurats never seem to have been over-popular in the town. William Appleby, the obscure writer of the verses, must have been either an employee of the corporation, in which case he was ill-treated by them, or he must have been an unsuccessful mayor who experienced some popular mishandling. The body corporate seems to have taken full advantage of the facts that it had neither body to kick nor more noble part to be permanently inconvenienced. It had the ordinary bad luck of its class, it sometimes acted ungraciously, and occasionally in a more cowardly way than the rest of its Five Port fellows. It seems to have taken to heart the maxims of the Vicar of Bray, too. It was the only one of the Ports or members that paid the fine imposed on the Ports by Charles I., and on the back of a subsequent deed of gift<sup>1</sup> is preserved its declaration of fidelity to the

<sup>1</sup> This document was lately discovered by Mr Inderwick. It would probably have been destroyed as damnable at the Restoration, but for the fact of the deed on the reverse side. It reveals the fact that the large majority of the burgesses at

that date were “no scollards.” They made their marks—cart-wheels and forked arrows. Perhaps it was on this account that one of the regulations of Rye grammar-school was that no freeman of the town was eligible for the post of master.



Cromwellian Commonwealth. But these are small blemishes on an otherwise great record. As a rule, it stood up for itself and its citizens and did its best. No corporation can do more.

Of the manners and habits of its unofficial inhabitants something may be learnt from ballads. Thus we hear that Captain Pim of Winchelsea had a way of his own with the ladies—a way that the ladies do not seem to have resented. And if we let Captain Pim stand for the males of the Antient Towns, the true “Mayde of the South” may stand for the women. The ballad tells us that she was “a rare example of a Mayde dwelling at Rie in Sussex, who for the love of a young man of Lestershire, went beyond sea in the habit of a page, and, after, to their hearts’ content, were both married at Magrum in Germany, and now dwelling at Rie aforesaid.” Perhaps men and women like Captain Pim and sweet Margery, the “mayde of Rie,” made the Five Ports such as they were. Nowadays the audacious captain would be fined five shillings or more for chucking young ladies under the chin, and poor Margery would be punished for breach of decorum. But the spirit which actuated them had its uses, and as for the spirit of the little Antient Towns—when at last it dies away—why, “God save Englonde and the Towne of Rye!”

## CHAPTER VII.

## RYE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

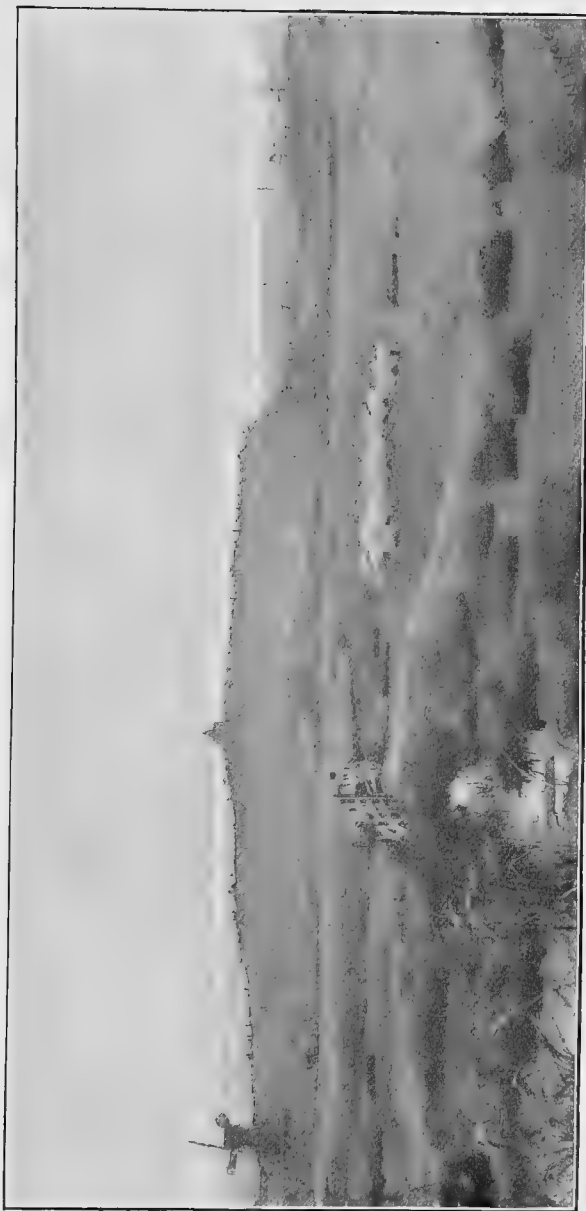
## DESCRIPTIVE.

RYE has one quality that no other town that I have seen possesses. It is always "fit to be seen." Any other town has its moments. Even London, seen from a great distance, from a great height, half hidden by wreaths of smoke, manages to seem spectacular, imposing. But Rye is so always. It never seems to nod—or, if it does, its slumbrous times are charming; it never has its hair *en papillotes*. It reminds one of that certain vastly popular novelist of whom some one once said that he seemed to have an appropriate attitude for every moment of the year, to be ready at all hours of the day and night for the Kodak-wielder. But, unlike that distinguished gentleman, Rye never poses. It is for ever sincere. It is mediievally picturesque, because, like Topsy, it grewed so.

I get up from my writing these words and look out across the eighteen miles of air that separates me from it. I see it, far down below my window, across the yellow oak-leaves of the hillside, across the impossibly flat green marsh. The marsh has that quality seen from a height—the quality of seeming almost ludicrously flat, like a billiard-table beneath a painful glare of light. It looks like the level greenness that a missal-painter used as a hieroglyph for the







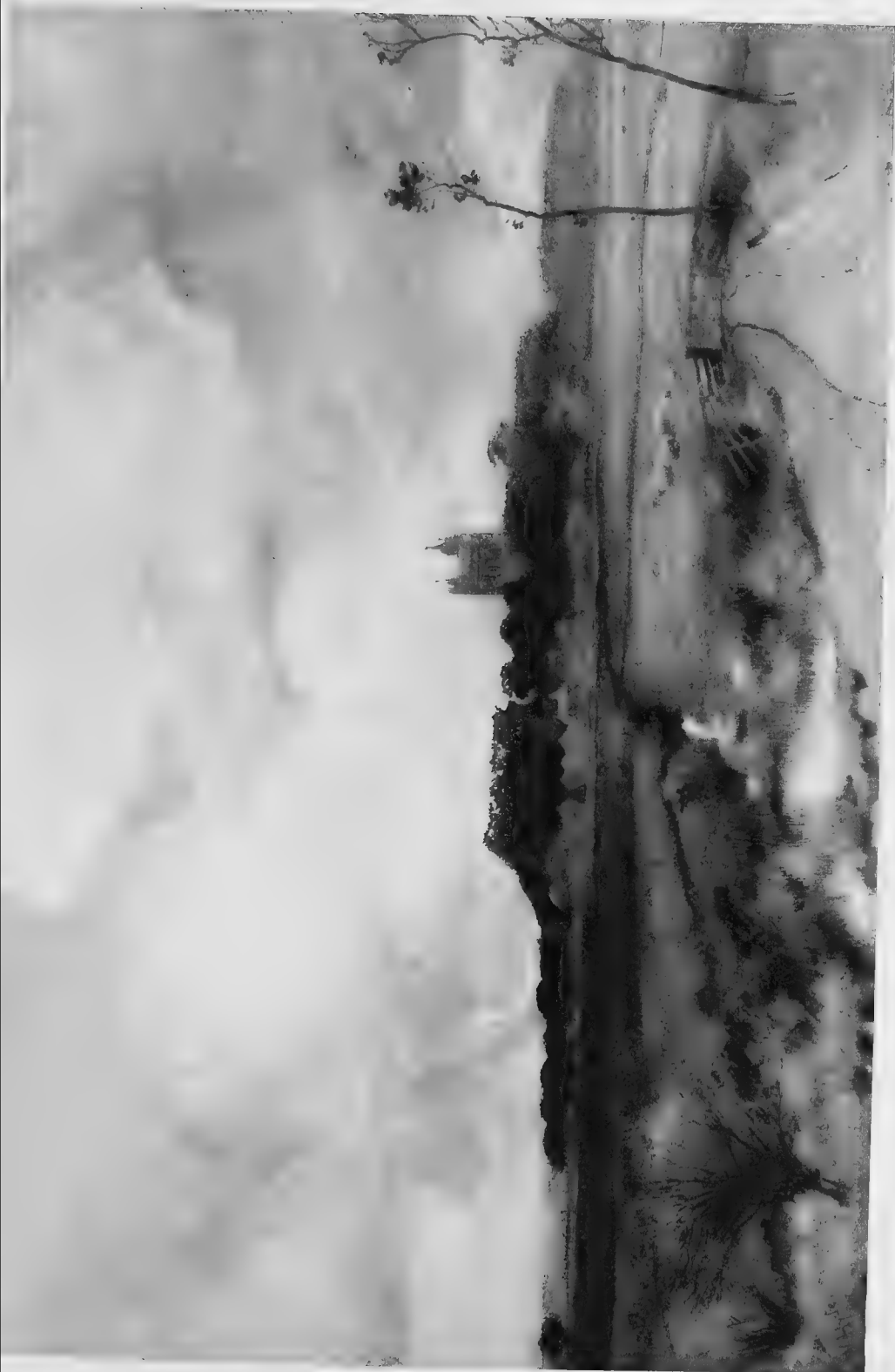
RYE FROM THE MARSHES.



NEW ROMNEY AND MARSH









gay greensward beneath the horses' hoofs of impossible knights and men-at-arms. Beyond—oh, a long way beyond—the little town rises like a pyramid; red roofs touching red roofs—it is a very clear day, you must remember—and at the very topmost point the sparkle of the weather-cock as the light of the morning strikes it. Rye is quite ready to be looked at. It at once takes up its *rôle* of a medieval toy, the *rôle* that it plays whenever a spectator looks at it from a distance. It seems to have been painted into an initial at the time when the thorns of this brier-patch of a world were larger—infinately, infinitely larger—but not half so frequent or so teasing as they are to-day. The people who limned it may have lived in fear of plague, famine, and sudden death, but their minds cannot have been tormented by the thousand natural wrongs that to-day our flesh is heir to. Otherwise they could never have so simply and so naturally set that ancient town upon its little hill.

Rye is not Rimini or Nüremberg. Any one of the countries of Europe can show more perfect achievements in the way of medieval towns. Rye is a spoken word of a homely dialect, of a language that has produced few masterpieces. But the language, such as it is, is usable, adaptable to many circumstances. Probably, on the last day, all nations, all peoples will be adjudged equal on the whole. Then the qualities of a race and an age that built towns like Rye will not fail to receive due commendation.

Rye has a number of mists to come to the aid of its picturesqueness. I remember one day seeing the town on a hot summer's morning when the mists swirled all round the base of the hill. The roofs of the higher houses and the whole of the church stood up over a purple cloud. The sort of thing has been described time and again by writers who concern themselves with mountainous foreign districts; indeed, I have often enough myself seen similar sights, but never anything so clear, so red and blue and purple and golden, so sparkling and toy-

like. Polish history tells us that after an apparition of the sort the Poles defending a monastery took new heart and fell upon their Swedish masters. Their church, they thought, was floating on the mists to their aid. Perhaps the Rye men were once cheered by such a sight *im alten schönen Zeit*. At any rate, we moderns who may now and then see such a vision should be by it cheered and chastened against evil times to come.

But Rye is not always medieval—in fact it is only so when seen from a distance. I remember the first impression that it made upon me was that of a Georgian city of the dead. I reached the town very late one night quite a number of years ago. I had walked from Ashford, intending to have caught the train at Appledore, which lies some half-way between. But between Ham Street and Appledore I had lost my way. To lose one's way on that stretch of marsh is an exhilarating but extremely irritating experience. The night fell, and, in brief, it was very late when I reached the town. There was not a soul in the streets, and my footsteps echoed in a portentous silence. It was impossible to awaken any one in the inn in the High Street. I wandered about for some time in a comparatively light night. What most impressed me in the town was the fixed, unwinking stare of the house windows. They bulged out and in and caught what little light there was in a way that only the windows of Georgian houses possess. The streets seemed very narrow, very uneven, very dark, very echoing. I at last found a bed in the house of a friendly smacksman, but even now I cannot forget the feeling of alarm, almost of panic, that then came over me. The place was so deadly quiet, so intensely asleep, as if it had been overcome by drowsiness in the reign of George II., and never would awake until the advent of some Prince Charming that certainly was not myself.

But Rye is not for ever asleep. At times it has a pleasant local bustle in its streets. It has a cattle-market day that draws inwards all

manner of old rustic types that one never thought to see again. Farmers come out of hidden valleys and hidden villages—the valleys and villages that hide the Van Winkles of the day. There are so many of them, and their talk—if one can get them to talk, or if one can sit unobtrusively in a bar parlour and listen when two or three are gathered together—is so pleasantly compounded of Van Winkle words and accents. Their costume is the costume of to-day, modified to suit the weather and the world they live in. Their thoughts are the thoughts of ages past. The easels and cameras that block the narrow streets do not exist for them, are, most likely, invisible to them. They accept them with the exclusive calm of the chimney-tops and roofs that the sketchers sketch and the photographers photograph.<sup>1</sup>

They are the permanent things when all is said and done, when all the tides of visitors have come and gone. The visitors themselves are one of the charms of the place. The large majority of them have æsthetic or literary tendencies, and, in consequence perhaps, gown themselves a little out of the ordinary. They give touches of colour and wander about in attitudes out of the ordinary. All this adds to the charm, to the atmosphere of pleasant unreality, of not taking things seriously.

There is nothing very old about the place—or very little. A gateway, an old tower, a church, two or three Elizabethan houses, leaven the lump. But the real charm of the town is the lines of its streets. These not even the zeal of the shopkeepers who delight in plate-glass windows, and of the banking company, who have done their best to ruin the appearance of the main street, have been able to destroy. One comes, round sudden corners, upon genially weathered brick walls, upon the few old things that I have mentioned. These are cunningly distributed about the

<sup>1</sup> The agricultural is a comparatively new note in Rye. Arthur Young asserts that in Edward V.'s time, and for centuries before, husbandmen were not allowed to dwell in or become freemen of the town, Rye having no need or place for

people of the craft. Towns in those days paid much attention to the nature and occupation of their inhabitants. Thus, by Rye custom, bachelors were expelled from the town as not conducive to the steady growth of population.

town. They refresh one at moments when the depression caused by active modernisers threatens to become overpowering. The town, in fact, is very like certain musical works. It has an imposing overture—the Land Gate—two or three moments of excessive beauty, and a great deal of perhaps necessary, but certainly dull—even repellent—“working out.”

The oldest building in the town, the already-mentioned Ypres tower, is suggestive enough, but not markedly beautiful. It stands in the corner of the churchyard. A monument of rude Norman strength, it has some of the qualities of Durham Cathedral. It lies as heavy on the face of the earth as did the hand of the Normans that built it. The barons of Stephen's time built an enormous number of these fastnesses, emulating, perhaps, the robber barons of the Rhine. Of such the Ypres tower may be taken as typical.<sup>1</sup>

Immediately opposite it stands the church, a pleasant and much-praised building, in the centre of a small square of houses. Archæologists and local historians declare that a former church stood over against the Ypres tower, to the south-east of the present one. But architects point out that the church at present contains Norman arches of an earlier date than that assigned by archæologists for the destruction of the hypothetical earlier church. Thus, on the whole, one may confidently assert that there never was any other than the one in question.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr Basil Champneys, in a very excellent kind of superior “anti-scrape tract,” draws attention to the interior doors of the tower. They are worth attention and preservation. De Ypres, who raised it, probably had designs of establishing himself in its stronghold, but, as we have seen, he became a monk and had no further use for it. After it had belonged to the town for some time it was sold to a certain John de Ypres, who probably derived his name from it. It subsequently became a court-house, then a jail, and in the end an appendix of a soup-kitchen.

It is now in process of becoming a museum of local antiquities. The building which housed the soup-kitchen was built into the walls of the tower. It was an early Victorian monstrosity, and has since been removed by the very commendable local Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings.

<sup>2</sup> The process of argument is as follows: Stow, in his account of the 1378 destruction of Rye, says that the church, together with the town, was destroyed in five hours. The archæologists infer from this that the church must have been made

Besides the Romanesque, in the north transept the church contains specimens of Early Pointed, Perpendicular, and Tudor stone-work, some Jacobean and Georgian woodwork, and a respectable proportion of the Vandal achievements of Victorian restorers. Taken as a whole, the church is not a monument of congruous architecture. Successive bands of craftsmen have done their successive bests to efface all traces of their predecessors' works, but, the modern restorations apart, it is a pleasant building to those who delight in what one may call the more domestic—the homely—style of church architecture.

The clock is traditionally reported to have been presented to the town by Queen Elizabeth after the defeat of the Armada. Unfortunately for the tradition, its purchase at an earlier date is mentioned in the accounts of the church.<sup>1</sup> The communion-table in the north transept is said to have been part of the spoils of a captured Spanish vessel. I have found nothing to confirm or refute this tradition. It is, at any rate, a piece of wood-carving somewhat more modern in date than that assigned to it. Yet it is pleasant to look at the cherubs on the carved legs and to imagine them in the chapel of some golden galleon, lit up by many candles and served by a Spanish priest—perhaps the very priest who ended his days in the town. For we read in the churchwardens' books:—

“ 1529. Received of a Spaniard, the which was a priest, for lying in  
the north chancel . . . . . 17s. 4d.  
For paving the Spaniard's grave . . . . . 2s. od.”

of wood, like the houses. But stone churches have been before now gutted to the walls by fire in less than five hours, and, this apart, there is not the slightest evidence of another church's existence.

<sup>1</sup> The churchwardens' accounts contain under 1516 the following item: “The man of Winchelsea that make the clock, in fulle payt of his bargain...6s. 8d.” This was probably a final

payment, several previous ones having been recorded. The clock is certainly a fine monument of the skill of the Winchelsea clocksmith. It bears on its face a couple of quarter-boys who strike the hours, and its long pendulum sways over the north entrance in a way disconcerting to one of weak nerves—a way reminiscent of Poe's “Pit the Pendulum.”

The churchwardens' books are altogether charming : they suggest so many pictures. As thus :—

“1513. Received for waste of torches at the burying of Gyles  
 Benet . . . . . 3s. od.  
 Angel tapers and candles, spent before our time . 7s. od.  
 Expenses of them that holp up with the timber in St Clere's  
 chancel . . . . . os. 4d.  
 For the dinner of the bishop, and fetching a cross and mitre  
 from Winchelsea . . . . . 9s. 4d.  
 Paid for a coate made when the Resurrection was  
 played for him that in playing represented Almighty  
 God . . . . . 1s. od.  
 For an iron candlestick standing before Our Lady of  
 Pity . . . . . 1s. od.”

The clerks must have had pleasant times too.

“1534. A pottle of malmesey and pannerd of cakes for the clerks at  
 Ascension . . . . . 7d.”

occurs on every feast day for every year. But the clerks and the malmsey and the Our Lady of Pity had their day, and under 1547 the churchwardens write :—

“For cleansing the church from Popery . . . . . £1, 13s. 4d.  
 Mending and white - liming divers places where the images  
 stood . . . . . 4s. 10d.”

Upon the whole, they were easily and cheaply rid of Popery. One wishes one could as well to-day cleanse one's house of heresy—at a cost of 33s. 4d. and a coat of limewash.

Of other religious buildings the town had not a great many. There still exists the chapel of the Austin, or Eremite, Friars, who settled in Rye before the time of Edward III. It stands on the east side of Conduit



Street. On the public side it is not vastly picturesque, but the south wall looks on to a charmingly old-fashioned garden, and contains three traceried windows.<sup>1</sup>

Looking over the churchyard from the south is an ancient house that tradition peoples with the ghosts of Carmelite Friars. I do not feel concerned to refute this assertion, but I can confidently advance the opinion that the south side of the churchyard is a pleasant place in which to walk. For one thing, it is always in the shade; for another, it is always deserted. Its houses contain people of strange trades. A herbalist used to hang out his placard there. For me a herbalist has always an air of mystery—I don't know why. He is reputed to gather his herbs in the moonlight off graves, and so this herbalist is well placed. He has only to steal out of his dark house, and in its very shadow he may find his simples when the moon shines. The church looks well from here, but it is best seen from the narrow street at the western outlet. There it is framed by the house-sides, and rises up from the ground with some of the majesty of a cathedral. Rye church, in fact, has some of the cathedral air about it. Its influence does not penetrate into the main streets, but in its immediate vicinity there is some of the hush of a close.

Of the old town walls hardly any remains can be traced, and of the five gates that the town at one time possessed, only one—the Land Gate—remains. This, although picturesque enough, does not call for more than cursory mention. Of the other defences of Rye, the Gun Garden lies near the Ypres Tower. At different times this must have been furnished with a strange assortment of artillery that never saw warlike service. The military glory of Rye passed away before the age of great guns. Nevertheless, Rye was constantly clamouring to the Government for such articles

<sup>1</sup> In 1572 it was assigned to the Huguenots for a place of work and worship—just as was the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral—but in later years it came into the hands of even newer faiths.

A little time ago it was the home of Salvationists, but it has since been purchased by a “syndicate of Churchmen.”

of defence, and at one time the town was allowed to despoil Camber Castle of its Henry VIII. artillery; at another—in 1740—it was provided with a whole magazine of warlike stores. These included “8 iron ordnance, 18-pounders of 9½ feet, 4 ladles, and 4 sponges, 2 skeins of tarred muslin, a small hammer,” and a number of other things. Guns and Gun Garden, and what remained of the tarred muslin, afterwards passed again into the hands of Government and have disappeared.

Of other public buildings, Peacock’s Grammar School imparts a touch of dignity to the long High Street, which otherwise, except for one fine old shop-front, differs little from any other High Street. Peacock’s School is an interesting instance of local spirit expressing itself in brick of Charles I.’s time. It is not vastly well-proportioned, and its whole effectiveness lies in a slightly sinister powerfulness. One imagines that the little scholars must have been frequently and thoroughly swung by the local disciples of Ascham. Upon the whole, I should not like to have been John, son of John Dadd, the sexton, who stands at the bottom of the roll of boys at the foundation of the school. The boys were taught, besides the three R’s, only the art of navigation.

After the schoolhouse, in point of antiquity, comes the court-house, a moderately fine Georgian structure. It contains the town records, which have been rescued from the picturesque confusion of centuries, bound, and enshrined in an iron safe. I must confess that I regret the picturesque confusion whilst applauding the public spirit that urges the Rye people to preserve their public monuments.<sup>1</sup> The same spirit has preserved, for us to see, the skull of John Breeds in his habit as he hung and died. Breeds was a clumsy murderer who set out to kill a Mr Lamb and killed a Mr Grebbell. He was eventually executed, and, as I have said, his skull still “hangs in chains” in the court-house. One frequently comes across the sinister phrase, but hardly realises its meaning. Now one sees that, after

<sup>1</sup> Among the treasures preserved here are the two great gilt Georgian maces. The smaller silver ones are more artistically interesting.

death, Breeds had his body confined in a cage-work of iron hoops and chains, for all the world like the skeleton of a diver's dress.<sup>1</sup>

I have spoken of medieval Rye and of Georgian, but I have left to the last the mention of its Elizabethan memories. Rye was the birthplace of the poet Fletcher, and Fletcher was the one genius that Rye produced. He was born in 1576, and was the son of the then vicar. Fletcher I have always esteemed above most of the greater dramatists of his age. He is most known as a collaborator—one speaks of Beaumont and Fletcher, but Beaumont was a mere drag on his more brilliant associate. Fletcher is accused of having a superabundance of fancy, but he had the merit of writing in a clear, limpid style when all the great writers of the nation—even Shakespeare—had fallen under the influence of Euphuism. His poem on Melancholy inspired the opening lines of Milton's, and to some extent gave the form to it. The names of Fletcher and of Mermaid Street are just enough to connect—in association—Rye with the Elizabethan writers. There has always been a Mermaid Inn at Rye, and one remembers the things done at the Mermaid of London. If Rye romancers and archæologists had any great enthusiasm for the poet, I feel sure that they would have proved by inference that Shakespeare once dwelt at the Mermaid Tavern, and that the tavern in London was named after that of Elizabeth's Rye Royal. But the only person that ever mentioned Fletcher's name to me in the town was a policeman, who, years ago, assured me that the old houses in Mermaid Street were the place of Fletcher's birth. I don't know who was the policeman's authority: perhaps he argued from analogy. The Elizabethan houses in question make Mermaid Street worthy of its name. The Mermaid Tavern, too, is worth consideration. It was for many years a dwelling-house dis-

<sup>1</sup> Rye has more skilful and more repulsive murders to be proud of. One reads in Rye registers of—

"June 3<sup>d</sup>, 1599. Annes, d<sup>ter</sup> of Philipe Williams, was burid. She was murdered

by the mother.

"June 24<sup>th</sup>. Marie Goslings, native French wife to Philipe Williams, was buried. She was executed for murdering her own child."

And there are others.

tinguished for containing a quantity of fine carved panelling; but of late years it has been taken in hand by a company who deserve praise beyond most companies. They have pulled down a number of modern walls, discovered lost doorways and hidden oak beams, until the house has become a fine Tudor building once more. It is now an inn of a sort principally frequented by golfers and artists.

At the top of Mermaid Street is the house in which lived the flame of the First Gentleman of Europe. It is now tenanted by Mr Henry James. Whether or no the archæologists of the future will argue that the Shakespeares of to-day visited Mr James there, and whether the policemen of to-morrow will point out some Victorian villa as the residence of the great writer, I should not care to say. I remember being told by a lady that, on inquiring for the former residence of Thackeray, she was informed by a post-office functionary that no person of that name had ever been heard of in Rye or Winchelsea. Yet Thackeray once lived at Winchelsea, and to Rye he sent Denis Duval to school at Peacock's. Thackeray's note-books for the months before his death are full of such jottings as: "*Refugees at Rye.*—At Rye is a settlement of French refugees, who are for the most part fishermen and have a minister of their own." Evelyn, the diarist, came to Rye to meet his wife, who was returning from France after the Restoration. Since Thackeray's time hundreds of distinguished persons have been in the place for one cause or another—mostly to admire and to pass away. I neither can, nor care to, chronicle them. Distinguished politicians come to golf here, for the golf-links have been called the finest in England. It is true that every course in the country boasts as much, but I confess that it is pleasant to lie on the sandhills there, of a hot day, watching an irritated opponent negotiating a ball buried in sand.

The links lie out very near the end of the world. One reaches them by a light railway that is of the nature of a caricature. A road runs out beyond the most distant hole. It vanishes into space. I find it impossible to believe that anything lies beyond but the sky and the sand and the

ocean—unless one then steps off the edge of the world. Everything is so very flat out there. The small farms cower down on the face of a marsh that cannot be part of a spherical world ; cower down like partridges hiding from sight in a stubble-field. Over them hangs an immense inverted sky.

The southern sandhills run along the harbour mouth—a narrow harbour mouth, protected on the one hand by wooden piles. A few ships are moored on either bank. They never seem to move or to have any business on the great waters. Of course they must have ; but, often as I have been there, I have never seen one of them hoist sail and pass the little lighthouse. Camber village lies on the other side : one is ferried across to it. I have a liking for Camber because of the ferry—there is something romantic in reaching a place by boat—but I know of no other reason for a liking. It is very isolated, which is a point in its favour ; but its houses are quite modern and unbeautiful. A stretch of pebbly marsh lies between Camber and the castle. As a thing to walk upon, the ground is not to be commended, but the scenery is dreadfully romantic—inspirational in its way. The castle is a broad-based massive edifice. It was built by Henry VIII. as a protection for Winchelsea harbour, and it must have stood upon the sea-shore. But, as I have said, the sea and the harbour deserted it, and it now stands high and dry. It was used for a time to hold prisoners of war, but it was soon dismantled.<sup>1</sup> It is now nothing but a roofless, doorless ruin ; but it is an excellent place for prisoner's base and games of the sort. The inner tower is surrounded by souterrains. Perhaps Henry VIII. had not in mind the provision of hiding-places for

<sup>1</sup> The Act of Parliament is dated 26th August 1642. It provides that "the divers pieces of ordnance, with powder, and other warlike implements now remaining in the castle, . . . which castle being altogether unguarded and no way useful for the defence of the said country, y<sup>e</sup> ordnance, &c., are exposed to the surprise of any ill-affected or malignant person," &c. Captain

Richard Cockeram and the inhabitants of the ancient Cinque Port of Rye are directed to "seize, take, and remove y<sup>e</sup> ordnance, &c., to the town of Rye."

The Castle, or rather the materials of which it was composed, had been put up for sale ten years before, but no purchaser came forward.

those young in years or mind, but he has provided splendid ones. As such, the place is educational. One understands the uses of castles and fortresses when one has employed them in this way; one sees the kings and queens and personages of history so much better after one has breathlessly crouched in a half-earthed-up tunnel, whilst the footsteps of a pursuer brought down fragments of stone round one. Or one can lie on the slopes of earth in the shelter of the outer walls, and one can read a lazy book and be beguiled into thinking that, after all, life is good. One has the old stones all round one, one is sheltered from the wind that always blows there, one hears it rustling in the wall-flowers, and one catches a glimpse of the lush marsh-pastures framed in the grey stone of a dismantled door.









ROMNEY MARSH NEAR LYMPNE

## CHAPTER VIII.

## ROMNEY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE central Port can hardly lay claim to the greatest of antiquities as far as foundation goes. Where one has no records, no mention in the works of ancient topographers, to guide one, one must, perforce, fall back upon the philologist who examines place-names, upon the excavating archæologist, the man who burrows in barrows. Traditional philology asserts that Romney signifies Roman Island, equals *Roman ey* in Saxon parlance. The more scientific philology of to-day declares in favour of the reading *Rumen ea*—the large watery place. This version is not vastly modern. Lambarde affects it, adding: "It is written in the records, corruptly, Rumenal and Romual. Twyne doth latine it *Romanorum mare*, as if it had been Sea in their time."

One finds in Romney itself no traces of Roman occupation, no pieces of crockery, no coins of the Cæsars; yet they are plentiful enough at Dymchurch,<sup>1</sup> and in other places on the face of the marshes. Thus, to confidently assert that the Romans ever had a town on the present hillock, the erstwhile island, on which Romney stands, is impossible. To confidently deny it would be unprofitable. Seeing that they certainly held all the neighbouring country, marsh and upland, for centuries,

<sup>1</sup> A paper on the subject of the Roman remains at Dymchurch was read by its author, the Rev. S. Isaacson, at the first Congress of the British Archæological Society at Canterbury.

that they shut out the sea from the Marsh itself, it is not improbable that they here had a settlement. But to be able to stand upon certified Roman ground one must go farther afield—perhaps to Lymgne itself.

That Roman crockery is found in a place seems to me not sufficient proof of itself that the Romans were ever there. As far as the liberties of the Ports—nay, as the whole coast from the Reculvers to the Cassiterides—are concerned, we know that the merchants of Marseilles and of the East Mediterranean had been from time immemorial trading with the inhabitants. Speaking of the inhabitants of the Cassiterides, Strabo, quoting Posidonius, says: “Having such metals as tin and lead, they barter these and skins with the merchants for earthenware and salt and brazen vessels. Formerly the Phœnicians alone carried on this traffic from Gadeira, concealing the passage from every one; and when the Romans followed a certain shipmaster that they also might find the mart, the shipmaster of jealousy purposely ran his vessel upon a shoal, and leading on those who followed him into the same disaster, he himself escaped by means of a fragment of his ship, and received from the State the value of the cargo he had lost.”

That the Phœnicians traded with ports farther East seems to be proved by the finding at Pevensey of coins of two generals of Alexander the Great. The Britons, indeed, far from being the painted barbarians that tradition would have them be, seem in reality to have been a quite sufficiently civilised people. They were simple, hardy, nomadic; they had a religion, and were observers of it. This before the advent of the Romans. True, they are said to have dyed themselves with woad, but I rather think that a strict rationalist would deem that pigment little less barbaric than some of the ornaments with which we bedizen ourselves to-day. True, they sacrificed, it is said, human creatures to their gods. But that seems little less reprehensible than our present sacrifices of human creatures to ideas

much less spiritual.<sup>1</sup> True, also, they had little industrial skill—found it necessary to import their crockery and jewellery from foreign parts. But I think that very few of their present successors in the land could make a plate; and few would have the taste to buy a wine-jar so beautiful in form as many that are almost daily turned up by the plough in the lands giving on to the marsh to-day.

They had a language sufficient for the expression of a literature which remains unsurpassed; they had poetic appreciation that one sighs in vain for in the Britain of to-day.<sup>2</sup> They must, in fact, have been a folk as civilised and as pleasant as the gentle islanders of the lands of Typee and Omoo. The thought occurred to me very vividly as I lay the other day on the slopes of the Roman Castle of Pevensey reading one of Melville's books. And, even as the islanders of the Marquesas were vulgarised by the conquering races of to-day, so were the islanders then ruined morally and physically by the grosser Romans.

The Marsh, we may consider, was in those days a more or less shallow arm of the sea, separated from the main by a long shingle bank like the Chesil Beach. It received the waters of the river Limene—which was doubtless the Rother of to-day—and of the innumerable little streams and springs that still gush out of the hill-sides between Appledore and Lympne. In the heavy clay of its bounding slopes grew the thick woods, abiding places of the inhabi-

<sup>1</sup> At the inquest held on the body of a man-of-war stoker who in last July succumbed to heat apoplexy, it was given in evidence that the normal mean temperature of the stokeholds was invariably 115°—that it not infrequently rose to 150° to 180°. Although I have no intention of posing as a militant anti-militarist, I am almost forced to the conclusion that the stoker in question was sacrificed to the military idea—one which may, without much opening for denial, be characterised as “much less spiritual” than that of sacrifice to the Deity.

<sup>2</sup> It may be argued that the Britons of before Cæsar's time have left no traces of a literature; but it is certain that it was not from the Romans that they learnt to produce poetry like that which, beginning with the verse of the bards of Urien, led up to the masterpieces of Ap Gruffyd. Moreover, the ancient Britons certainly maintained—and very probably listened to—their bards. No one could accuse the British of to-day of maintaining a good poet, or of listening to one more advanced than a music-hall singer.

tants. These doubtless added to the flow of fresh water that kept the haven scoured.<sup>1</sup> It was not until the Romans had been for many decades masters of the land that the Marsh began to silt up, to become innable. This was certainly to some extent caused by their destruction of the woods. Their numbers in this part of the country must have been very considerable; their need for arable lands, their consumption of wood, great in proportion. They had certainly potteries, limekilns, ironworks, and perhaps shipbuilding-yards that called for large forest thinnings. Thus, little by little, the amount of water coming from the land must have decreased, enabling the sea to fill up more and more the mouths of the harbours. But at the time of Cæsar's landing, and for perhaps a century after, the marsh-lagoons near Lympne must have formed one of the finest and most sheltered of harbours.

One has no means of knowing where Cæsar actually landed. There are theories more or less accepted, other theories quite laughed to scorn. The material evidence in Cæsar's '*De Bello Gallico*' is very slight, yet this is almost the whole that we have to go upon. We know that he left a harbour on the opposite shore on such and such a day at such and such an hour. This harbour may or may not have been Boulogne. His cavalry, lying in another harbour a few miles away—at Ambleteuse, perhaps—when they started were driven back by contrary winds. He himself drifted about in the Channel, and at last got near the land somewhere—somewhere within the present liberties of the Five Ports. Where, it is impossible to say. Countless archæologists have written pamphlets innumerable and letters to the '*Athenæum*,' to prove that Cæsar landed at the spots favoured by themselves. The greater number of them, ranging from Dr Halley to Napoleon III. and Mr Francis Vine, favour the theory that the landing took place between

<sup>1</sup> Any one who has stood beneath a tree in foggy weather will appreciate how much aerial moisture foliage will condense. Gilbert White,

in the '*Natural History of Selborne*,' gives the results of his more or less careful observations of this phenomenon.

Walmer and Sandwich. Others nearly as numerous imagine him to have landed somewhere between Hythe and Pevensey. Professor Airey favoured the last named; the Rev. Mr Beale Poste caused amusement to Mr Roach Smith and his fellows of the British Archæological Society by maintaining that the author of the Commentaries landed at Lympne.

All these authorities back up their opinions by minute calculations of the lunar-astronomical kind as to the states of the tide in the year and month of Cæsar's voyage. But the whole thing is so obscured by the flamens' yearly alterations of the Roman calendar, and by minute differences of interpretation of Cæsar's own words, that one is little satisfied by the perusal of their labours. For myself, I am inclined to the opinion that Cæsar landed within the limits of the Marsh. A small book by Mr F. H. Appach makes the landing take place at Bonnington, a tiny village on the lower slopes of the hills a few miles to the westward of Lympne. Mr Appach would seem to have made a more careful local examination of the ground than any of his rival theorists, and his pamphlet is decidedly the most convincing of the many that I have read. The strongest point that he makes in favour of his theory refers to Cæsar's account of the part that chariots took in resisting his landing. "As soon as the Romans drew near the shore," says Mr Appach, "the British cavalry and chariots kept making hostile demonstrations, according to their usual tactics, all along the water's edge, sometimes even charging into it, and by their determined aspect causing the Romans to hesitate." Cæsar's words are: "*Hostes vero, notis omnibus vadis, ubi ex littore aliquos singulares ex navi egredientes conspexerant incitatis equis impeditos adoriebantur; plures paucos cirumsistebant, alii ab latere in universos tela conjiciebant.*"<sup>1</sup> "Now," continues Mr Appach, "any one who has seen a collier beached, and witnessed the efforts made by five or six horses to draw a load of coals through the shingle with

<sup>1</sup> De Bello Gallico, iv. 26.

which one horse easily walks away on the road, or who has attempted to ride through shingle, will agree that there could have been no shingle at the place where the British chariots and cavalry acted in this manner. There could have been no shingle where Cæsar landed. Bonnington fulfils this condition. There is no shingle along the inland margin of the Marsh."

As a matter of fact, if we allow this contention to weigh, it must have been on the shore of some such river mouth as that which once covered the Romney Marsh that Cæsar took the land. It is urged against this contention that, in the account of Scæva's gallantry after the second landing, rocks are mentioned, and that there are no rocks in the neighbourhood of the Marsh. But this is quite a mistake. Stray spurs of Kentish rag crop up throughout the foothills of the district, and there is no reason to believe that no such rock existed in the old harbour behind Appledore. The Emperor Napoleon III., who had careful surveys made of the country round Deal, declared that the Lesser Stour "is incontestably the *flumen* of the Commentaries"; but it might just as well have been the Rother.

Again, the country-side of the 'Bellum Gallicum' was certainly well wooded, although checkered by arable lands. Now, the country round Deal and Sandwich is not in the least well wooded, nor is its soil particularly adapted to the growth of trees. I do not make any pretensions to speaking authoritatively on this subject, my preference for Bonnington being rather instinctive than archæological. The artistic impression left by what of landscape-drawing there is in the works of Cæsar himself certainly seems to tell in favour of the heavy clay soil, the tree-laden slopes, and the darker, moister atmosphere of the land to the west of Aldington Knoll rather than in favour of the open, sandy, treeless lands round Deal or Sandwich. In any case, nothing that makes in favour of Deal or other places does not do as much for the Marsh village.



There are embankments near Deal that are locally styled "Rome's work," but, the popular name apart, there is nothing to prove that they are of Roman origin; nor, that granted, does anything prove that they are not post-Julian fortifications. Moreover, there are similar embankments in Bonnington itself. In the latter place, quite lately, skeletons interred beside Roman vases have been found in the fields just north of Bonnington church.<sup>1</sup>

The Marsh between Bonnington bridge and Appledore is at its deepest below the low-tide level. According to the map made by Elliott, the engineer of the Level, for Lewin's 'Invasion of Britain by Cæsar,' the marsh at the foot of Aldington Knoll is 9 feet 6 inches below low-water level, at Bilsington 10 feet 6 inches, at Ham Street 11 feet 6 inches, and a little to the north-east of Appledore 13 feet 6 inches. This, if it does not prove, renders extremely likely, that a river did run along the base of the hills. That the depth of the Level itself was considerably greater in the days of Cæsar may be regarded as proved by the fact that the land level round Norman churches, like that of Romney, has grown so much higher that the capitals of the earliest pillars are nearly reached by the surrounding ground.

Whether or no Cæsar landed in the district, the heights dominating the marsh are singularly full of Roman remains. Lympe, of course, is the most important of the Roman stations of the neighbourhood. It stood at the harbour mouth, at the end, too, of the road that ran—that still runs—to Canterbury. It is hardly possible to doubt its identity with the *Portus Lemanis* of the *Itinerary of Antoninus Augustus*. The distance from Canterbury almost exactly

<sup>1</sup> This, of course, does not prove that the skeletons are those of Romans. The interment of precious articles is a burying characteristic of most peoples, and the specimens of Roman pottery that the Britons certainly possessed must have been their most treasured possessions. Moreover, one has to take into account the theory that the marsh was tenanted, even in Roman days, by Teutonic settlers.

tallies with that given by the topographer; the great castle still on the hillside, the uncompromising Stone Street, concur to render doubt superfluous.

The Portus Lemanis, which was identical with the *Λιμὴν* of Ptolemy, was one of the chief ports under the governance of the Counts of the Saxon Shore. One may even deduce for the Ports a certain descent from the organisation of that Roman county in the fact that the supreme courts of the Cinque Ports were held at the Shipway Cross, which stood within a half mile to the east of the present township of Lympne. Lambarde, indeed, says of the place, "They of the town enjoy the privileges of the Five Ports, and doe reserve a brasen horn and a Mace as Ensignes of Castle Guard and administration of Justice at one time administered there";<sup>1</sup> but Lympne was neither a corporate nor non-corporate member of the Ports—at least I have been unable to find anything that warranted the supposition. The place, indeed, seems to have lost all importance with the departure of the Romans. The present town and the medieval castle stand on the top of the hill. The Roman castle—called Stutfall—lies rather low down on the hillside. Its lower walls were washed by the waters of the harbour. That it was a place of the first importance is vouched for by the fact of its vast size. It was garrisoned by a guard of the Turnacensian contingent of the Comes Littoris Saxonici. Above it, on the site of what is at present the Court Lodge, stood the Roman watch-tower.

<sup>1</sup> Leland says of the place: "Lymme hille, or Lyme, was sumtyme a famosse haven and good for shyppes that myght cum to the foote of the hille. The place ys yet cawled Shypway and Old Haven. Farther at this day the lord of the V. portes kepeth his principal court, a lytle by est fro Lymme hill," &c. Camden's account is as follows: "Stationem hic sub Comite littoris Saxonici Præpositus numeri Turnacensium habuit. Viaque hinc Militaris saxis constrata, ad Cantu-

arium pertingit, . . . reliquies supersunt Britan-  
nicis lateribus, silicibus, calceque cum arena et  
grumis intrita compacte ut nec dum vetustati  
cesserint" (Brit., ed. 1586, p. 184).

Roach Smith also excavated the remains of Stutfall Castle, and published his resulting conclusions in a book styled 'Excavations at Pevensy and at Lymne' (*sic*). Similar excavations have been conducted by Dr Clarke of Bellevue, Lympne.

Tradition has it that the Castle of Billiricay or Belcaire, that stood near the Chapel of Our Lady of Court-at-Street, was also of Roman foundation. This may possibly have been the case, but the remaining parts of the castle—or the castalet, as Leland calls it—are certainly of later growth. It was perhaps a signal-station in connection with the watch-tower at Lympne. That the Romans had a system of telegraphy in the district seems extremely probable. The mound at the top of Aldington Knoll and those on Stock's Hill in the same parish probably served the same purpose.

The most enduring, the most far-reaching, sign of the Roman dominion in this part of the country is, however, the Marsh itself. That they alone were not responsible for its formation, that natural forces had the greater share in the work, one knows. But they elected to aid the process of land-forming rather than to set their hands to the process of keeping out the sea, of preserving the harbours. For a work of the one sort or the other some organisation as vigorous, some such command of labour and labourers, as the Romans had, was absolutely necessary. After the power of the Roman empire had been broken the task could only be carried on by an organisation almost as powerful—that of the Roman Church. When the process began, when the harbours of Lympne and West Hythe were finally despaired of, one has no exact means of knowing. It must have been owing to a gradual silting up of the mouth of the river Limene, a silting up that extended over one or two centuries—the first and second after the birth of Christ. What the process actually was is clear enough. One may see exactly similar ones in progress all along the southern shores of the kingdom of to-day.

For certain reasons of tides and winds, these shores are governed by a concatenation of circumstances that Mr Montagu Burrows calls “the law of eastward drift.” In normal years the prevailing winds of this district, the strongest winds, are those that blow from the south-

west. One may see it in the growth of the trees, in the inclination of the herbage. Acting on the waters in the narrow seas, this sequence of winds causes the tides setting from west to east to be swifter, more potent as bearers of flotsam and jetsam, than those that set from east to west. Thus the sands and shingles of the sea-bottom are carried up and strewn along the coast by the rising tides, but are little affected by the retiring waves. Selecting some shallow on the shore or in the offing of a bay, the sea casts its shingle on it, in its lee. This mass<sup>1</sup> forms a breakwater in whose eastern shelter the shingle proceeds to collect until it stretches in a long line from west to east, forming a beach right across the mouth of the bay. This stage of the process may be seen at the present day in the Chesil Beach, to which I have once or twice referred. Where a river exists behind this beach-barrier, an opening gives its waters exit for just so long as the waters of the stream have power to scour a channel and to keep the bar from forming an unbreakable barrier. When the river no longer has this power the alluvial soil that it brings down helps to close up the exit, to form more or less dry land behind the bank of shingle. When the old river mouth is no longer practicable the river changes its course, breaks an opening for itself at some other point in the shore of the bay. This took place in the case of the little Sussex Ouse within historic times; for you may remember that that river in the seventeenth century changed its course, and instead of running into the sea at Seaford, suddenly elected to find its way out at the point where the present town of Newhaven sprang up.

This has happened once or twice to the river Rother in the larger estuary between the hills of Folkestone and Fairlight. At some time, whilst yet the kingdoms of Cæsar remained, the river's western exit was silted up. The river changed its course and ran into the sea a little to the west of the hillock on which Romney

<sup>1</sup> The technical name for these shingle bars is "full."

stands. The sea then proceeded to stop up this outlet, and the river again changed its course to where the streams of the Brede and the Tillingham sufficed to keep open a passage to the sea beside the rock of Rye. Whether the Romans at Lympne were dismayed at this change that turned their harbour-guarding castle into a mere hillside hold one has no means of knowing. Perhaps they welcomed the chance of adding to the land. Certain it is that if any people were equal to the task of keeping the roadway scoured the Romans must have been. Whether or no they found the task too great, they finally chose to set themselves the task of securing the lands that the sea had given them. In the third or fourth century they set about the building of the Rhee wall—the *rivi vallum*—that runs in a northerly direction from the town of Romney.

The ultimate result of the change of the river's course and of the building of the Rhee wall was to enhance the importance of the town of Romney. Indeed, without these changes it could hardly have had any importance at all. Lympne, with its commanding position, its military history, would, in all probability, have had a traditional right to the privileges of Portship, might have rivalled Dover itself. Instead of this, with the building of the Rhee wall, Romney became a town with a magnificent harbour—the mouth of the Rother. This haven was sheltered on the south by the flats of what, in the eighth century, represented Denge Marsh, and by the shingle-fulls that these flats were beginning to gather. The town grew on a mudbank, once the delta of the Rother. Its height above the present Marsh is very inconsiderable, and in those early days it can hardly have been more than an eyot covered with tallows, and in flood-times submerged by brackish water. The Marsh itself, even though the main of the sea were shut out by the shingle along its southern face and by the wall to the west, must have been little more than a bog, receiving the drainings of the northern hills. At present, the land from all wind

quarters slopes imperceptibly up to the site of the town, one writer going as far as to call the whole expanse of flat land a hill.

According to modern theorists, the marshlands were inhabited, even in Roman times, by immigrant Teutonic tribes. Their habits, perhaps resembling those of the Dutch, made them more able to support an amphibious existence than the Romans or their British subjects, whom civilisation had rendered unfitted for a life of hardships. Thus Romney, even if its origin date back as far as the third century, was probably of Saxon foundation. Saxon monuments are not, however, vastly plentiful in the district. There are, of course, a number of barrows along the tops of the inland hills and a number of place-names of Saxon origin.<sup>1</sup> The county fell under the sway of Offa, king of Kent, and a certain number of grants from him to various individuals are traceable. Ethelwan, too, writes that "Anulph, king of the Mercians, destroyed all Kent and the country called Mersewarum" (795); and again, "Herbyth, a captain, was slain by the Danes in a place called Mersewarum."

Under the kings of the later Heptarchy the western portion of the Marsh fell into the hands of the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury, a corporation that held a great amount of land within the liberty of the Ports. Eadbriht's charter of 741 grants to them "the fishery at the mouth of the river Limene, and the part of the land which is situated in the Vill of St Martin's (afterwards part of Romney), with the houses of the fishermen and the fourth part of a ploughland around the place, and pasture for 150 beasts near the marsh which is called Bisceopswic as far as Rhip wood and the borders of South Saxony."

The marsh which is called "Bisceopswic" lies within the bounds of the present parish of Lydd. It formed, as the hill of Romney before it

<sup>1</sup> Ireland, in his 'History of Kent,' styles Romney church a "magnificent Saxon edifice"; but my lights, such as they are, let me see no traces of Saxon work in the building. Bonnington

church is said to be a building of the ninth century, and its unpretentious—not to say rude—architecture does nothing to refute this theory.

had formed, the delta of the new mouth of the Rother. All round it on the north, south, and west, lay the great banks of shingle which have since formed the nose that stretches out to the Dungeness light of to-day. Even now a great part of the land lying between Lydd and Romney is formed by a coating of turf above the fulls, a coating so thin that one can thrust a walking-stick down through the sward into the shingle below.

Immediately after the receipt of the Bishopwick Marsh the Christ Church monks began to add to their lands by inning, and within little more than thirty years they had, according to the map in Lewin's 'Invasion of Britain,' inned the greater part of what is now called Denge Marsh, together with a piece of ground to the north of Lydd town. Lydd itself probably dates its existence from about this time, its nucleus being formed by the houses of fishermen who took up their quarters on the riverside facing those of the Vill of St Martin's.

Very shortly after this date—within the hundred years—we find traces of the incursions of the Danes. In 893 or thereabouts this folk, having ravaged the greater part of Picardy, sailed for the opposite shore. They seem to have fallen in with the mouth of the Rother and to have sailed up it for some distance.

"This done," says Lambarde, speaking of the exploits in France, "Hasten sent away 250 of his ships laden with spoil, which came again hither, entering into the river Rother, . . . and by sudden surprise took a little castle that was four or five miles within the land at Apultre as some think, which because it was not of sufficient strength for their defence they abated to the ground and raised a new, either in the same place or else not farre from it."

I have always thought this passage stimulating reading. One has so much occasion for the imagination afforded by it. One may think of those Northerners from their land of cold grey skies and beetling bird-crags sailing up the strange, silent stream between the mournful flats and the little huts at the river's mouth. They went past the open ground, up the

sluggish stream between the thick walls of tree-trunks. They saw strange folk flitting from trunk to trunk in the dark silence, heard strange cries echo down the waveways. The boats panted up-stream. They were going into a strange land, a land of strange creeds, strange habits, unmeaning language, strange sacrifices. They went up-stream in that morning of the world, up-stream, holding their lives in their hands, as to-day our ships pant up unknown streams of an Africa not so remote, not so strange : as ships will pant up unknown streams until the end of time.

Of the doings of Saxon or Dane in the land there is not much trace to be found. A curious marriage contract<sup>1</sup> of the reign of Cnut is still preserved among the archives of Christ Church, Canterbury. It was made between a certain Godwin, who owned a great part of the marsh and the surrounding hills, and a certain Byrthric, of whom little is known. Godwin at the time was courting Byrthric's daughter, and agreed, if she favoured his suit, to give her one pound of gold and the lands of Court at Street and Burmarsh with horses, oxen, cows, and husbandmen. What Byrthric gave I do not know, but the estate was in the end to fall to whomever of the pair should prove the survivor. The contract was entered into at Kingston in the presence of Cnut and the archbishop. Godwin was happy in his wooing, and the wedding took place at Brightling in the presence of a number of sureties.

Traces of Anglo-Saxon law survive in the counties of the Five Ports. The earlier disregard for matters of primogeniture entailed the laws of Gavelkind and Borough English, which still prevail in the neighbourhoods of many of the Ports, and the comparative equality of women under the customals of most of the Ports is undoubtedly a survival of the times when, as in the case of Godwin and Byrthric, a woman's consent was a necessary condition in a marriage contract.

In the Conqueror's time Romney was the only one of the Ports that offered any resistance to the Normans. Precisely what that resistance was

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in Sommers, *Treatise on the Law of Gavelkind*.



one cannot tell, one only knows that the Conqueror marched out of his way to inflict on the town "such punishment as he thought fit." Mr Burrows' theory is that Harold had stationed his navy, such as it was, in Romney harbour, and that these ships cut off a straggling contingent of Normans on the road to Hastings. This may well have been the case, though Mr Burrows does not state the grounds for his conjecture. William's anger seems to have satisfied itself with whatever punishment he then inflicted. Romney probably soon resumed its former state of prosperity, and the Normans have left it the legacy of as fine a church-tower as it is easy to conceive. They have done less for towns that they loved more.

The town in those days was held of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, by Robert de Rumeny. Robert had under him fifty burgesses, "who for their services at sea were acquitted of all actions and customs of charge," save those of felony, breach of the peace, and forestalling. These, in addition to those that owed allegiance to the monks, must have sufficed to make the town sufficiently prosperous. In addition to this it had the honour of being the town in which the charters of the Ports and the accounts of the Yarmouth fisheries were preserved. This was probably because the Brodhull Courts—the tribunals for purely internal matters—were held in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. These courts, which it is supposed took their names from the Broad Hill on which they were held, had originally assembled near Dymchurch, but after the rise to importance of the port of Romney they were removed to the latter place. The neighbourhood probably owed this honour to its central position, lying, as it does, more or less nearly midway between Sandwich and Seaford.

Romney itself owed its importance to the fact that its port was the main outlet and inlet for the trade of the Marsh. This had now become the property to a large extent of the Archbishops of Canterbury.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The archbishops had a threefold claim to the land: firstly, those arising from the holding of the archbishopric itself; secondly, from the fact that the archbishops, as titular abbots of Christ's

Thus of the 156 burgesses assigned to Romney by the Domesday Survey, 85 belonged to the archbishop in virtue of his manor of Aldington, and 21 were more or less under his keeping as burgesses of Lamport. This governance by an organisation so powerful and so eminently practical as that of the Church began quite early to change the character of the Marsh, to add to its extent. St Thomas of Canterbury, in particular, seems to have taken pains to set his successors an example in this as in more important matters. The innings of the archbishops added a considerable stretch of ground to the westward of the Rhee wall. To these innings the names of the successive metropolitans were given. Thus we have those of St Thomas, made between 1162 and 1174, those of Baldwin between 1184 and 1194, those of Peckham at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and those of Boniface somewhat later.

These and other improvements in the marshlands themselves rendered the neighbourhood eminently prosperous. At the same time, Romney as a port did little more than minister to the local needs. It never seems, like Dover or like Winchelsea and Rye, to have been a port of general embarkation for the Continental merchants or for pilgrims.<sup>1</sup> It was perhaps this local rather than national importance that accounts for the little notice comparatively that it received from the kings.

The patronage of the archbishops somewhat made up for this

Church, Canterbury, owned the lands belonging to the monks of that establishment; and thirdly, that they subsequently had granted to them the holdings that were taken away from the foreign abbeys on the dissolution of those bodies in England.

<sup>1</sup> Thus, although the Romney wine, imported in the town ships, was famous throughout the neighbourhood, it does not seem to have penetrated far inland. Its quantity was perhaps not very large; for in a letter of the 33rd Edward

III. from the jurats of Romney to Sir R. de Mortimer, they assert that, having diligently searched through the cellars of the town, they can only find four tuns of wine "a nostre tast"—to our taste, "that might be profitable and pleasing to your lordship." Sir R. had offered to purchase six. The price of the four tuns was 34 marks. (From a book of Romney Town Records in the College of S. Katherine, Camb., quoted by the Hist. Man. Commissioners.)

royal neglect. À Becket more than once trusted himself to the tender mercies of the townsmen, and twice made frustrated attempts to embark from the port of Romney when escaping from the wrath of Henry II. These were the days of the town's prosperity. In later times it did little to distinguish itself. Its subordination to the over-lords of Canterbury, which at first, under a far-seeing policy of interested owners, had made it flourish, gradually changed its character as the Church itself lost its purity and its mission. From a protecting mistress the Church was changed into a mere extortioner, just as in the kingdom at large the archbishops, who, as men like Anselm and St Thomas, had been sturdy withstanders of royal encroachments, became, as men like the haughty Courtenay, mere drags on the progress of the kingdom towards its constitutional destinies.

Romney itself remained under the tutelage of Canterbury up till the bitter end, up till the time when Canterbury lost its temporal power in the land. In this it was alone, and most unfortunate, of the Ports. Even Hythe contrived before the Reformation to extort from the archbishops the right to pay for the privilege of having a bailiff of its own; but Romney, in spite of its never-ceasing petitions, was never allowed this favour. On one occasion, seizing the opportunity of a commotion in national affairs, the town folk tried to conciliate the usurper Richard III. by presents meant to ensure the conferring of a bailiffship on the town. Richard appears to have ignored the petitions, and the townsmen proceeded to take the desperate and audacious step of electing a bailiff without warrant of any kind other than that of their own wills. But on the deposition of Crookback retribution overtook them, and they sank once again into their former state.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The corporate body of the town consisted of twelve jurats, who, of course, were forced to serve. "Si aucun ne voile faire office de jure," says the thirteenth-century custumal of the town, "apres la election de la dite commune . . . le bailiff od

tote la commune, iront a sa meson, et le dit desobeisant, sa femme, et ses enfants et autre mayne, esteront de sa meson et fermera les fenestres, et cet ces deyvont ils a seler et sequestrer." See also Appendix.

That the Marsh and the district generally reached a high state of prosperity under the ecclesiastical rule is nevertheless certain. One has only to look at churches like that at Newchurch to realise as much; the great size and great number of these buildings is sufficient evidence of how thick and how rich its population must have been. The great storm of the 8th of Edward I.—the storm that ruined Old Winchelsea—is traditionally reported to have done widespread damage to the town and the marshland peoples. It is said that this storm, by sweeping away the accumulated fulls along the shore between Romney and Hythe, necessitated the building, or perhaps the rebuilding, of the sea-wall. This may or may not have been the case. In the preceding reign, in any case, the corporation of Romney Marsh had been formed. The charter of Henry III.<sup>1</sup> gives this body, which was independent of the archbishops, the power to take what steps they thought fit for the preservation of the Marsh from the overflowings of the sea and of the river Limene. The corporation had powers to levy the rates now called scots to defray their expenditure for these purposes. These charters were confirmed by several subsequent kings—Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry VI. Finally, by Edward IV. the jurats were granted an extension of their powers, were incorporated into one body, and allowed to hold a court from three weeks to three weeks. These privileges were granted according to the royal patent with a view of inducing men to reside upon the Marsh, “then much deserted owing

<sup>1</sup> This, however, was by no means the original charter of the commissioners of the level, though it is the earliest traceable. It begins (36th Henry III.): “Because, by 24 lawful men of R. M. (Time out of Mind) thereunto chosen and sworn, distresses ought to have been made upon all those who have lands and tenements in the said Marsh, . . . we have granted to the said 24 men, That for the safety of the s<sup>d</sup> Marsh, they now cause these distresses to be done,” &c. A

supplementary ordinance was issued in the 42nd of the same reign. It is called Henry de Bathonia’s Ordinance, in reference to Henry de Bathonia, to whom the matter was given in charge. Another Ordinance was issued in the 16th Edward I., &c. In the ‘Laws of the Sewers,’ published 1732, a number of specimen trials under these Ordinances is given, together with the forms of oaths for the jurors, bailiff, collectors, and defrayers, &c.

to the danger resulting from foreign invasions and the unwholesomeness of the soil and situation.”<sup>1</sup>

What must have been the sanitary state of the Marsh at that date it is difficult to conceive; it must have been extraordinarily unfit for habitation, if even the medieval inhabitants of the country found the place uninhabitable. That its reputation for this failing continued bad for several centuries one knows well enough. Lambarde writes of it thus: “The place hath in it sundry villages, although not thick set nor much inhabited, because it is *Hyeme malus, Æstate molestus Nunquam bonus*, Evill in winter, grievous in summer and never good, as *Hesiodus* (the old poet) sometime said of the country where his Father dwelt. And therefore very reasonable is their conceit, which doe imagine that *Kent* hath three steps or degrees, of which the first (say they) offereth Wealth without Health; the second giveth both Wealth and Health; and the third affordeth Health only and little or no Wealth. For if a man, minding to pass through *Kent* towards *London*, should arrive and make his first step on land in *Rumney* Marsh, he shall finde rather good grasse under foot than wholesome aire above the head; again, if he step over the hills and come to the Weald, he shall have at once the commodities, both *Cæli and Soli*, of the Aire and of the Earth: But if he pass that and climb the next step of hills that are between him and London, he shall have wood and conies and corn for his wealth, and (towards the increase of his health) if he seek he shall finde *Famen in agro lapidoso*, a good stomach in the stonie field. No marvel is it, therefore, if *Rumney* Marsh be not greatly peopled, seeing that most people be yet of *Porcius Cato* his mind, who held them stark mad that would dwell in an unwholesome air were the soile never so good and fertile.”

<sup>1</sup> I have neither space nor inclination to trace the gradual development of this body until it became the highly efficient one that at present administers the level. Such as it was and is, it

has always been the pattern after which the administrations of the other marshy places of the realm have been modelled.

Lambarde proceeds to catalogue the then privileges of the dwellers within the Liberty of the Marsh as follows: They have, "moreover, the return of all the Princes' Writs, the benefits of all fines, forfeits and amerciements, the privilege of Leet, lawday and tourne, and exemption from tolle and tare, scot and lot, fifteen and subsidy, and from so many other charges as I suppose no one place within the Realm hath. All which was done (as it appeareth in the charter itself) to allure men to inhabit the Marsh, which they had before abandoned, partly for the unwholesomeness of the soil, and partly for fear of the enemy, which had often brent and spoiled them. And whereas this princelie policy hath not found such prosperous success as the like did in the City of *Alexandria*, builded by *Alexander* the great, and in *Newhaven*, founded by *Francis* the French King, that is chiefly to be imputed to the incommoditie of the place, the which has no one good Haven or Creek for enjoying the benefits of the Sea." As a matter of fact, Romney harbour in the time of Elizabeth was a thing of the past. Leland, indeed, states that "Rumeney" had at one time a pretty good haven, so that ships could approach very near the town; and the oldest inhabitants of that day asserted "that wythyn the remembrance of men shyppes have come hard up by the towne and cast ancores yn one of the churcheyardes. The se is now a ii miles fro the towne, so sore thereby decayed that wher ther wher iii great paroches and chirches sumtyme, is now scarce one well maynteined."<sup>1</sup>

From the fact that ships had cast anchors in the churchyard one may be allowed to concede a certain amount of truth to the local tradition that it was the great storm of the 8th Edward I. that struck the first blow against the prosperity of Romney. If it be a fact that

<sup>1</sup> Jeake ('Charters of the Cinque Ports,' p. 109) proves that the three churches of St Nicholas, Lawrence, and another were standing at least up till the 18th Henry VIII.: "An ancient gentleman of the town, of my Acquaintance,

since deceased, told me that it [St Nicholas—the present church] was not the biggest, but the eldest of the iii.; and, as he was pleased to term it, the Mother Church, and so escaped the fatal ruin which the others suffered."

the ships anchored in the churchyard of aforetime, it follows that the sea must at some time before its final receding have encroached on the land. The same storm is said to have so choked up the mouth of the Limene that that stream was forced to find another exit—the exit opened for it near the Old Winchelsea that the wind and waves had destroyed.<sup>1</sup> Thus the storm was triply disastrous for Romney. It rendered the Marsh uninhabitable, destroyed a part of the town itself, choked up its most valuable asset—its harbour. One blow was as serious as the other. Romney was, as I have said, almost entirely dependent as a port upon the traffic of its own part of Kent. It was neither a great wine-importing place nor one from which travellers usually took ship for France or the shrines of St James and of the Holy Land.

The greed of the archbishops allowed the town no relief from the burdens imposed on it, and doubtless the growing ecclesiastical apathy precluded the Church's taking steps for the restoration of prosperity to the Marsh. Without allowing for some such cataclysm it is difficult to account for the depopulation of which Lambarde speaks. That the French and other piratical incursions may have had something to do with it may be granted, although we have no special records of foreign damage done to Romney or the marshland towns and villages. But the folk of the other ports recovered with such frequency and such apparent ease from similar disasters that there must have been other causes of the decay of this particular district.

The naval contributions of the town of Romney were never very great in proportion to those of the rest of the Ports. During the years of its prime its assessment amounted to the number of five;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The tradition is vouched for by Camden, who makes the storm that changed the course of the river occur in 1250. Jeake places it in the 8th Edward III.

<sup>2</sup> According to the Red Book of the Exchequer

(A.D. 1293), "*Romenhall portus capitalis et Lyde membra ejusdem; qui portus cum suis membris inveniet Regi quinque naves in forma prædicta.*" The contributions of Romney to the "purses" of the Brodhulls remained respectable, even when

to the siege of Calais in 1347 it sent four vessels, and the number gradually fell until it reached the vanishing-point. Shortly after the year of the siege the town seems to have found the burden of finding ships almost insurmountable. In 1351 Romney was either unable or unwilling to find its quota, and a royal order was issued that the place was to lose its privileges as one of the Cinque Ports. These, however, were shortly afterwards restored.

The town did not without a struggle resign itself to its fate. It made constant efforts to reopen its haven, spending from time to time considerable sums on the vain attempts. One has a certain amount of light thrown on the subject by the records of the town as published by the Historical Commissioners. The townsmen tried every possible means of bringing the water back to the town. At one time they attempted to dig an entirely new harbour; five years later, we find them spending *v*l*i. iiis. iid.* on trying to reopen the ancient channel of the river Limene.<sup>1</sup> These essays they continued unaided throughout the fifteenth and well on into the sixteenth century. Elizabeth, ever intent on preserving the harbours of the kingdom, granted the town, besides the rather unprofitable honour of a mayor and corporation, the much more valuable gift of the considerable tract of land over which the river Limene had once flowed between Appledore and Romney itself. This addition to its wealth did something to re-establish the corporation's finances, but nothing appreciable for the reopening of the harbour.

From the times of Elizabeth, Romney sank, like so many of its brother ports, out of the pages of history in the large. Romney and the Marsh neither witnessed nor felt any immediate effects from the naval

others of the Ports had diminished. Thus to that of the 10th Henry VII. its contribution was *xis. viiiid.*, whilst Winchelsea and Hythe paid only *vis. viiiid.*, and Rye *xs.*

<sup>1</sup> "Et de *v*l*i. iiis. iid.* solutis Andrææ Colyn, pro dykynk in le Ry, sicut continetur ibidem."—Report 4 of Hist. Man. Comm.



wars of the sixteenth-eighteenth centuries. Gossip alone connects it with foreign invasion. Thus one may read: "13 *April* 1692.—It's sayd that some gentlemen from France landed lately at Rumney Marsh; three were taken, two made their escape, but one is in custody. It's also sayd they have some treasonable papers in the ship; it's sayd likewise that, the last night a sham declaration from K. James was posted upon the town."<sup>1</sup> More than this I have not been able to discover. But if Romney disappeared from history, it, at least, played its part manfully enough in what, if it was not quite a national, was at least a littoral movement—the pursuit of smuggling. That, until quite late days, this was nearly the staple industry of the Marsh we have ample means of knowing. To the introduction of wealth by its means we must largely attribute the fine Georgian houses that throughout the Marsh confront one at sudden turns of the lonely roads. To it, too, one may attribute the comparative flourishing of towns like Romney and, more especially, like Lydd.

Ireland, the early nineteenth-century historian of the county of Kent, at the end of a lofty denunciation of the detractors of this latter nest of smugglers, lapses into the following naïve and rather damaging admission: "Lydd occupies a very extensive site, consisting of small farm-houses, with a few shops placed near together, without much regularity. It has been supposed that the illicit commerce of smuggling was formerly carried on here, as the principal employment of the inhabitants; but considering the number of revenue officers stationed in the neighbourhood and the vigorous activity and loyal disposition of the people of all ranks, it is probable there is more of calumny than truth in such a reflection upon their principles and conduct. We must, however, confess that it is difficult to imagine in what manner such numbers of stout, hale-looking men as are seen constantly sauntering about and hovering upon the coast can provide food for their numerous families without any visible

<sup>1</sup> Letters from Rich. Lapthorne to Rich. Coffin, 5th Report of Hist. Man. Comm.

occupation. As to fishing, very little is carried on here, the trade being still less, and the immediate vicinity of Lydd is, of all parts of the Romney Marsh, the least capable of affording agricultural employment to such an increasing population." It does not seem to have occurred to the charitable topographer to suggest that the hale and stout men of Lydd can have earned an honest livelihood by taking in each other's washing.

Of the habits, customs, *modus operandi*, and so on of the latter-day smugglers of the Marsh I shall have occasion to speak in my next chapter; but something is worth mention of the earlier contraband trade that flourished excessively in the previous centuries, and out of which the later industry certainly took its rise. This was the "owling," or wool, trade.

The growth of wool has from time immemorial been one of the chief sources of wealth of the country. Indeed, in medieval times the wool-trade was its staple industry. According to the economical ideas then prevailing, the retention of as much of this precious article as was in any way possible was almost the only commercial canon of the legal system. In the time of Edward I.—a king to whom every credit should be given for his efforts to promote the trades and industries of this realm of England—a commission was appointed to inquire into the best means of preventing the export of fleeces from the kingdom. The commission advocated the imposition of a tax, and accordingly imposts varying between 20s. and 40s. a bag were made. Edward III., whose queen's hobby was the establishment of Flemish weavers in England, absolutely prohibited the exportation of the precious fleeces, though I remember to have read in a paper on the merits of the Romney Marsh sheep that Edward, or perhaps his son, the Black Prince, presented the King of Spain with a certain number of those animals, from which the famous breed of merino sheep is said to have taken its rise. Elizabeth, who also favoured the introduction of Flemish wool-weavers, kept these pro-

hibitive duties, and enactments backed by death and mutilation penalties, in full force. As a matter of fact, the duties and the "free-trading" corollary remained in a more or less active state until, during the Napoleonic wars, they died a natural death.

The machinery for regulating, or for preventing, the exportation was more or less elaborate. Certain towns, like Winchelsea and Sandwich among the Ports, were set apart for the sale of wool licensed for foreign sale; or again, licences, on payment of a heavy duty, were indiscriminately granted. Calais, which for so many years was a British possession, was a fruitful source of leakage, in spite of laws that, many of them, were of a rather extraordinary futility. Thus shearers were rigorously bound only to shear at certain times, and then to register the numbers of their fleeces. In 1698 an enactment, which, says Cooper, lasted till our own day, was passed. This provided that no man of Kent or Sussex living within fifteen miles of the sea "should buy any wool unless he entered into a bond with sureties that all he should buy should not be sold by him to any persons within fifteen miles of the sea; and growers of wool within ten miles of the sea in those counties were obliged to account for the number of their fleeces and where lodged."<sup>1</sup>

As was only to be imagined, because of the heavy duties and in spite of the death penalties, the organisations for the export of fleeces were vastly more efficient than those of the Government. That this was the case in early days, one may learn from the frequency of the occurrences of trials of offenders in the time of Richard II. And all through the many succeeding reigns, until that of George III., complaints of wool-merchants and schemes for the better enforcement of the regulations are incessant. But the practice of "owling" and the profits were too considerable to admit of its being put down. The most respectable of the county authorities were leagued with the owlers. The lower people, according to the author of the pamphlet called 'England's

<sup>1</sup> Article on "Smuggling in Sussex," *Suss. Arch. Coll.*, vol. x., by W. Durrant Cooper.

Interest asserted,' readily risked their necks for 12d. a-day. In 1660 it was stated that "from Romney Marsh the greatest part of the rough wool was exported to France, being put on board French shallops by night, with ten to twenty men well armed to guard it; whilst in some other parts of Sussex, Hants, and Essex the same methods were used, but not so conveniently." The prowess of the Marsh gangs is vouched for by Mr Carter, a seventeenth-century revenue officer, who declared that those worthies had within the two years 1670 and 1671 conveyed to Calais "forty thousand packs of wool." The sheriffs and under-sheriffs of the counties are stated to have nearly always been in the pay of the owlers, and the magistrates themselves were either loth or afraid to punish what offenders were brought before them.

The state of things in the Marsh is charmingly exemplified by the experiences of the aforementioned Mr Carter: "Having procured the necessary warrants, he repaired to Romney, where he seized eight or ten men who were carrying the wool on their horses' backs to be shipped, and desired the Mayor of Romney to commit them." The Mayor—wishing, no doubt, to lead a peaceful life among his neighbours—admitted them to bail. Carter and his men retired to Lydd, but that town was made too hot to hold them—they were attacked at night. "Adopting the advice of the Mayor's son, they next day, December 13, came towards Rye. They were pursued by some fifty armed men till they got to Camber Point; so fast were they followed that they could not get their horses over Guildford ferry; but, luckily, some ships' boats gave them assistance, so that the riders got safe in to the town, which had been put into much fear: and had they not got into the boats, Mr Carter would have received some hurt, for many of the exporters were desperate fellows, not caring what mischief they did."<sup>1</sup>

This sort of thing went on quite in defiance of the preventive officers. The number of these latter is put, in a report of 1703,<sup>2</sup> at

<sup>1</sup> An Abstract of the Proceedings of W. Carter, 1694.

<sup>2</sup> Letter from Henry Baker, Egerton MS.

fifty officers, who each received £60 per annum, and who each had a servant and a horse, estimated to cost £30 per annum, to assist them on night duty. To these in that year were added the whole force of dragoons then stationed in Kent. They were made to do duty throughout the Marsh—"that is, from Folkestone inclusive to East Guldeford"—and were supplemented by a number of cruisers. But this addition to the preventive forces had no effect. The dragoons were found even more susceptible of bribery than the sheriffs and under-sheriffs. The owlers, in fact, had it pretty much their own way, thus worthily, or unworthily, upholding their self-granted privileges, as their ancestors of the Five Ports had done in the days of their fathers.

Of other more or less historic gossip of interest there is plenty to be had in the district. Thus one may read that the manor of Bilsington was held of the king by the family of Staplegate for the service of stewardship at the coronation; that King Edward seized the lands of the manor, the possessor being a minor, "and committed the custody of the ward's body to one Jefferay Chawsier, to whom he paid £104 for the same." The information is preserved for us in the records of a suit between the family of Staplegate and of John of Gaunt, which latter laid claim to Staplegate's post of seneschal in virtue of his earldom of Leicester. Another man of world-wide fame was more intimately connected with one of the hill parishes of the district—Desiderius Erasmus, who for me represents all that was gravest, sweetest, and best, and nothing that was evil, of the great movement called the Reformation. According to Froude, Erasmus, on receiving Henry VIII.'s invitation to settle in England, replied that he could scarcely do so without some provision being made for his temporal needs. Henry referred him to Archbishop Warham, who at that time resided in the archiepiscopal dwelling at Aldington. Warham

made Erasmus rector of the place, and for six months, at least, that great man resided within the bounds of his cure. Possibly he found his new parishioners intractable, more probably he found work to do in other places; at any rate, at the end of that time he left the parish to the care of a curate in charge.

It is not impossible that the clergyman of Aldington—Master Richard Masters, who suffered for his share in the affairs of the Fair Maid of Kent—was Erasmus's *locum tenens*. The history of that affair is not unentertaining, enshrining as it does the last spasmodic attempt of the old faith to regain its hold in these parts.

Lambarde, a virulently sturdy Protestant, gives a vivid account of the affair, from which I extract as much as I have space for. He got his version partly from the accounts of the local eyewitnesses, partly from a pamphlet which “it chanced me to see, containing four-and-twenty leaves penned by *Edward Thwaytes* or I wot not what doltish dreamer.” “About the time of Easter,” says he, “in the seventeenth yeer of the reign of King *Henry* the eight, it hapned a certain maiden named *Elizabeth Barton* (then servant to one *Thomas Kob*, of the parish of *Aldington*) to be touched with a great infirmity of her body, which did ascend at divers times up into her throat and swelled greatly: during the time whereof she seemed to be in grievous pain . . . untill the disease descended and fell down into the body again.”

Whilst in one of these fits she accurately foretold the death of her master's child, which “divination and foretelling was the first matter that moved her hearers to admiration.” Afterwards she lay long in trances, on recovering from which she narrated not only what had happened at a distance on this earth, but what was occurring in heaven, hell, and purgatory. A little later she began to declare that whilst in these trances her soul had sojourned in heaven, where she had had the company of “Our Ladye of Court at Strete, who had

commanded her to offer unto her a Taper in her Chappell there, and to declare boldly to all Christian people that our *Lady of Court at Strete* had revived her from the very point of death; and that her pleasure was that it should be rung for a miracle. Which words, when her master heard, he said that there were no bells at that Chappell, whereunto the Maid answered nothing; but the voice that spake in her proceeded: '*Our blessed Lady will show no miracles there: for, if any depart this life sodainly, or by mischance in deadly sin, if he be vowed to Our Lady hartily, he shall be restored to life again, to receive shrift and housell, and after to depart this world with God's blessing.*'"

Her fame reached the ears of Archbishop Warham, who directed certain commissioners to inquire into the matter. "So that at her next voyage to *Our Lady of Court at Strete* she entred the Chappell with *Ave Regina Cælorum* in pricksong, accompanied with these Commissioners, many Ladies, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen of the best degree, and three thousand persons besides of the common sort of people in the Countrie."

Hereupon followed the speedy popularity of the little chapel, in which "Our Lady ceased not to shew herself mighty in operation, lighting candles without fire, moistning women's breasts that before were drie and wanted milk, restoring all sorts of sick to perfect health, reducing the dead to life again, and finally doing all good to all such as were measured and vowed to her at *Court at Strete*."

Elizabeth Barton herself was safely bestowed in the Convent of St Sepulchre's at Canterbury. "And thus," continues Lambarde, after a passage of rather unquotable objurgation, "the matter stood sundrie years together—the Bishops, Priests and Monks, in the meantime, with closed eyes winking; and the Devill and his lymmes, with open mouth laughing at it, untill at length the question was moved about King *Henries* marriage, at which time this holy Maiden (not conteining

herself within her former bounds of hypocrisie) stepped into this matter also and feined that she understood by revelation that if the King proceeded to the divorce of Queen *Catherine*, he should not be King of this realm one moneth."

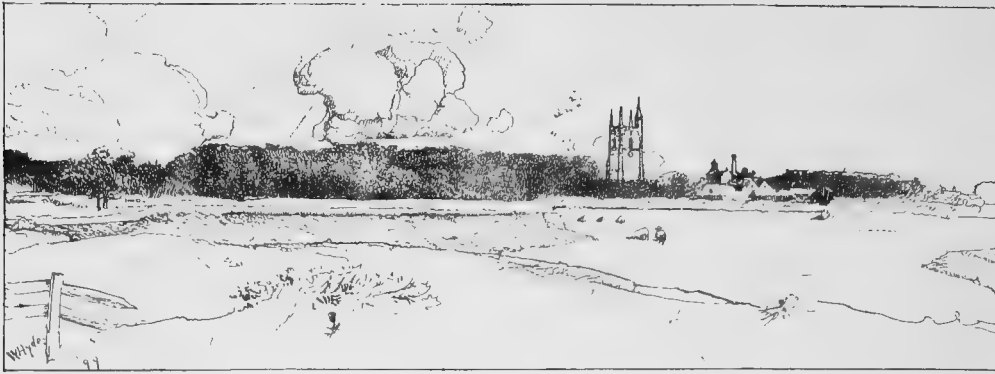
This prophecy was a double-edged sword for poor Elizabeth Barton and her upholders, besides being lamentably deficient in ultimate verification. As an immediate result, she herself, several priests, the Warden of the Observant Friars in Canterbury, the Bishop of Rochester, and a number of the local gentlemen were attainted either of high treason or of misprision of the same. A large number of them were duly burnt at Canterbury on the site of the memorial lately raised to the martyrs of the other side.

"If these companions," finishes the wise Lambarde, "could have let the King of the land alone, they might have plaied their pageants as freely as others have been permitted, howsoever, it tended to the dishonour of the King of Heaven. But *An nescis longas esse Regibus manus.*"

In Napoleonic times the Canal, which runs from the town of Rye all round the inner edge of the Marsh as far as the foot of the hill on which stands Shorncliffe Camp, was constructed under the auspices of the great Duke of Wellington. Its purpose was at one and the same time defensive and communicative. The earth thrown up in its excavation formed an earthwork line of defence, and its waters were intended as a means of barge-transit for troops and munition of war. It has hitherto proved of no warlike use, though the land along its banks is still held of the War Department. At least I was so informed by one of the tenants, who added that they might be dispossessed at a day's notice by the Department. Whether or no it would present any serious obstacle to an invading force I can scarcely say. But although the Vauban system of its construction may by now



be obsolete, I should imagine that to an enemy who had captured Fort Moncrief, and was advancing through the devious roads of the Marsh, it might yet be formidable. Its earthworks are still complete, and, they taken, would still be covered by the slopes of the dominating hills. Even if it have no military uses, it is of service in the draining of the Marsh, and is a pleasant addition to the scenery. To that extent, at least, the sweat of the men who digged it was not shed in vain. Would that as much could be said for all other herculean labours.



LYDD.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE LIBERTIES OF THE PORT AND MARSH OF ROMNEY.

SAYS Nennius: "The first marvel [of Britain] is the Lumonoy Marsh, for in it are sixty islands with men living on them. It is girt by sixty rocks, and in every rock is an eagle's-nest. And sixty rivers flow into it, and yet there goes out into the Sea but one river, which is called the Limen."<sup>1</sup> Unless, however, the Marsh be inconceivably changed since the days of the Abbot of Bangor, this early account of its wonders is fallacious—overdrawn, at least; for to-day one can discover neither any islands, nor any rocks, nor any rivers, nor yet the nests of any bird so fierce as an eagle.

The writer of the passage has, moreover, hardly caught the spirit of the Marsh itself. One may—one should—exaggerate in speaking

<sup>1</sup> "Primum miraculum est stagnum Lumonoy, in eo sunt insulæ sexaginta, et ibi habitant homines, et sexaginta rupibus ambitur et nidus aquilæ unaquaque in rupe est, et flumina fluunt

sexaginta in eo, et non vadit ex eo ad mare nisi unum flumen, quod vocatur Limen."—Hist. Briton., § 67.

of it, but one should be careful to avoid the citing of numbers; for the marvels of the Marsh are innumerable. It imposes, overawes, repels—will not allow one to lessen its impression by counting and by setting down figures. One learns at least from the passage that the Marsh even then made an impression of vastness only to be conveyed to a reader by means of wholesale lying. As then, so now; but one is wiser in one's generation than to tie oneself to mere "sixties." The originator of the later saying was wiser—more of an artist—when he evolved the incontrovertible: "These be the five quarters of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and the Romney Marsh." That, at least, whilst saying less, means infinitely more than the islands and rocks and rivers of the early writer. It has, too, the stamp of truth. One has only to stand on a Marsh road—near Brookland, let us say—only to stand there and see the level earth close all round one in a circle to realise that one is alone in an immense world-quarter. Once one holds oneself aloof, looks at a stupid map, reads the foolish, untrue acre-measurements of surveys, one loses the sense of magic. But one does not do these things. Personally I have no need of a map to find my way about in it, and I have never paid attention to any statement of the Marsh's acreage. It would be like reading a statistical account of one's lady-love.

It is dangerous even to stand on a height and look down on the Marsh. One sees a great expanse of flat land—a great expanse but no continent. One sees the whole—nothing remains for exaggeration, one realises the finity of even the Marsh. One views it most clearly from the height called Aldington Knoll; but, if from a height one must see it, it is better to go farther inland, to climb the next step of the hills beyond the valley of the Stour. Standing on the Farthing, on the road that the Romans made, that we call Stone Street, one sees below one's feet a green wave of land swelling up to Lympne Hill. Beyond that very silent, very narrow; purple, with the silver string of the sea

at its verge, lies the Marsh. It does not cry aloud for notice, does not break in upon the petty valley's charms, claims no worship, sure of its receipt. Those who have never seen it, it certainly allures; those who know it, who have once set foot in it, it holds for ever. One goes away from it, tires of it as one tires of an old love—but it holds one, and one returns, one returns.

“‘Go; I give you time to make holiday; travel, travel, fare into far countries,  
But you shall come back at last to the old places,  
And here where I have always dwelt, you shall find me,’  
Says the Old Faith we are leaving.”

Romney, the town from which the Marsh takes its name—or which takes its name from the Marsh—is nowadays a sleepy country-place. Of former grandeur, if any such it had, no trace now remains in the town itself. It consists of one long street distinguished by no buildings of note, but instinct with the charm that softness of outline lends to so many English market-towns. I think the grass does not grow in its streets—not at least with any profusion. What charm the place has—and it is a not inconsiderable one—comes from the capriciously varying width of its main street. One enters the town from the east in the shadow of a few trees and of a tall mill. There the road is broad enough. But it suddenly narrows, then opens out again, and runs straight and sleepy between lines of low houses until, suddenly once more, it narrows to almost nothing and wriggles out into the open between quite tiny buildings.

The old town hall, an undistinguished-looking eighteenth-century cottage, stands nearly in the middle of the street. Inasmuch as one is sternly disallowed to inspect its interior, I cannot say what objects of art it may contain. Its windows are formidably barred, and its general aspect is one of grim and ugly prison-housedom. The present municipal buildings which adjoin it on the west are quite as ugly, without being

relieved by anything so cheering as a flavour of grimness. On the front of the old house may be observed a plaster imitation of the seal of the mayors of the town.

The New Inn, on the west of the Guildhall, although quite unnoticeable externally, contains one or two objects of interest. It is a large Georgian building, containing a great number of rooms and two or three rambling staircases. It must at one time have been of vast importance: for on the west it partook of righteousness, abouched on magistrates and session-holders; on the east it laid itself out for the service of the more potent smugglers. For the asking, one may be shown hidden rooms approached by passages of embarrassing narrowness—rooms that must certainly have been filled by “free-traders” in congress. The proximity to the Court-House is suggestive enough. One understands why the Mayor of Romney bailed the owlers that Mr Carter had taken *in flagrante delicto* when one sees that the owlers’ council met within hand-grasp of the goodly mayor himself. Personally, I have never been able to understand why the smugglers took the trouble to hide themselves in small rooms, behind narrow passages. They had matters so very much in their own hands that they might, with eminent safety and far greater comfort, have met in the market-place. Perhaps they knew that the picturesqueness of such an environment added to the glamour of their trade, knew that the mayor in his court-room was the more likely to tremble at the thought of the villainous-looking men in their small windowless room sitting with cocked pistols in the light of a flickering smoky candle. That the profits of the trade were great one may see by entering another room to the west of the inn. Here one has fine panelling, loftiness, simplicity of decoration that no room of the period can much better show. Here the worthy smugglers, divesting themselves of the panoply of their trades, sat and smoked as the worshipfuls of the place—perhaps arranged the bailings that they themselves were to grant themselves; that they themselves were to

forfeit to themselves. The room contains one architectural feature that, if not unique, is at least eminently pleasing.

I refer to the large, glass-doored corner-cupboard. If the requisites of decorative art be simplicity, charm of proportion, and harmony with the room in which the object is to stand, surely this cupboard is as good an expression of decorative art as one could wish for. One has to imagine it closed, with the glasses arranged round the semicircular shelves, the decanters standing on the central projections, gleaming veiled through the glazed door. One sees then a little classical temple of Bacchus. One may add a fair priestess—some heroine stooping to conquer—and in the large, light, panelled room, one knows that one stands where those others stood—*im alten schönen Zeit*.

One should pay the designer of the cupboard this little compliment, if only because he did good work and is forgotten. Perhaps his ghost lingers in the room and will be pleased to see one pay a sentimental tribute to his art. The cupboard is not uncommon in kind, but I have never seen another so well proportioned, so carefully thought out. Mr Basil Champneys in its connection mentions another elsewhere in Kent—another more elaborate, picked out in red and gold, whilst, “in the semi-dome at the top is a painting of Neptune driving his team of sea-horses. The inner side of the (unglazed) door and the plain surfaces of the cupboard are marbled in a very conventional manner.” So that, on the whole, the Romney cupboard seems preferable.

Of greater architecture there is only one specimen in the town, but that—the tower of the Church of Saint Nicholas—a very fine one. It has the massive dignity of most Romanesque work together with an emotional tenderness that is generally lacking from Norman work in England. It was badly restored at the beginning of the century—restored so badly that even the historian Ireland was moved to indignation. “Even the tower,” says he, “that from its great height was less exposed to such vile attempts at improvement, has suffered numerous

mutations, many of the arches having been filled up and an entirely new character given to the style of the building by the introduction of some grotesque fancies at the summit, which no longer boasts a stone of the original fabric." One wonders what Ireland would have said could he have seen the modern pulpit. The tower must have been at one time very lofty, for the earth has raised its level to such an extent that the old bases of the western pillars are hidden at a depth of some feet.

The interior of the church is not particularly inspiring. The chancel is Norman and fine in its way, but the aisles and choir with which it is surrounded are singularly ugly fourteenth-century work, which is joined on to the Norman west end in an ingeniously clumsy manner.

We may possibly date these additions from the time when the storm swept away the other three churches of the place—those of St Laurence, St John the Baptist, and the Spital. On the other hand, the growing popularity of the "Romney Play," which attained to a local popularity almost as great as that of Ober Ammergau to-day, may have called for an enlarging of the church in which it was held.

The Romney players were famous far and near. People came from great distances to hear them, and they were hired by neighbouring towns. The strong bias towards Protestantism that the whole of the district exhibited has by some writers been traced to the influence of these entertainments. They certainly did spread a knowledge of the Bible amongst the otherwise totally ignorant population, and possibly may have made them inclined to ask for more. Whether the cause was advanced by the Festival of the Boy Bishop, which was celebrated in the church each St Nicholas's day, I should hardly care to say; but one feels certain that the moral tone of Rye can hardly have been raised after the corporation had "paid in expenses atte William Garrarde's when the Lord of Misrule at New Romney came to towne xld."

Romney town has two appendages—Old Romney and Littlestone-on-Sea. The former, a mere hamlet, lies a short distance to the north-east

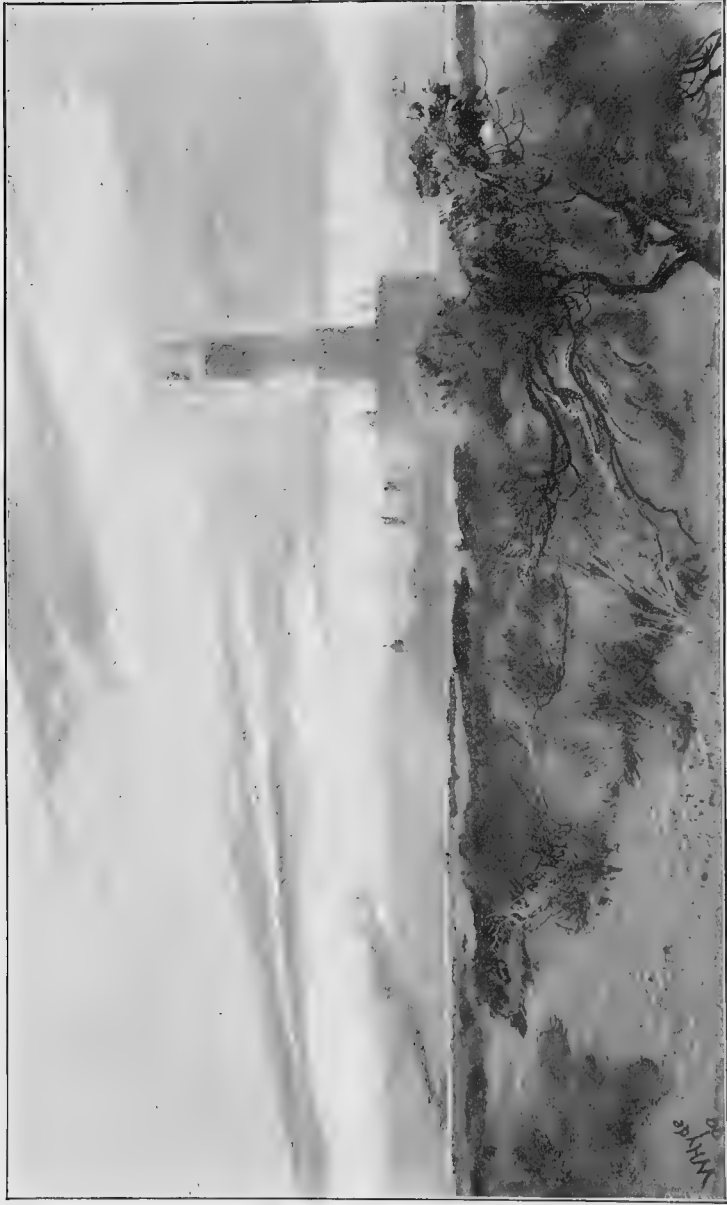
of Romney itself. It is customary to call Romney "New," a name which it gained in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The commonly accepted story is that Old Romney was the original town, from which the inhabitants migrated to the new town after some unspecified catastrophe. But there is no ground for this theory. Old Romney bears the same relation to New that West Hythe bears to Hythe. Indeed Old Romney appears never to have been a place of any consideration. Its church is a quite small, late Gothic building, possessing no points of interest save that a small portion of the east wall presents the appearance of Anglo-Saxon work. It may possibly have been the church of the old Ville of St Martin's—the congregation of fishermen's huts that was granted to Christ Church, Canterbury, in the eighth century. Otherwise there are no traces of buildings older than the two or three farmhouses that shelter round the church.

Littlestone-on-Sea lies at the end of a straight road from Romney to the sea—a more than normally ugly place. The best time to visit it is in the winter, when the gaunt grey houses confront a gaunt grey sea, and solitude takes a grotesque charm of its own. In the summer Littlestone is merely a more or less successful speculation, in the winter it is a moral lesson.<sup>1</sup> One wanders past stucco houses—mansions, one might call them; one sees rows and rows of empty windows through which white gas-globes glimmer in the ghostly rooms. I was walking one winter's day on the beach and fell into conversation with a woman who was forlornly picking up driftwood in the face of the immense ocean. One felt filled with pity—pity for the unhappy houses, for the black speck of a woman, for the sea that had them in face, for the hurrying clouds that had them to cover. The woman said that she had charge of a lunatic who lived in one of the mansions, that she had had charge of several lunatics in the same neighbourhood. It struck me then that nothing earthly could be more desolate than

<sup>1</sup> It is redeemed, however, by a golf course, which really *is* "one of the best in the country."







DUNGENESS LIGHTHOUSE.





the destiny of this woman—to have charge for ever of a succession of lunatics in that deserted place.

If one be bold enough to adventure the crossing of a little water one may reach Dungeness by walking along the sand at low water, if not, one may reach it from Romney by stumbling over several miles of shingle. The train service is exceedingly perfunctory. Dungeness itself is a place far more desolate than even Littlestone—but desolate in a different, a pleasanter, manner. It is nothing but shingle, nothing but shingle to the close of the chapter. Once there, one is at the end of the world—at the end of the world's Fifth Quarter. One sees no land, only shingle and sea. The lighthouse reaches up into the clear sky. A few persons, isolated figures, glide over the ridges; oneself, one staggers and plunges dismally. One is at the end of the world. The water is so deep that great ships glide past silently, almost within the reach of the hand. The hard land seems an anomaly right out among these deep waters; seems to have no right to intrude upon the ocean. The lighthouse is painted harlequin-wise, so that a great part of its grace as a structure is lost. From its top one has a magnificent view; one sees the whole of the Marsh, stretching from Folkestone to Fairlight, whilst over the tops of the Lympne range peep the heads of the hills that run from Wye to Cæsar's Camp.

The lighthouse, as all who can read may learn from a tablet inserted in the wall of one of its rooms, was built by Thomas Coke, Esq., in 1792. Its ostensible object—according to the tablet—was “the direction and comfort of mariners, the benefit and security of commerce, and to prove a lasting memorial of British hospitality.” But it is distressing to learn, after due perusal of these lofty sentiments, that Mr Coke received a comfortable income—Fussell says more than £500 a-year—from the mariners he comforted, every passing ship paying a certain sum for his benefit. At the time of its erection it stood some 100 yards from the sea; its distance is now considerably greater. The earlier house of which it took the place, and which had been erected on the sea-beach, was, in 1792, nearly half a

mile from the shore. It is pleasant to think that, if the process of addition to Dungeness continues, England will in a few thousand years be joined to France by a spit of shingle.

Besides the lighthouse there is at Dungeness Point a Lloyd's station which, on a busy day, adds a touch of colour to the place with its strings of flags. Walking along the shingle one comes upon a solitary telegraph-station, almost within reach of the waves. It is used, I believe, by shipmasters, who send messages ashore by boat. Farther along one will find a cluster of fishermen's cottages grouped round a dismantled fort. The little village—Lambarde calls it Nesh—is perhaps as difficult of attainment as any in the kingdom. The fells of shingle make walking an absolute torture, make one envy the pilgrims who had nothing worse than parched peas underfoot. The inhabitants, however, make use of what they call backstays, an instrument after the manner of a snow-shoe, and on these they glide in an enviable manner. The village, when one has reached it, is picturesque, though, perhaps, “suggestive” is the better word. Its black, weather-boarded houses have no better foundation than the shingle; not a herb is to be seen. According to Mr Lucy, however, there was once a garden in the place. Its owner had carried the soil for it from Lydd sack by sack over the terrible road. It has now, I think, disappeared; I, at least, have never seen it. A few hens peck the ground round the shanties, though what they find to nourish them it is difficult to say. There is not even soil enough for the sea-poppy, though a little nearer the railway a miniature wood makes a shift to cover a plot of ground not much larger than a suit of clothes. The firewood of the village is composed of stacks of wreck-wood; indeed the whole neighbourhood has an air of having been washed from the depths of the sea. If one is in luck—still more, if one has the gift of making those of few words talk—one may hear stirring stories of the ships that come ashore on stormy nights; for Dungeness is very terrible to those that fail to give it a wide enough berth. Moreover, it is no unusual thing to see a sad piece of human jetsam, done to death miles

and miles away, come bobbing along the currents that sweep the bay near the point. One of the most tragic stories that I remember to have heard was connected with a man who escaped the tender mercies of the ocean to undergo an almost more merciless buffeting ashore. He was one of the crew of a German merchant that was wrecked almost at the foot of the lighthouse. A moderate swimmer, he was carried by the current to some distance from the scene of the catastrophe. Here he touched the ground. He had nothing, no clothes, no food; he came ashore on a winter's night. In the morning he found himself in the Marsh near Romney. He knocked at doors, tried to make himself understood. The Marsh people thought him either a lunatic or a supernatural visitor. To lonely women in the Marsh cottages he seemed a fearful object. No doubt he was, poor wretch. They warned their menfolk of him, and whenever he was seen he was hounded away and ill-used. He got the name of Mad Jack. Knowing nothing of the country, nothing of the language, he could neither ask his way nor read the names on the signposts, and even if he read them, they meant nothing to him. How long this lasted, I do not know; I remember hearing from the village people at the time that a dangerous person was in the neighbourhood. The fear of the cottage folk was real enough. For a fortnight or so hardly one of them would open their doors after nightfall. The police at last got to hear of him, and, after a search of some days, he was found asleep in a pigsty. He had the remains of an old shirt hanging round his neck; and under one arm, an old shoe that he seemed to use as a larder; it contained two old crusts and the raw wing of a chicken. In all the time of his wandering he had not come more than nine miles from the place where he had come ashore.

I had the story rather curiously confirmed—paralleled—the other day. A man knocked at my door and asked me in German if I were a Jew. I told him that I was not, without much affecting his belief that the only German-speakers in the kingdom were members of the chosen people. He was one of the many Germans who leave their country to escape the

military service; had taken a ticket for London from Cologne, and had persuaded his aged mother to accompany him to the town whose streets are paved with gold. They had reached Dover in safety, and were in the train bound for London when a German in the same compartment advised them not to go to London; there were too many Germans there already, too many thieves. Jakob Schmitz decided to alight at the next station. At Folkestone, therefore, he attempted to explain his wishes to the porter at the gate. The porter called the guard of the train, who, seeing that Schmitz had a London ticket, caught him by the arm and bundled him and his mother into the train again, locking the door upon them. Schmitz, however, determined not to go to London, descended on to the six-footway at the next station—Sandling Junction. When the train moved off Schmitz and his mother were discovered and conducted to a waiting-room for consignment to the care of the guard of the next train. This Schmitz and his mother did not await. They seized a moment when the coast was clear and departed into the wide world. They had to undergo an agony as acute, though fortunately not so protracted, as that of their predecessor in misfortune. The mother was in want of a cup of coffee, but whenever Schmitz knocked at a cottage door he was roughly repelled. The folks told him afterwards that they had taken him for a ghost or a murderer or a pikey—as we call the gipsies.

After nine hours' wandering, the Schmitzes reached Hythe. It was then eight o'clock of a January night. Here Frau Schmitz fainted in the open street—a small crowd collected, and amongst the number a man who had passed some time with German workmen in New York. He conducted them to a hotel where there was a German waiter, and their troubles were at an end. But for the fainting of the mother, however, they might have fared nearly as badly as the other did.

Stories as cheerless as these may be heard in plenty among the dwellers at Dungeness. One may still hear that of the wreck of the *Northfleet*, which is too well known to need retelling. I remember



myself being at the lighthouse one New Year's day and seeing the shore lined with the pathetic bodies of little puffins—though whence they came I cannot say. But, in spite of the badness of the roads and the dreariness of the general outlook, the inhabitants seem to grow attached to the place. The hostess of one of the little inns, for instance, was obliged to take up her present quarters because her octogenarian mother refused to leave the Beach, as they call it. The sight of a green field and a hard road was to her distasteful.

Unless one has superfluous flesh to walk off, it is best to take the train to Lydd. The going between the two places is excessively bad, and the country contains nothing that may not be seen with advantage from the carriage windows. The tract of ground between Lydd and the lighthouse is famous for its population of hares—one may see them drop leisurely over the banks as the train passes—though why the hares should come there and what they find to live upon is somewhat of a mystery. If, as seems most likely, they seek solitude they certainly find it.

Lydd, if not quite the town at the end of the world, is the town next it. Its entrance is rather drearily ugly; one walks along a cinder path by gasworks, but the town itself is one of those that seem to deny the very possibility of such modern improvements. It owes much of its charm to the fineness of its trees, that tower up in the midst of the low houses and give one the pleasant sensation of being in the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Lydd is considerably larger than its head port, Romney. Outside its long main street it still preserves the appearance that it had in Ireland's time—the appearance of being made up of a congregation of separate farmhouses. One still sees numbers of hale and stout-looking men in its streets, but I imagine that these no longer support their numerous families by smuggling. There is, alas! hardly anything worth the running nowadays. The south part of the town is pleasant

enough with its open spaces fringed with small cottages; its appearance of having no lack of breathing space, of finding, even in these sad months and years, no necessity to crowd its houses together. Farther along, to the west, are the huts of the camp—a camp whose occupants are chiefly given over to the study of explosives of prodigious force. In the chronicles of the outside world one may read of the effects of Lyddite shells, and so even yet the little Port town may find its name immortalised by those who make history by the slaughter of their kind. Unless, however, one cares, and is able, to get a sight of the town records, there is not much to interest one in the place. The church is a large building, of which the body was erected in the thirteenth century and was subsequently a good deal pulled about. The tower was begun in 1435-50 and finished by Cardinal Wolsey, who was, among other things, vicar of Lydd. The stone vaulting of its inner part is decorated with elaborate tracery of rather irregular design, finished off with carefully carved heads of kings, and queens, and knaves, and maids-in-waiting. These are well worth study to those who are interested in such matters as fifteenth-century headdress and physiognomy.

Legend says that the towers of Lydd, Ashford, and some church on the opposite shore, whose name has slipped my memory, were built at the same time and by the same architect. The workmen engaged upon Lydd were in the habit, when they lacked one tool or another, of calling to their fellows across the Marsh or the sea: "Kindly throw me such and such tool," and the tool was duly thrown.

The churchyard is quaint enough. On the south side it runs right up under the very windows of the cottages that hem it in; its tombstones leaning at angles in the lush grass do their best to make one think of the rude forefathers of Lydd. One may read of disasters at sea. Quite close to the pathway at the east end of the church is a memorial of a lieutenant in the navy who circumnavigated the world with Captain Cook and who saw him die. One imagines that the

denizen of the tomb must have been Sir Oracle in the Lydd of his day, for was he not also present at the glorious battle of Camperdown? To preserve his memory some local laureate has had engraved on his tombstone a paper of verses of the sort in which one finds "furl'd" rhymed with "world"; of the sort that makes one hope that the inhabitants of a better world do not writhe at monumental inscriptions. At the southern foot of the tower are the graves of those that went down in the Northfleet.

The Marsh to the west and the south-west of Lydd is at its most desolate; almost soilless, nearly always brown and parched. A little more to the north it becomes greener; dykes and water and close-cropped embankments abound, and white-walled farms give the tract a savour of Holland, a savour that is lacking to the rest of the marshes. This part—it stretches almost up to the walls of Rye—is called Walland or Walling. Returning from Rye towards Brookland, one sees the Marsh at its best. Little by little, as one follows the winding roads, the highlands sink out of sight. They disappear very slowly; but, suddenly, as one looks back from a turn in the road they have disappeared, have vanished. One goes on, and little by little the conviction forces itself upon one that the hills were a hallucination, that they do not exist, that they never did exist, that they never could have reached up towards heaven. One realises that there is nothing in the world but flat, rushy land. A little nearer the sea, one has seen great ships, great towers of gleaming canvas rise up above the farm roofs. In the depths of the Marsh one does not even see that; nothing rises, nothing aspires; the sky presses one down. One is so low, so near the earth, that even a small thorn-bush shuts out a great part of the world. One sees tiny cowering houses, stunted thorn-trees, sheep that never raise their heads—an infinite number of sheep. Sometimes a heron stands silently in a shallow pool, not offering itself to the sight, but so silent, so primeval in its motionlessness, that the eye must search for it a long time.

Silence is the characteristic of the place, a brooding silence, an inconceivably self-centred abstraction. Impossible to disturb the calm to draw attention to oneself. One counts for so little. Sometimes the reeds that line the dykes whisper something—but so low that it is impossible to catch what they say, to understand them. The roads themselves are wayward, and wind about in an anciently arbitrary manner, suggestive of the tyrannies of the old time before us. One is forced to follow them; no modern, hurrying, democratic suffrage can frighten these kings into concessions. There are footpaths, it is true, but unless one knows them well, they are difficult to discover. A well-defined path will lead one into a field: it breaks up into divergent tracks; one chooses one, and finds oneself lost in a great island of a field. One is buffeted backwards and forwards by dykes too broad to jump, and in the end one is lucky if one reach the hard road again. On a dark night—and the nights here are sometimes incredibly dark—the finding of one's way is a perilous matter; one steps without the smallest warning into dykes quite deep enough to drown one. Even skilful drivers have been known to drive off the turn of a road, horse and all, into the water.

On a moonlight night, however, the Marsh has a charm of its own. The mists rise up and lie perfectly level round one. There is not a swirl, not a single isolated wreath. The moon drives a broadening path along the silver of it, and one seems to be walking neck-deep through an intangible sea. The black thorn-bushes rise out of it, like sea-rocks, gleaming a little with the dew in their branches.

By daylight, as one walks westward, slowly past the yellowing rushes, little by little the tower of Lydd church rises up on the right hand. Seen from a distance, it has the slender rigid grace of the towers of Verona. Soon afterwards one rises the trees that hide the tower-foot, then, farther off, the casket-like top of Romney spire, then more trees round it, and presently the multitude of spires and towers and trees that dot the eastern surface of the Marsh—the surface of Romney Marsh proper. One reaches

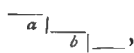
Brookland, a village that once was larger than it is to-day. Its church contains a curious leaden font of the twelfth century. In the churchyard stands the octagonal wooden belfry, a rude piece of tower-building to which an injurious prophecy attaches. It says that when a bachelor and a maid are married in Brookland the tower will leap into position on the church. The records of marriages not being entirely absent from the Brookland registers, the prophet must be interpreted as casting a quite undeserved slur upon the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

Most of the churches of the little villages about here enshrine objects of interest to such as be of goodwill; there are, for instance, the very fine stalls at Ivychurch. But they are mostly things rather to be seen than written of except in technical language; one shrinks from descriptions of the "cusped ogee" order. The churches themselves are so large as to be quite out of proportion to the number of possible worshippers, and those who think that the Marsh was never thickly populated account for this spaciousness by advancing the theory that the edifices in question were rather sacrificial than devotional—that they were built *ad majorem Dei gloriam* out of the funds paid by the tenants of the marshes for the protection of their lands. Unfortunately for this theory, most of the churches were built after the scot of the lands had passed into the hands of the jurats of the Level. The jurats had not the power, even if they had the will, to expend their incomes on sacrificial building.

To reach Appledore one runs north-westerly out of Brookland. As one approaches the canal the hills begin to rise up before one; Appledore itself stands on a clay mound just across the water. It is quiet enough and sleepy enough never to have seen the landing of the Danes that once destroyed the little castle hard by. The village boasts a Perpendicular church of no great interest but of a certain quaintness. The camp, which is supposed to have been Cæsar's second, lay a little to the north-east of the village. In the rectory garden an immense collection

of Roman potsherds were not long ago discovered, and there, at least, one is certainly standing on ground that once the Roman sandal pressed.

The Marsh is at its deepest about here, more particularly at the north of the canal. The canal itself is, as I have said, an addition to the charm of the Marsh. It is the atonement of the power that ornamented the shore lines with inverted flower-pots. It forms an always pleasant walk; in the summer one has the shade of the trees in leaf, in winter the shelter of the high banks. One may walk for miles and miles on the green sward of the embankments; on the one hand one has the always tranquil Marsh, on the other the slopes of the hills. The currentless water draws crowds of swallows, of midges. It is nearly always still, never does more than ripple gently beneath the wildest of storms; is everywhere studded with water-weeds. It has all the charm of a river with the added glamour of stagnant water. They make a feeble pretence of clearing it yearly. Two or three men contract to do the work of each section. They walk on either bank drawing between them a stout chain ornamented with scythe-blades; this serves to thin out a few roots. The others grow the more luxuriantly, and in a few weeks the surface of the still water is as weed-dappled as ever. Why the authorities go to the trouble of attempting the clearance one does not know. It employs, at least, a certain amount of labour, and that is good in its way.

The canal has none of the stiffness of the ordinary artificial waterway. The exigencies of the Vauban system cause it to take broad sweeps, to have all the deviousness that makes a sluggish river charming. The theory of the Vauban system is as simple as it is ingenious. One digs one's canal in a zigzag, casting up the excavated mud upon the home bank; thus one has a moated earthwork. The small zigzag is to provide stations for guns to rake the water laterally as the attacking troops seek to cross. You dig your line of canal thus , place a gun in the redoubts at *a* and *b*; and there you are. An enemy crossing the line would be blown to pieces from the side. So at least

they thought in the time of Vauban and later in the time of Napoleon. In addition to this, the embankments and the trees upon them would afford shelter for riflemen. The canal is thus by way of being an unmixed blessing. Just what the Marsh would appear without it one cannot say, though one may see early engravings in which the Level has a comparatively commonplace appearance. But that may be due to the character of the engravings.

The canal was used for transport purposes until quite lately, barges carrying coal to the Marsh villages. This, however, is a thing of the past—the making of the unprofitable railway to Romney proving its death-blow. The villages along the northern bank of the canal are, as a rule, quite small and unimportant; but each of them has a character of its own. They run down the slopes marshwards, separated from each other, generally, by little woods—“shaves” we call them, remembering the green-shaws of our ancestors. There is Ham Street with its one or two pretty old white houses; Ruckinge with a fine Norman church; Bilsington at its four cross-roads—“wantways” is the local word; and, finally, scattered Bonnington.

Between these last two villages stands Bilsington Priory, the former abode of a settlement of Austin Friars. The dilapidated building stands high and grim above one of the little streams that finds its way into the canal near Bilsington bridge. The priory has a bad reputation; most of the village-people will assure you that they would not sleep in it—not for a mint of guineas. It is haunted by a prior who tells red-hot beads in the shadows, and by a woman who was—so they say—done to death by her husband. This last ghost is of comparatively modern creation and of entirely plebeian origin. The woman to whom it belonged is said to have led a miserable life with her curmudgeon of a husband. She finally excited his wrath by letting a tray full of their best china fall down the main stairs. He thereupon murdered her. In consequence, almost every night, one may hear the sound of china being

let fall down the principal staircase. They say that thirteen clergymen were employed to lay the ghost in a sealed cupboard, and that, only twelve attending, their efforts were in vain. I was told this latter story by a quite unimaginative youth, the son of one of the clergymen in question.

Even the last inhabitant but one (perhaps the last but two by this time, so quickly do the supernatural visitants render the priory uninhabitable) saw a ghost in broad daylight. The priory is almost invariably occupied by a bailiff—a farmer of the smaller order—who is hired by the actual tenant of the ground. One of the female connections of the occupier in question was left alone in the building and had occasion to go to a room in one of the turrets—her own bedroom; I think her errand was a no more romantic one than that of making the bed. As she entered the room she saw seated on the said bed a figure that was nothing but a large head with something scarlet hanging from the neck—something like a bunch of beetroots, she said. She immediately rushed from the room and fell from the top of the stairs to the bottom, where she remained until some one came home from the fields for dinner. Her mind is said to have been deranged for some time afterwards.

Superstition dies extremely hard in the face of stories like this. Another more extraordinary one attaches to a cottage in a neighbouring parish. It was a little two-dwelling-house, one end of which was occupied by a family whom we will call the Browns, the other by a woman reputed a witch. Of the Browns there were a crippled father, a mother, and a son. Old Brown being past his work was by the son and mother deemed fit for the workhouse. They accordingly, in spite of his pitiful lamentations, had him conveyed thither. On the same day the mother chanced to offend the witch—by refusing to lend her a scrubbing-brush. On the following morning Mrs Brown was dressing herself in front of her window when, as said the old woman, my informant, “the boo-boy



come down the chimney and joomped up on her back." When she went downstairs the old man's boots jumped off their shelf and flew towards her head, but, changing their course, contented themselves with dancing inverted on the ceiling. The old man's pipe flew through the window-pane followed by the fire-irons; various bedroom articles came down the stairs and went after the pipe and the fire-irons. The bed-clothes foamed like a sea, began to tear themselves into strips and to knot themselves together beyond the mere human unravelling. The whole house, my informant told me, looked as if a regiment of soldiers had been setting it topsy-turvy. A little later in the day came news that old Brown had been "taken worse" and was in a frenzied condition. The manifestations continued throughout the day—until, indeed, they fetched the old man back from the union.

I heard the story from quite a number of persons whose characters altogether preclude the theory that they desired to "take a rise out of me." Indeed the old woman who first told it me merely did so with the view of hearing my views on the subject. Was it the spirit of the old man in the union that travelled all those miles, or was it the old witch who did it? One does not feel sure.

Witches and witchcraft are still believed in on the Marsh. There is, for instance, one particular cottage on a frequented road that no level-headed waggoner will take his team past. I have myself observed horses to be violently agitated when passing it. This is probably accounted for by some natural object that causes the horses to shy, but the occurrences at Brown's cottage and the priory I do not attempt to explain. The priory itself is grim enough to get on the nerves of the strongest-minded among us. It consists of a body of a large church which has since been divided into the rooms of a two-storeyed house. A large tower which was inhabited by the religious now stands floorless and windowless—a home for owls and rats. The whole building occupies a little eminence above a rather gloomy, wood-bordered valley. The

destroyed nerves of a twelvemonth occupant would turn the noise of the owls and rats into very effective bogeys, had not the smugglers, for purposes of their own, given the place an evil reputation.

One of the most notorious of the free-trading gangs had its headquarters at the end of the priory valley. It was styled the Old Bourne Gang, taking its name from the little stream that ran beside its headquarters. The little valley is there excessively secluded; lies among rather steep hills, and is reached by almost impassable roads. In its banks there were a number of caves, many of which are still discoverable. The cottage which the smugglers called their "Tap" stood on the very edge of the thick priory woods. Here the gang met to discuss their plans. If the revenue officers interrupted them they escaped into the wood, where following them was out of the question.

The leaders hired labourers from the surrounding villages—farmhands and who not; these they paid 7s. a-night for the easy task of riding a horse loaded with a couple of kegs from the sea-shore to Canterbury. The horses they requisitioned of the neighbouring farmers, who were thoroughly terrorised. Their methods in this matter were exceedingly simple. The father of an old lady, who died last winter, came to the Marsh from some other district. He had just taken up his farm between Hythe and Dymchurch, and had bought two or three horses at Hythe on a market-day, when, on his homeward road, he was handed a note saying that these would be required at such a spot on the coast on the following night. Being strange to the place, he did not comply with this request. A few nights afterwards he was awakened from his sleep by having the garden gate thrown through his bedroom window; when he looked out he was greeted by a charge of small-shot; in the morning his team was found to have been ham-strung. After that he lent his horses.

The marine free-traders worked in conjunction with those on land; set their cargoes ashore at prearranged points and so on. If a revenue cutter

proved too pressing in its attentions, they took their bearings and then sunk their tubs, returning after the danger was over to drag them up again.

The leading spirits of the Old Bourne Gang, according to the local legends, were members of a famous contrabandist family called R——. To the credit of the most daring of them—he is said to have rented Bonnington Vicarage—the most tremendous feats are set. On one occasion when the Preventives raided the Tap he hid himself in the bake-oven and overheard a great deal of talk that he found professionally useful. A little later the whole gang had started for Canterbury, well loaded with contraband liquors. They were walking their horses along the turf on the roadside within the village of Bonnington when they heard the sound of hoofs descending the road from Aldington, trotting towards themselves. They did not dare to gallop away for fear of the sounds reaching the ears of the dragoons who were seeking them. After a whispered consultation the body of them halted in the shadow of the roadside trees, and Jack R——, taking an empty tub on his shoulders, went towards the approaching horsemen. The dragoons, catching sight of him at a little distance, galloped towards him, whereupon he turned and fled past his silent comrades. He had the reputation of being a tremendous runner. The dragoons galloped after him, not noticing the smugglers in the shadow. R—— vaulted over a gate which cost the soldiers some minutes in the opening. He thus gained a sufficient start to let him reach the woods in safety. Once there, he was undiscoverable. He threw down the empty tub and went home to bed. The smugglers meanwhile pursued their way undisturbed to Canterbury.

The greater part of the gang was afterwards captured, and died to a man on the gallows. They say that, years afterwards, an old man returned from Australia to his native village. He lived until comparatively lately in the odour of sanctity, drew a small pension from Government, was liberal,

and generally respected. The population of the village turned out to a man to do honour to his funeral obsequies. It appeared afterwards that this venerable person was the informer who had hanged the Old Bourne Gang, and that his modest pension was the Government's price for his treachery. The people who attended his funeral were nearly all children of the men in whose hanging he had had a hand. That, at least, is the local story.

The R——s, they say, escaped on this occasion; four of them—two men and two women. After the dispersal of the smugglers these four earned a handsome living by taking purses on the highway. The women were as formidable as their brothers, rode astride, presented pistols, and used even prettier oaths. Finally they broke into the house of some maiden ladies in an inland village near the London road. They took, among other things, a pair of carriage-horses, and these proved their undoing. They were speedily pursued, and, being too tenacious to turn adrift the fat and slow-going animals, were overtaken. Before this, however, they had decided that the horses must be put away for a time, and had tied them up in a roadside wood, meaning to return for them. On emerging from the wood they were seized. The wretched horses, unable to free themselves, were starved to death. It is affecting to hear that in their speech from the scaffold the R——s averred that the only one of their many crimes that they repented of was the starving of the horses. They could not bear, they said, to think of what the poor beasts had suffered. Before their execution, however, as eminently practical persons, they had decided that one of them at least should escape by turning king's—I am not sure that it was not queen's—evidence. They accordingly cast lots, and the luck falling to one of the women, she made the best of it and saved her neck.

I had these stories from old men and old women who claimed to have seen the incidents as I have told them, to have acted in many of them.

My informants have, however, nearly all died within the last few years. The hard winters and the hard times kill them off. They go, bitterly lamenting the old times. Those were the days. One old man—a mole-catcher by profession—affirmed that until he reached the age of thirty he had a pint of smuggled gin to his supper every day of his life. He is now in the Union—the last home of almost every soul in these parts; of every soul, that is, that does not have the luck to be snapped up by a hard winter before the relieving officers deem it time to stop their outdoor relief.

In these villages, where there are no squires and no resident gentry, and where the clergy are as poor as any other man, the lot of the labourer is sad in the extreme—incredibly so in winter. He has, as a rule, an enormous family. In one village that I could name an old man with eleven children married an old woman with twelve. The philosophy of the union was simple enough. They pooled their scanty household goods, took care of each other, and halved their rents.

During the summer the cottager's lot is just bearable. He earns about 14s. a-week—sometimes more, sometimes less; but this is barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. In the winter, work falls off, there is very little in the garden, and there is nowadays no one to dispense coals and blankets. As for savings—we are not a provident folk; we have our virtues, but that is not among them. We leave it to an inferior race whose land we can see on a clear day. Nevertheless, the cottager manages to keep getting about, as he says, until the years sap his vitality. Then the lifelong want of decent nourishment begins to tell. As children they were starved, as men they were to a man dyspeptic through eating food like the fat pork and cheese that form the chief of their diet. Thus in old age they are crabbed and crippled with rheumatism, they have no blood in their veins. Then a hard winter kills them off like finches under a hedge—and hard winters are by no means the exception in these parts. Twice within the last four

years I have been snowed up, the roads have been absolutely impassable for carts; narrow lanes have had 13-foot drifts in them whilst in London the winter sun has shone. That sort of thing kills off the old people. During one such winter, in one parish, two people were frozen to death; and I should not care to say how many died of the effects of cold and hunger combined. I sat on the coroner's jury on one of the frozen ones. He was a kind of village idiot, a queer, shambling, Elizabethan figure, who had not slept within doors for years and years. He had been deemed impervious to the weather, had passed through many such winters. The inquest was a grimly grotesque function. We marched off to view the body lying in the shed in which the man had died, then returned through the snow to deliberate. There were not enough good men and true to form an orthodox dozen; we had, I think, to be content with eleven, who were in turn witnesses and jury-men. There was a vast deal of discussion as to the man's age. Some said that he was fifty-four, others made it near seventy. Then we debated as to who had seen him last: some of us had given him tea, others dinner, on such and such a day. He was supported by meals that were given him on different days of the week by different cottagers. He did not fare very badly, for it turned out that he had had two teas every day in different houses besides other regular meals. Finally it was decided that he had been last seen by an exceedingly deaf and ancient man who wore the orthodox smock and beaver of the forties. This man lived in the cottage adjoining the shed in which Ben had died.

"Ah seed 'im a Thursday," he said in answer to the coroner. "'E were a stannin' in th' dure o' th' old lodge and he hadn' got nothin' on."

We looked amazedly at the old man, who seemed to think it a laughable thing to have seen a man stand naked in the midst of the snowdrifts.

"Ben always undressed hisself 'foore he went to bed," he explained.

"But what did you do to him? what did you say?" the coroner asked.

A gleam of pride came into the old man's mild and honest blue eyes. He had achieved a crowning witticism.

"Do?" he answered. "Ah ses to him, 'Lor, Ben, I've a mind to snowball 'ee.'"

So we live and so die down by the marshes.

But in spite of a piece of witty stupidity like this, it must not be imagined that the villager of these parts is a stupid person. Indeed, when he is compared with the peasants of the inlands he is a man of the world. He is intensely suspicious of what he calls "the quality," is for them almost a sealed book, puts on for their benefit a mask of impenetrable stolidity. But, rightly approached, he shines forth as a person of strong character, with a pawky, quaint humour, and a broadness of mind that are seldom to be found elsewhere.

It is almost impossible to make him mend his ways, to persuade him to eat porridge or to put his money in the savings bank; but—and this differentiates him from the populations of most towns and villages—he does not regard the doing of these things by others as a moral outrage. To the foreigner—and he thinks every soul born out of the Marsh a foreigner—he is quite kindly disposed, regarding him tolerantly from the height of an immense superiority. He is, moreover, a shrewd bargainer, a person of considerable initiative. These things are traceable to the history of his ancestors. It took a bold man to settle in the Marsh or in the neighbouring Port-towns—a man who was ready to meet the disasters of sword and sea and pestilence, and these men are the offspring of the survivors of many such weedings out. They are, in fact, the direct gift of the Cinque Port system to the world of to-day; the descendants of men who were at one time pirates, at another owlers, and later, smugglers.

Centuries of alertness have made them alert to-day; centuries of

overbearing, of lawless traditions, have left them a trifle overbearing and very independent. One finds the great names of the history of the Ports sheltered now by cottages, unproclaimed by tombstones when at last the churchyards claim their bearers. Even now they regard disease and death with a certain indifference. Hence the joke of the old man who saw a man die naked in the snow at his door. Times have very much changed ; the race is no longer to men like these. But the revolutions of Fortune's wheel may bring back a set of circumstances akin to those in which the Ports flourished. When it does, the old clay will still be ready for the hand of the Potter.

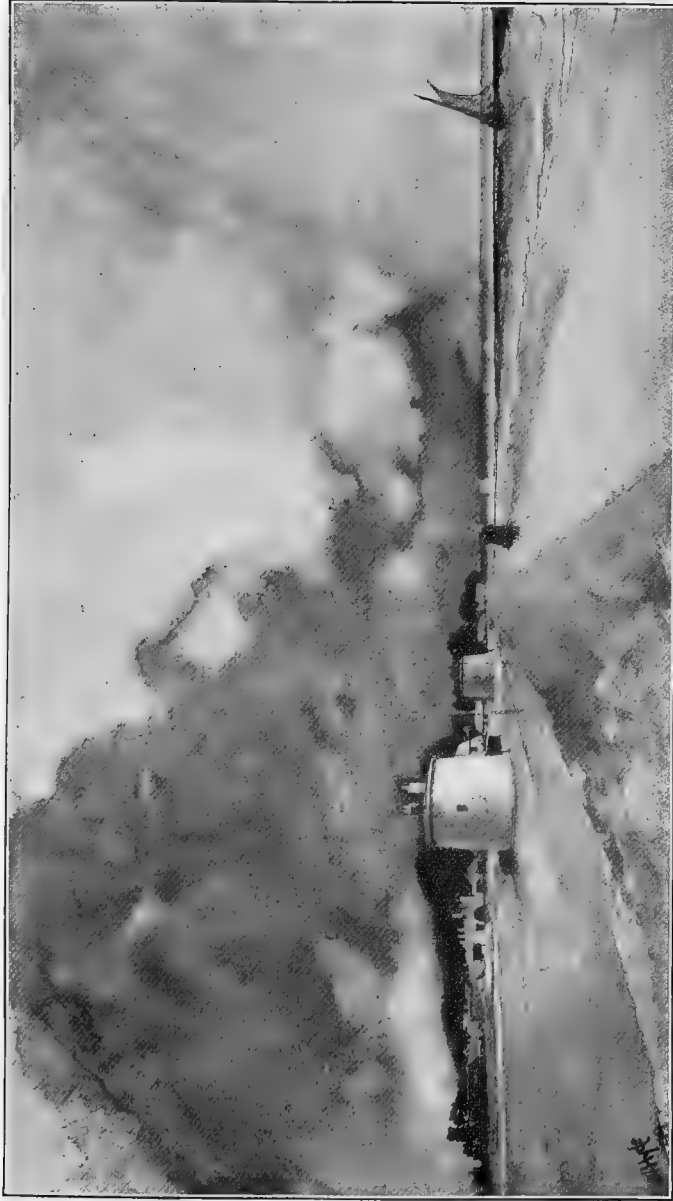
At Bonnington bridge one does best to climb the hill into Aldington. The place still retains a certain savour of the archi-episcopal. On the right hand of the road to Lympne one may still see the house in which the martyred Maid of Kent was servant to Mr Thomas Kob. It retains the name of Cobb's Hall. Nowadays it is a humble black-and-white two-dwelling house. The rooms, however, contain some elaborate wood carving, and in the lower storeys are ceiled with ancient oak. On the upper floors there are to be seen some remains of graceful plaster-work ceilings—very fine Renaissance of its kind. Over the mantelpiece of one room there is a rude but vivid plaster representation of the fall of our first parents. One sees the tree of knowledge, the serpent, God the Father, and Adam and Eve themselves, together with a tribe of fabulous monsters that suggest the designer's acquaintance with the ichthyosauri that later science has revealed to us. Perhaps the visions of the Maid gained vividness from the daily sight of this local *chef-d'œuvre*.

The church is a particularly fine one, and contains some magnificent carved stalls. The tower was built by Archbishop Warham, and is said to be the last piece of Roman Catholic pre-Reformation architecture discoverable. The residence of Erasmus and Warham in the place confer a sort of lustre on Aldington. Warham was a particularly sym-









DYMCHURCH AND SEA-WALL.



pathetic figure in the rather dreary scenes of intrigue that led to the ushering in of the English Reformation. He was a fine scholar, a protector of the New Learning that led to religious reforms both within and without his own Church. But for him, Lydgate and a number of other forwarders of the Protestant movement would have been sacrificed to the worse element of the Church. He was, in fact, a tolerant, noble-minded man, and came like an Indian summer to brighten the last days of the Old Faith in this country.

If Warham stood for the development that led to the renaissance of Catholicism, the servant of Master Thomas Kob stood for the old practices of the Church, for the sham miracles, the epileptic fits, and all the rest of the hypnotic paraphernalia that still sporadically obtain in places like Lourdes. It is pleasant to think that both tendencies of thought should have touched hands long ago in this little Kentish village. The most picturesque part of the place still clings round the church—in the hamlet called Aldington Forehead. Here quaint houses, with jutting-over upper storeys, hang above a steeply descending road. Two or three gigantic elms overshadow the whole *scène de théâtre*.

From the top of Aldington Knoll, which lies due south of the church, the whole stretch of the marshes from Lypne to Fairlight is to be seen. Below one's feet one has a vast level stretch dotted with tiny hamlets, each with a little church and a little clump of trees. One sees, too, the coast of France, or, on a night ever so dark, the fitful flash of Grisnez light. The Knoll is by way of being a sea-mark. It has a curious conical mound at its summit. This mound, which is certainly of ancient origin, renders the Knoll unmistakable to those who sail the sea in ships. In consequence it is guarded by drowned men let out of the nether regions for the purpose. The farmers of the ground are supposed to entertain an antipathy for it. It certainly renders the field quite unfit for tillage. None of the local labourers will attempt to dig it down, knowing the nature of its guards. One farmer, it is recorded,

went so far as to fetch a man from the "Sheeres," who set about the work with a good heart and a valiant ignorance. He digged for some time until he unearthed a gigantic skeleton and an equally gigantic sword; but he continued to dig, entirely disregarding the very palpable warning. He digged until after sunset—was possessed by a demon of digging. The woods went very black and the Marsh went very black and the sky and the sea. And the man was dead. One offers no explanation of the death. The flaw in the story's moral lies in the fact that the farmer who had played this rather shabby trick upon a proverbially ignorant "man from the Sheeres" entirely escaped any retribution. As for the Knoll—

"Where he'd digged th' chark shone white  
Out to sea like Calais light."

Its value as a sea-warning was, in fact, enhanced.

From the Knoll one may walk to Lympne along the face of the hills, passing the Maid's chapel, and having always a magnificent view over the reaches of the Marsh. This, however, is better seen from the upper road. From there the shape of Dungeness Bay presents a remarkable—almost a grotesque—appearance. It seems to have been cut out with a pair of scissors, and to have been laid on the level blue sea. Lympne contains two architectural feats of the most enlightening kind—the church and the medieval castle. Both are perched on the very edge of the cliff. A slight push would send them hurtling down the slope. They stand quite close together, the church tower touching the eastern wall of the archdeacon's house, as the castle came to be called. The church itself is mostly Norman work, the interior having nothing vastly interesting about it. But the tower is eminently instructive. It rises to a certain height—not a very great one—perfectly square and simply made. It might be a mere box of modern builder's work except for the insertion of two round-topped windows a little way up in the wall. But these two windows, without any conscious attempt at decora-

tion, unerringly placed at the right spot, add the exact psychical touch that was necessary to the architectural whole. No amount of elaborately carved arches could do more than detract from the simplicity, detract from the decorative power. The castle when seen from the north is a mere ivy-clad dwelling-house—a rather superior Court Lodge farm. But if one takes the trouble to descend the hill below it and to look back, upwards, one sees a fortified dwelling that for imposingness, for absolute appropriateness to place and time, it would be impossible to match. It has some of the quality of a jewel-casket, takes some of the colour of one from the plants that grow out of its crannies. It gains something, too, from its situation; one sees it against the sky, above a green, very steep hillside. But these are only additions. One has situations as good, skies as good, unoccupied to-day; but who sets on them buildings as perfect in outline? who has the unerring instinct of the man who placed just that building just there?

Out of the hillside rise the ruins of Stutfall Castle—the Roman fortress. It stands very much as it must have done for ages past: one still sees Leland's "Britons' bricces" sticking out of the stones of it. Otherwise there is not very much of it to be seen; in one place an ancient cottage has been built into the more ancient wall. One has to imagine the Romans and their castle, and the imagination has not very much to help it in its building.

To reach Romney again one strikes into the open Marsh. One passes through a quaint hamlet called Botolph's Bridge, where once stood a gallows-tree. There is at least, in an eighteenth-century map of the Marsh, a representation—very realistic—of the gaunt erection, with the figure of a man hanging by the neck. Who he was or what he died for I do not know. His fame has not lived in the land, and his bones have rotted away.

The road winds away to Dymchurch even more circuitously than do most of the Marsh roads. It seems to be intent on presenting the

buildings on Lympne Hill from as many different angles as it may. Perhaps it wishes us to learn how fair the world might be if we would make it so. The proceeding is, however, a perilous one. One fears that some enthusiast for the picturesque may be moved to take Lympne Castle in hand and make it fit to live in—fit to live in as one lives at Croydon or South Kensington. Dymchurch, that one next reaches, is a pleasant little village at the very bottom of the bay. It is small and white and very still, nestling beneath the shadow of the high sea-wall. It is as quiet as quiet can be. It can at present be reached only by omnibus or by cycle from Hythe. But they talk of running a railway between it and Romney or Hythe, and it bids fair to change from a haven of rest into a den of—lodging-house-keepers.

The next place that one reaches is Romney, distant two and three-quarter miles more or less. One may turn off to the right and explore the little villages in the heart of the Marsh. There are many of them, and most have a subtle charm that it is easier to note than to describe—easier, that is, *hominibus bonæ voluntatis*. Not all of us have that goodwill, but those that have inherit what peace there is on earth.

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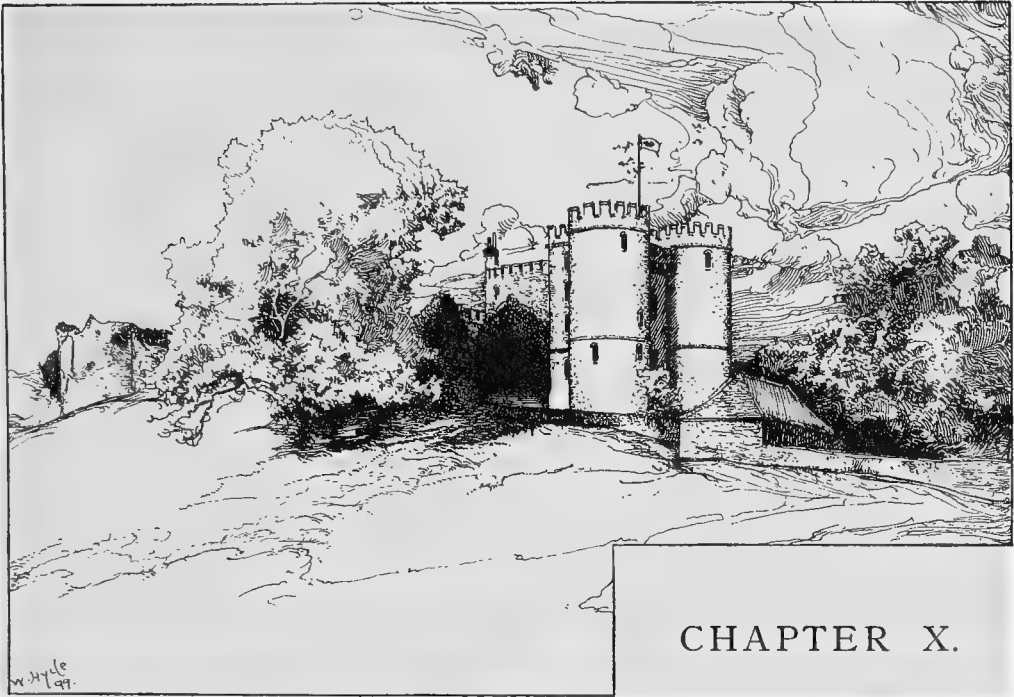




St. John's Episcopal Church, New York City



HYTHE



SALTWOOD CASTLE.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE PORT OF HYTHE, THE TOWN OF FOLKESTONE, AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

ENTHUSIASTS trace the descent of the Ports from the similar organisations of the Romans. They might, if they would, go a step further, and allege that the Ports derived from the early Britons. Of all this immediate neighbourhood, it is the shores between and the high grounds behind Folkestone Warren and West Hythe that offer the best foundations for that theory. One may find as many flint implements as one cares for in and around the former place. A sufficiency of bronze ones have been unearthed between the railway-stations of Hythe and Sandling. One may find several British camps too—the effects of the strenuous, if unconscious, efforts of the earliest of men to be remembered. They did a number of things—they fought, they loved, they sang, they reaped

their harvests. One sees a few grass-grown mounds, reads of marvellously made earthworks. To know more of them one must remember how one felt when one oneself fought, loved, sang, reaped—built marvellously made sandworks on the sea-shore, wrote one's name in water. If one leaves as much for remembrance as a heap of earth one may deem oneself happy among ghosts. But I rather think that the arms and the men of to-day will hardly last as long in the earth as the "celts, swords, daggers, and gouges" which were discovered when the Sandling to Sandgate railway line was a-making.

The railway navvies came upon what must have been an armourer's shop in its day—an armourer's shop in pre-Roman days. The things found were all of cast bronze, and all of them, with the exception of a gouge, "intentionally broken into fragments for the process of recasting; and exhibit the appearance that may be witnessed any day in a caster's shop in Clerkenwell in which old metal or spoilt castings are lying about, broken ready again for the crucible. As if to prove that this was the case, a number of rough ingots of metal were found with them."<sup>1</sup> Thus the armourer has conquered in the fight for remembrance. If one does not see him in his habit as he lived, if one does not know his face, the lines of his limbs, one sees him, at least, in the tools with which he lived. One knows that he was an artist in a way, for one of his spear-heads is adorned with concentric circles.

Somewhat to the north-east of this place and a little to the north of Folkestone stands the easily descried camp called Cæsar's. There is very little doubt that this too was a British *vicus*, none whatever that Julius Cæsar had nothing whatever to do with the making of it. It was probably a British fortification, possibly an assembly of the curious man-pits that they have left to puzzle one all over the face of the country. It may even have been the site of a hut-town—*tuguria*,

<sup>1</sup> J. G. Waller, *Archæological Journal*, vol. xxx.

as they are called. Various writers have a theory that Hythe was a British town, that it was the chief port of this part of Britain in the time of Cæsar. If this were the case, the place can hardly have been on the site of the present town.

Of the Romans themselves numerous traces are to be found in the district. They are said—probably untruthfully—to have founded the castle at Folkestone, to have scooped out the hill called Cæsar's Camp, to have founded Saltwood Castle, and so on. But the only almost certainly authentic Roman building of these parts is the basilica of Lyminge, which existed above ground until well into the present century. This building has been very carefully examined and described by the late Canon Jenkins of Lyminge.<sup>1</sup> As far as the dimensions of its foundation are concerned, it fulfils almost exactly the requirements of the Christian Roman basilica of Vitruvius. It lies immediately to the north of the present church of the town. Of its history under the Romans we know nothing. It was probably built in the second or third century of the present era.

Folkestone, in the times which succeeded the departure of the Romans, is said to have been the scene of the great battle between Vortimer and Hengist. This opinion is founded upon the following passage from the Nennius version of Gildas's Chronicle: "*Quantum bellum in campo juxta Lapidem Tituli, qui est super ripam Gallici maris, commisit; et barbari victi sunt, et ille victor fuit, et ipsi in fugam versi, usque ad ciulas suas reversi sunt in eas muliebriter intrantes.*"<sup>2</sup> Ingenious commentators like Somners and Stukely suggest the substitution of Populi for Tituli, thus extracting the "stone of the folk," or Folkestone. But this reverse for the cause of Hengist seems to be identical with the battle of Wippedsfleet of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and with that which, according to the Gododin, took place near the "*Lech Titleu*"—"the

<sup>1</sup> Arch. Cantiana, vols. iv. and xviii.

Stonar is the most probable translation of "*Lapis*

<sup>2</sup> Nennii Hist. Brit., Stevenson's ed., p. 35, 36. Tituli."

stone of Titleu." Whatever be the truth of the matter, the Saxons seem to have been handsomely beaten, and for a time, at least, to have been ejected from the country.

The bones in the crypt of Hythe church are occasionally assigned to the combatants in this battle; but Dr Knox, in a paper read before the Ethnological Society, decides that the skulls are not of a primitive type, although several of them resemble the Ozengell skull. It is true that fragments of Roman and Saxon pottery were found when the pile was last restacked, but so also was medieval ware. Hasted goes so far as to assert that the bones preserved at Hythe were those of the Saxons, whilst those which he supposed to be stored at Folkestone had formerly belonged to the Britons. This, however, is quite absurd. There never was any considerable collection of bones at Folkestone. Hasted was misled by a passage in the Itinerary of Leland, who speaks of having seen bones sticking out of the cliff near the ruins of the old monastery.

But to reach a place pre-eminent for its Saxon associations one must once again travel as far as Lyminge—the last home of “la douce et dévouée Ethelburga.”<sup>1</sup> The life of Ethelburga herself is too generally familiar to need retelling. A romantic halo hangs round her name, and, although one knows very little of her, she stands for sweetness and light. One can learn from Alban Butler and the ‘*Nova Legenda Angliæ*’ that she was austere; that she was witty in a saintly way; that, in such matters at least, she was more than a match for the rude huscarles of Edwin. Upon Edwin’s death she “obtained from her brother the gift of an ancient Roman villa, where she founded

<sup>1</sup> “Cette douce et dévouée Ethelburga . . . obtint de son frère le don d’une ancienne villa romaine, située entre Cantorbéry et la mer, du côté qui regarde la France; elle y fonda un monastère où elle prit elle même le voile. Elle fut ainsi la première veuve de race saxonne qui

se consacra à la vie religieuse . . . fille du fondateur de Cantorbéry et veuve du fondateur de York, elle servit ainsi de premier anneau entre les deux grands foyers de la vie catholique chez les Anglo-Saxons.”—Montalembert, ‘*Les Moines de l’Occident*,’ vol. v.



a nunnery and a monastery, and where she spent the last years of her life."

Canon Jenkins has clearly proved that the nunnery in question was housed in the great Roman basilica of which I have spoken. The monks, perhaps, used a part of the place, for I am not aware that any remains of their buildings have been found on the south side of Lyminge church.

The subsequent history of the "*Basilica Beatæ Mariæ genetricis Dei quæ sita est in loco qui dicitur Limingæ*"<sup>1</sup> was somewhat as follows: During the ninth century the inhabitants of the nunnery were, for fear of the Danes, removed to Canterbury. The monks, however, remained, and duly fell victims. Nearly all of them were butchered by the Danes *circa* 850. Subsequently (in 904) the place was granted to the all-devouring Christ Church, Canterbury, and consequently to the archbishops. The Lyminge monks were thereupon dispersed, and the basilica itself became the Aula of the Primates. Its grandeur remained, for we read that thither Archbishop Peckham went with an immense train to receive the homage of the Earl of Gloucester. The basilica was dismantled by the rather unpleasant Courtenay, who with its spoils furnished forth the splendours of Saltwood Castle, where he lived. It was then gradually pulled to pieces—used as a quarry for the stone of the new church. It nevertheless remained above ground until the present century, when Canon Jenkins's predecessor in the living allowed its remains to be finally disposed of, and its stones to be incorporated in the walls of pigsties and other necessary houses. St Ethelburga herself remained in her "*eminentius et augustius monumentum in aquilonali porticu ad australem ecclesiæ parietem arcu involutum*" until a far more questionable saint—Dunstan of the tongs—had her body removed to Canterbury. Several charters of the convent remain. The most interesting of them is that of Duke Oswulf, "which

<sup>1</sup> Charter of Wihtraid (697-715).

is supposed" by Canon Jenkins "to be the earliest instance of the foundation of masses for the repose of the dead."

Dunstan himself is locally supposed to have been intimately connected with Lyminge, but I have carefully examined the 'Memorials of St Dunstan' without finding any mention of the place.

Folkestone was the abiding-place of the niece of St Ethelburga—St Eanswith, a rather less sympathetic lady. She performed a number of miracles—made water flow uphill,<sup>1</sup> lengthened beams which had been sawn too short, and so on. She founded her convent church in a place not miraculously well chosen, and it was subsequently washed away. Her remains were, however, removed to the present parish church of SS. Mary and Eanswith. Coffins supposed to have been hers have been several times discovered—on the last occasion quite lately. The coffin in this case formed part of a Roman sarcophagus of lead. It contained a few bones and a number of human teeth, some of which were curiously dyed; but its authenticity seems to be more than doubtful, the only circumstance in its favour being the honourable position that it occupied in the church wall.

The same Duke Oswulf who benefited the fraternity at Lyminge left a share of his lands to Folkestone—indeed he divided between these monasteries and those of Dover and Christ Church, Canterbury, his entire property, "subject to the lives of his wife Beornthsytha and his children." At his death, however, a lawsuit of portentous length arose, his stepson Ethelwulf contesting the will. The matter was tried at Canterbury (in 844) before a jury of thirty, of whom twelve were interested monks, and the rest, according to a writer in the

<sup>1</sup> The stream which St Eanswith made to flow uphill may still be seen. It does, by an optical illusion, have every appearance of being forced to perform this feat, but it is needless to say that hydrographers have demonstrated that it did nothing of the sort. I once saw an almost

similar sight in the valley of the Lohr in the Spessart Wald. Here a mill-stream had so much the appearance of flowing uphill that it was almost impossible to believe otherwise. This too was attributed to the miraculous intercession of a local saint.

'Archæologia Cantiana,' laymen attached to the monasteries. The verdict was in favour of the fraternities.

Hythe itself was granted to the monks of Christ Church—this first in 889. It was regranted in 1036. Nothing really noteworthy appears to have happened to the town during the Saxon domination. It must, however, have been fairly prosperous, for Hudanfleot is always mentioned with respect by Anglo-Saxon writers. It seems to have been circumstanced very much like its western neighbour, for just as the houses of Romney followed a retreating, eventually vanishing, harbour, so did Hythe gradually creep from the foot of Lympe Hill to its present site. It seems probable that, originally, West Hythe was the town to protect which the Roman Stutfall Castle arose. It was a place of one street, stretching along what is now the military canal as far as the beginning of the new town. The very concatenation of circumstances that closed up the western harbour of Hythe probably opened the eastern haven. More or less modern writers allege that the new harbour was never of any size or importance, but this is particularly far from having been the case. In early days it was comparatively spacious—perhaps even, positively so. It was formed, like the harbours of Winchelsea and Romney, by a shingle spit which ran in the direction of Sandgate, and must have been at least a quarter of a mile broad and more than a mile long.

Unlike Romney, Hythe did not distinguish itself by any resistance to the Conqueror. It is not directly mentioned in Domesday Book, but one learns that it had 225 burgesses in the manor of Saltwood and six belonging to Lyminge. The greater part of Hythe—all of it that was in the manor of Saltwood—had been granted to Christ Church by Halfdan in the reign and presence of Cnut.

Folkestone itself was in even more wretched case than Hythe. It was absolutely dependent on the lords of its manor, and behaved towards them almost more abjectly than did Hythe towards the arch-

bishops. Lord Clinton and Say, in a series of letters to the jurats of the town, addresses them as "our faithfull commons of our town of Folkestone"—and harangues them very much as if he were lord of life and death. Folkestone municipality had practically no means of its own—indeed it very frequently paid its debtors in kind, sending them dishes of lobsters and so on. A castle had been built there by William de Avranches, who held the town under Odo of Bayeux. The castle, it is true, is said to have been built by Eadbald of Kent—"about 1000 years since," according to Philipot. Leland, of course, speaks of the "Britons' bricke" in its walls, but neither Philipot nor Leland are much to be trusted in the matter.

Saltwood Castle, again, became the property of Hugh de Montfort, or, as seems more likely, was built by him. In the struggles between Henry I. and Robert Curthose, the grandson of De Montfort favoured the wrong, or at least the losing side, and the castle reverted to the Crown. According to the local tradition, the murderers of St Thomas of Canterbury matured their plans for the murder in a room in Saltwood Castle—indeed one used to be shown the room in which they were said to have held their council; but inasmuch as the said room is of Edwardian construction, the showers of it were probably mistaken. Garnier, an eyewitness of the murder, says, "A Saltwode sunt li felun retourné."

During the whole duration of the cult of St Thomas, Hythe was a principal port of entry for foreign pilgrims—the pilgrim-roads are still visible enough—and this fact just saved the town from the charge of being a purely local port, like Romney. St Thomas himself is said to have oracularly declared that Hythe was the safest port for those sailing to Boulogne.

The contributions of Hythe to the Ports navy seem never to have exceeded five, although it was a capital port; yet Folkestone, according to Stephen de Pencestre's return, contributed seven ships to the quota

of Dover.<sup>1</sup> Hythe, like Romney, had its Port privileges suspended after the battle of Sluys because it had proved remiss in its contributions. It had, however, much to contend with and much to excuse it. It had to bear more descents of the French than any other town; it was once—perhaps twice—burnt down accidentally, and was once almost totally depopulated by the plague. Says Leland: “In the time of Edward the 2, there were burned by Casueltie xviii Score Howses and mo, and strayt folowed great Pestilens, and thes ii things minished the town.”<sup>2</sup> Unless, however, there were two conflagrations in the place, Leland is wrong in the reign he assigns as witnessing the burning, for Henry V. granted a “release” to the town for a precisely similar misfortune.

Local tradition says that Hythe was seven times ravaged by the French, and although this estimate may be too great, the town certainly had to suffer much. Occasionally, however, it succeeded in beating off an enemy. An instance occurred in 1295, according to Henry of Knyghton. His story is somewhat as follows: A certain English knight, Thomas de Turbeville, having been taken prisoner by the French, gained his liberty by offering to betray the King of England by false information. The King of France accordingly gave him his liberty, and gathered together a fleet of ships from Marseilles and Genoa to the number of three hundred. These lay in the Channel off Hythe awaiting the promised signal from Turbeville. “But when,” says Knyghton, “they had waited a long time, nor saw the signal, they sent, of their own wisdom, five chosen galleys that they might explore the land. But one of them, hastening before the others, touched ground near Hythe, hard by the Port of Romney. Seeing this, the English, who were the chosen guardians of that place, pretended to take to flight, and by the counsell of their leader drew off that the enemy might land with more hardihood. They then fled, followed by the others; but quickly turning

<sup>1</sup> According to Jeake's quotation from the Domesday, “F. pertinet ad D. non de terris sed de cattalo” which Jeake translates as “cattle.”

<sup>2</sup> Itinerary, second ed., vol. vii.

their faces, the others as suddenly turned their backs; and they were all slain to the number of 240 men and their ship was burnt. Which seeing, the other four galleys drew off to the main fleet—for they could be seen by our men. Nor did our men dare to attack them, fearing the great multitude.”<sup>1</sup>

Towards the middle of the fourteenth century, Courtenay, the Archbishop of Canterbury, built the present Saltwood Castle and took up his abode near his trembling burgesses of Hythe. Both this town and Romney were continually engaged in propitiating this terrible personage—they usually sent him “porpuses.” Courtenay seems to have been a haughty man whom it was necessary to propitiate. He was one of the two judges before whom Wickliffe was tried at Westminster. Curiously enough, however, he was vastly popular with the citizens of London, who at that abortive function attempted to immolate both Wickliffe and his protector John of Gaunt.

Courtenay, however, was not vastly popular in the country round Saltwood, if we may believe an anecdote of Lambard’s. “Hear, I pray you,” says he, “a word or twain of the honourable (or rather the Pontificall) dealing of *William Courteney*, the Archbishop and Amplifier of the Castle: who, taking offence that certain poor men (his Tenants of the Manor of *Wingham*) had brought him rent, littar and hay to Canterbury, not openly in Carts for his Glorie as they were accustomed, but closelie in sacks upon their horses, as their abilitie would suffer, cited

<sup>1</sup> *De proditiōe Thomæ Turbeuyl*, A.D. 1295.—“Rex autem Franciæ conductis navibus interim multis de Marsilio, scilicet et de Gene, ita quod aliquando viderentur plusquam CCC naves magnæ, signum expectantes quod promissum expecterant. Cumque mansissent diu nec signum vidissent, miserunt ex consilio proprio v galleas electas ut terram explorarent. At una earum præ ceteris festinans, applicuit apud Hydram, juxta portum de Rumonal. Quod videntes Angli qui ibidem fuerunt custodes deputati, simula-

bant fugam, et consilio ducis eorundem retraxerunt se ut frequentius hostes ad terram allicerent. Illis itaque fugientibus ab aliis insecutis; sed facies cito convertentibus, mox et alii terga venterunt, et caesi sunt omnes, scilicet CCXL viri et navis eorum combusta est. Quod videntes alii IIII galie retraxerunt se ad magnam classem, poterant enim videri a nostris. Nec tamen audebant cum eis congregi marinarii nostri, timentes multitudinem magnam.”—Henry Knyghton, *De Eventibus Angliæ* (Twysdyen’s Script. x.)

them to this his castle of *Saltwood*, and there, after he had shewed himself (*Adria iracundiozem*) as hot as a toste, he first bound them by oath to obey his own ordinance, and then injoynd them, for penance that they should each one march leasurely after the procession, bareheaded with a sack of hey (or straw) on his shoulder, open at the mouth, so as the stuff might appear, hanging out of the bag, to all beholders.

“Now I beseech you, what was it else for this Proud Prelate thus to insult over simple men for so small a fault (or rather for no fault at all) but *Lauroleam in Mustaceis quærere*?”

Hythe, however, if it was a little less of a mere local port than Romney, had an even less prominent share in the making of national history. The neighbourhood had, of course, its visits from royal personages. Thus Edward II. certainly visited Saltwood, Henry VIII. came to Sandgate, Elizabeth<sup>1</sup> was at Westenhanger. Elizabeth conferred a mayor on the town of Hythe and gave some assistance to the attempts that the townsmen were making to keep their haven scoured. She did nothing, however, for poor Folkestone, which, alone and unaided, has nevertheless been more successful in retaining its harbour.

In Parliamentary days, both towns, as far as their corporations were concerned, were sullenly opposed to the principles and acts of the Revolution. Hythe was one of the towns of Kent which incurred the wrath of the Long Parliament, and which had to pay the rather serious costs of the commission sent into the county to apprehend the “ill-affected persons within the county who are now endeavouring to disperse rumours to the scandal of Parliament, . . . the further to extend their malicious designs.” These persons were so effectually weeded out of the corporations that on the Restoration it was necessary to repeat the manœuvre.

<sup>1</sup> Queen Victoria visited Folkestone in 1855 and was received, at the shortest possible of notices, with frenzied loyalty. One reads in the contemporary accounts that “the one gun on the

pier uttered its twenty-one complimentary bangs with remarkable enthusiasm,” and that one “dirty hovel” on the road to Shorncliffe “was quilted over with a patchwork of handkerchiefs.”

Hythe seems to have been, of all the principal ports, the one which latterly least felt the heavy hand of fate. From the time of recovery from the conflagration, it remained uninterruptedly, if not egregiously, prosperous. It lost its harbour so gradually that it was able to change from a sea-port into a market-town without any sudden ruin of those who had business on the great waters. Even in Leland's day when, "by the Bankinge of Woose and great casting up of Shyngel the Se ys sumtyme a Quarter, sumtyme Dim, a Myle fro the old Shore," he could write: "The Havyn is a pretty Rode and liith meatly strayt for Passage out of Boleyn. Yt creketh yn so by the Shore a long and is so bakked fro the mayn Se with casting of Shinggil, that smaull shippes may cum up a lang Myle toward Folkestan as yn a sure Gut."<sup>1</sup> Even later it seems to have retained something of a harbour, if the map in Philipot's 'Villare Cantium' may be believed. This, which was prepared in 1659, "by the travayle of Philip Symonson of Rochester, gent," represents Hythe as standing in the head of a Y formed by two little rivers which at their mouths unite to form an apparently spacious harbour. This is probably no more than a product of the imagination.<sup>2</sup> The place of its harbour was taken by a sufficient Stade, and the nature of its shore was such that comparatively large vessels could beach themselves and unload without much difficulty. Indeed one may even now see colliers run ashore, have their cargoes unloaded into carts, and get afloat again by the next tide. The town flourished exceedingly during the days of its peculiar "free-traders," and when they succumbed to the national adoption of its local principles, their place was taken by the frequenters of the School of Musketry, which still makes Hythe one of the most important military places of the empire.

<sup>1</sup> Leland's Itinerary, second ed., vol. vii. pp. 131, 132. Camden says: "Hith . . . e quinque portibus unus, unde et illud nomen assumpsit, quod Saxonibus portum sonat; scilicet nunc vix nomen illud truatur, ob arenas accumulatas, quibus

mare longius excluditur."—Britannia, ed. 1586.

<sup>2</sup> According to the most credible accounts, the harbour had entirely disappeared by the year 1634, when it was "absolutely starved or stopped up."



"Humble Folkestone" is to-day proud Folkestone, its story having been very similar to that of Hythe, though it saw rather more of later historic happenings. It certainly trembled more in times of invasion. In Armada year it blocked up all its roads with balks of timber and so on. In 1602 six Spanish galleys were seen apparently making for the town, but within a few hours the queen's ships dispersed them, and Folkestone learnt, to its relief perhaps, that no attack had been meditated. Three of the galley-slaves who swam ashore gave the information that the galleys had merely mistaken Folkestone for the town of Sluys, to which they were bound. The Spaniards were never famous navigators.

The town trembled again at thought of Napoleon lying at Boulogne, over against them. The townsmen may also have seen the gun-flashes, must certainly have heard the reports of cannon, when Nelson made his abortive attack on the French flotilla. At that date again the town blocked up its narrow streets with timber and paving-stones, thus setting the French, who never came, an example for the *guerre des barricades*. The mayor issued an order commanding every inhabitant who possessed a defensive or offensive weapon "to bring all they possess, whether sword or gun or spade or shovel," for the resistance to Napoleon the Great. Thus were the troop in the barracks erected by Government supplemented by those of the mayor of Folkestone. The panic spread far into the inland hills. On one Sunday the vicar of Lyminge moved his audience to unprecedented tears by declaring that on the following Sabbath his place would be occupied by a French priest. Inasmuch as this particular incumbent was the man who converted the basilica into pigsties, one rather wishes that he had, before the date of his moving sermon, been replaced by some one else—French or English. Nevertheless, although the inhabitants of the neighbourhood shuddered, wept, and armed themselves, they were not (if we may believe Mr Mackie, the only historian of Folkestone) vastly averse to turning an honest

penny by traffic with the Corsican ogre. According to that gentleman, the Folkestone galleys were almost exclusively employed in smuggling out of England the British guineas with which Napoleon paid his troops.<sup>1</sup>

Folkestone at that time, and for some years before, had been a "populous and wealthy" town—that, at least, is the title accorded to it by Seymour in his 1770 survey of Kent; but its visitors at that date can scarcely have been numerous, for, save for the Canterbury carriers, its only means of communication with the outer land were the "neat post-chaise and able horses" of Mr James Bateman of the White Hart Inn. Perhaps the ability of the said horses made up for the small number of post-chaises in the town. From that time onwards Folkestone has grown—grown into a fashionable seaside resort. Its harbour, which had for centuries a hard struggle for existence, has grown secure enough since becoming railway property.

Happy—if the proverb be right—in having little to do with the making of history in the large, these little towns worked out in peace their little lives. Their public story calling for so little expenditure of time, one has leisure the more intently to examine their private affairs. Fortunately, as in the cases of Romney and Rye, the municipal records have been carefully preserved—not so carefully, perhaps, but still carefully enough.

Like most towns of respectable age, Hythe has the reputation of having once possessed a number of churches. Leland assigns four to it besides a "fayr abbey," which, as far as one knows, did not exist. "In the top of the churchyard," he says, "ys a fayr spring and ther by ruines of the houses of office of the abbey." He also gives the town a hospital for lepers—hard by the church, which was founded by a gentleman, himself one of the unclean. The town had also two other hospitals

<sup>1</sup> Mackie, Folkestone and its Neighbourhood.

—St John's for nine, and St Bartholomew's for thirteen, poor men. The latter was founded by Hamo, Bishop of Rochester, who was born in the town. Hythe probably stretched at one time as far as West Hythe, the church of which was probably one of Leland's four. It must have remained in a state of preservation until the middle of the sixteenth century. One reads, at least, that in the time of Henry VII. its vicar, Robert Beverly, was buried in the choir; that in 1489 William Tilley left xls. for its repair; in 1504 John Knatchbull vs. iv*℥*. for work upon it. But in spite of the expenditure of these sums, it is now a mere shell, and was probably little more in the days of Elizabeth. The town does not seem to have contained any other public buildings of note. It consisted—after the “conflagration of Hythe”—of one long street with a few houses running up the hill; the buildings are usually called “fayr,” but that means excessively little. Its sanitary state was phenomenally bad—even for a town built in the middle ages. One may read the pleasant book by Mr Tighe Hopkins,<sup>1</sup> and acquire a good knowledge of how unhealthily a collection of human beings can live, but the perusal of the Hythe reports of 1409 reveals a state of things almost incredible. One reads again and again that the street opposite the house of So-and-so is blocked up “per skaldynge de hogges,” and this quotable is the mildest of the items. Other streets were blocked up with worse things. “The Inquisition of 1409,” says Mr Riley,<sup>2</sup> “depicts the town as being in a state of such utter filth and squalor that we are not at all surprised to learn from the ‘Release’ by Henry V. . . . that the place was devastated by pestilence in his reign.”

To such a pitch of wretchedness had the Port attained that the townsmen petitioned to be allowed to leave the town in a body. This happened in 1414, immediately after the great fire. The fire is placed by different writers in different reigns. Leland times it, as we have seen, and most accounts place it, in the reign of Henry IV. This is

<sup>1</sup> An Idler in Old France.

<sup>2</sup> Hist. Man. Comm., Report 5.

not impossible, but the release itself was granted in the second of Henry V. It is curious, however, to find that, in spite of the release<sup>1</sup> from ship-service, the town hired from Dover a ship to accompany the king when he crossed the seas on his way to Agincourt. This fact is vouched for in a curious way. In the accounts of 1419 there is recorded a payment to a man who had defrayed the costs of ship and men. He had then received from the town a bad "gold farthing," and now, four years afterwards, he was repaid that large sum. The hiring of the ship cost 6 marks.

We may thus imagine that Hythe lost its houses and its ships by fire, and its men by pestilence. It is a significant fact that in the year following that of the release Archbishop Chichele granted—or rather rented for a term—to the corporation the right to elect a bailiff of their own choosing. It is probable that the moneys that the archbishop's men collected were hardly worth the having. The administration of the Primate seems to have weighed doubly hard on the place. From the inquisition of 1409—the one that reveals the miserable state of the town—we learn that no improvements in the roads or harbour could be made without the sanction of his Grace, and this was extremely hard to obtain. When a "skaldyng de hogges" was to be removed, or a drain to be constructed to carry off the surface-water, it became necessary to bribe the archbishop with a porpoise or a salmon. Perhaps, too, the "20*d*." which was given to his Grace's steward "that he might utter to our lord good words for this town," was spent with a like purpose. But with a bailiff of its own these things could be better contrived, and from the date of the release the town began to prosper again. The fire, at least, swept away the house-high piles of dung without leave of his Grace or of his Grace's steward. The calamity, like so many others—like the Fire of London—was a blessing in disguise.

The history of the corporation of Hythe may be considered as

<sup>1</sup> The release was from five years' ship-service.







SANDGATE.





generally typical of that of most of the Ports. According to Domesday Book, as we have seen, the 231 burgesses (225 in the manor of Saltwood, and the six that, in the manor of Sandton, were subject to the extinct Monastery of Lyminge), all belonged to Christ Church, Canterbury, of which later the archbishops were titular chiefs. In the reign of Henry II., it is true, the manor of Saltwood fell to or was seized by the king. Lambarde's account of the forfeiture is as follows: "Before such time as this castle came to the hands of these archbishops, it was of the possession of *Henry of Essex*, who held it of the See of *Canterbury*, and, being accused of Treason by *Robert of Mountforde*, for throwing away the King's standard and cowardly flight at a fight in Wales, to the great hazard of King *Henry* the second, being then in person thereat, he offered to defend it by his body against *Robert of Mountford* and was by him vanquished in the combat and left for dead: But the Monks of *Reading* took him up and both recovered him to life and received him into their Order, exchanging the Naturall death for that time to a Civill."

It is curious to note that a De Montfort was the accuser in this matter, for it was a De Montfort who forfeited the castle for his non-adherence to Henry I. It is possible that De Montfort had in view the recovery of his ancestral domains. If he did, he was disappointed, for the king retained the castle in his own hands. This proceeding—manifestly unjust—was one of the chief causes of the quarrel between Henry II. and St Thomas of Canterbury.<sup>1</sup> The contrition of Henry after the martyrdom of that sturdy upholder of the Church's rights did not lead

<sup>1</sup> Matthew Paris quotes a writ of Henry II. which runs as follows: "Sciatis quod Thomas Cant. Episcopus meus pacem mecum fecit ad voluntatem meam, et ideo præcipio tibi [the King's son, Henry], ut ipse et omnes sui pacem habeant, et faciatis ei habere et suis, omnes res suas, bene, in pace et honorifice, sicut habuerunt

tribus mensibus antequam exirent Anglia: faciatque venire coram vobis, de melioribus et antiquioribus militibus de honore de Saltwood, et eorum juramento faciatis inquire, quid ibi habetur de feodo Archiepiscopatus Cant. et quod recognitum fuerit esse de feodo ipsius, ipsi faciatis habere."

him to restore the manor to the Church. It remained in the hands of the Crown until the time of John, when it once again became the property of the archbishops. What form the corporation took under the king's governance cannot be discovered. Curiously enough, an ordinance of the 30th Edward III. is addressed to the mayor and jurats of the town, but the style is probably only a clerical slip.

We have seen that the burgesses of Romney attempted to bribe Richard III. into conferring a bailiffship of its own upon their town: those of Hythe were bolder, more contumacious. They occasionally made the place unpleasant for an archiepiscopal bailiff; they sometimes forced the archbishops for the time being to grant them the lease of a bailiff's interest, sometimes even prescriptively elected bailiffs obnoxious to their "neyghbare" of Saltwood. At least one gathers as much from a passage in a letter from Archbishop Morton to the jurats: "The office of the Baillewyk of Hythe hath be unrighteously occupied a long season time passed to the displeasure of God and farre from due order and good rule as ye knowe well." Morton appoints to the Bailiwick a certain John Mitchel, and adds, "I trust he wolle so behave hymself in the exercising of the same that God shal be pleased and every manne reasonable contented withe hym." The town, however, held the lease of the Bailiwick almost continuously up till the time of Archbishop Cranmer. This reformer sold the jurats a ninety-nine years' lease of the privilege. Henry VIII., however, cast longing eyes upon the manor of Saltwood, a proceeding which ensured its surrender to the Crown. Then the lease was revoked and the poor townsmen fell into the hands of King Stork, who behaved more ill than his predecessors. In 1575, however, at last Elizabeth granted them an elective mayoralty.

At the time of this queen's survey the town boasted, besides the mayor and the twelve jurats and twenty-four commoners, a "customer, a controller, and a searcher, one hundred and twenty-two inhabited houses, two creeks and landing-places, the one called the Haven, the

other the Stade." The memory of the latter is still preserved in the name Stade Street. The navy of the port is catalogued as follows: "17 tramellers of 5 tunne, seven shoters of fifteen, three crayers of thirty and four of forty." The number of persons employed in the fishery reached 162.

Of the manners and customs of the inhabitants one catches glimpses in the records. One knows that once a-year, or more frequently, if occasion demanded, they held on the sea-shore Inquisitions touching fishery matters; but, as is natural perhaps, the records preserve most frequently accounts of the misdoings of individual townsmen.

"The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good is oft interrèd with their bones."

Thus one reads that in 1422 there was a large colony of Frenchmen who refused to swear allegiance to the king, and who occasionally broke his peace. Licensing matters, too, were a continual source of trouble, the ladies being the worst offenders in the matter. One reads constantly of breweresses who broke the law and sometimes did not respect the persons of the law's officers. They also persisted in selling ale by the cup—a serious offence, *Edwardo Quarto rege*. Incidentally one learns from a paper of the Hundred Court of the 23rd Henry VI. that the common rhyme errs which says—

"Hops and turkeys, carp and beer,  
Came into England all in one year,"—

that year being 1530. For in the paper one reads of the prosecution of a breweress for selling "*cervisia et bere*"—ale and beer. In the same return is an account of a certain wicked William Chaumberlyn, who was "a common hasedoure [gambler], . . . keeping a house suspected for men and women, sitting up late at night, and for keeping one ferrett for hunting, against the statute."

If sitting up late in the Hythe of 1445 was punishable, rising too

early seems to have been deemed even more pernicious; for at an Inquisition "held on the sea-shore," on the 28th June 1581, one Matthew Luce—who, according to one interpretation of the name, should have loved a bed—proved that he preferred the reading not Shakespeare's, by being presented and fined for casting his nets into the water before sunrise. One wishes that one's rulers to-day set their faces as sternly against undue competition. At the same session two other men, one of them a butcher, were fined for "carrying off a salmon out of the net of John Sutton of Folkestone." Salmon, not then, as now, unknown in the waters of Hythe, were sufficiently rare to be deemed literally fish fit for a king. They were reserved by the corporation as presents to the powers in the land, being preferred even to the more common "porpus." The "porpus" was nevertheless much esteemed, for we read that the towns of Lydd, Romney, and Hythe propitiated the redoubtable Jack Cade by gifts of "craspiſces."

To turn from the affairs of the corporation and its evil-doers to those of the churchwardens and the pious contributors to their revenue. One may gain a very good insight into the religious state of the town from the accounts kept during a long series of years. Thus for 1412-13 the income from the sale of indulgences amounted to *vi*li*. vii*s*. ii*d**.—a very respectable total when added to those from legacies and other sources. Some of the items of expenditure, too, are worth looking at:—

*"In primis,* In emendatione magni calicis, videlicet in  
rivettyngē . . . . . *iiii*d**."

The masons, too, who worked upon the fabric were comforted with frequent twopennyworths of beer, as well as bread and meat. The churchwardens' accounts indeed bring the circumstances of the time very close to one, and one understands better, after a perusal of

them, why it was that the decorative arts and crafts flourished in these times as they never have since, nor in all probability ever will again.

To change the subject from that of the expenditure of the arts of peace to that of the costs of the arts of war, one has only to travel as far as Sandgate, a mile or so. The roads from the coast into the uplands of this part seem to have always been regarded as worthy of especial protection. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the establishment of a watch was deemed sufficient. Thus in the time of Edward III. the watchmen provided by Denge and Romney Marshes numbered twelve, those at Brodhull—presumably Dymchurch—nine, and those of Sea-Brook and Sandgate sixteen. The duty of providing these men was laid on the adjoining villages, very much as certain towns were made contributors to their adjacent ports. Henry VIII., however, supplemented these watches by the string of castles which he built along the coast-line between Sandown and Seaford. He seems to have taken a certain amount of trouble over the sites of these fortresses. According to Hall's Chronicle, "When invasions by the French and Germans was feared, 1539, . . . his Majesty, without any delay, took very laborious and painful journeys towards the sea-coasts." In one of these he is said to have come to Sandgate. According to the following item in the accounts of Folkestone corporation, he visited the neighbourhood again four years afterwards:—

"For wine given to the company coming with the King's Grace  
to the town of Folkestone upon Tuesday, 2nd day of May  
*anno regni Henrici Octavi xxxiiii*°. . . . xxviis. od. ob."

From this it would seem that Henry first visited the place in 1539 to choose a site for his castle, and returned to inspect it after its completion. It took a little more than a year to build, being begun in

1539 and finished in 1540. A manuscript in the Harleian Collection<sup>1</sup> gives the expenditure on the building, descending to the minutest particulars. One learns that the eight small vanes on the towers cost 5s. apiece, the great one 10s., the lock of the outer gate 13s. 4d., that there were employed 147,000 bricks at 4s. 4d. per 1000, and so on. The stone, with which principally the castle was built, was brought by boat from the Folkestone quarries. According to a writer in the '*Archæologia Cantiana*,' a fisherman named Young had been rewarded by the king for the invention of a new method of tide-floating stone. This was tried at Sandgate, but seems to have proved—there at least—unprofitable.

In 1534 we read that sea-coal was brought to Hythe by the "St Nycolas of Sowolde" and the "John of Downwithe," in 1540 by another Dunwich ship. How the coal came from the mines to Southwold and the other port is not explained. Both the Norfolk towns were, however, intimately connected with the Five Ports, and their vessels may possibly have been employed by the town of Hythe. From Hythe the coal was brought to the castle, where it was sold for a price equal to about £3 per ton. The student of such matters may get a very fair notion of the tools used by the artificers in these days. One reads of "takke-hooks for flesshe," which are ferocious in name, and of "skimers for the plumber," and so on.

The finished castle seems never to have seen any warlike service, though Defoe mentions in his '*Tour*' that it was of service to the fishermen, who, when pursued by the French, ran in under the shelter of its guns. It was visited, as I have said, by Henry VIII., and in 1573 Elizabeth lunched there. In the last century they were accustomed to show the bed in which she slept. It was said to have been a very magnificent affair; but, unfortunately for its authenticity, history asserts that Elizabeth passed the night following her visit to Sandgate at

<sup>1</sup> Harl. MS. Colln., 1647-1651.

Dover. She may, however, as is asserted by a loyal upholder of the little town, have had an afternoon nap in its recesses.

Very shortly before, the Castle had been connected with a rather pitiful story. The queen's Serjeant-Porter had committed the grave indiscretion of secretly marrying the Lady Mary Grey, sister of Lady Jane of unhappy memory. Elizabeth could not brook the union of a mere gentleman-domestic with a lady so nearly related to her august self. The unfortunate Serjeant-Porter was thrown into prison for a number of years, several of which he passed in Sandgate Castle, whilst the equally unfortunate Lady Mary was imprisoned in the house of Sir Thomas Gresham. Gresham was forced, against his will, to treat her with some barbarity. But neither of the pair showed any contrition, for in 1570 the husband wrote to the queen petitioning her to allow him to return and live with his wife, "as the laws of God direct." Such a letter, however, was not likely to bring him any relief—indeed his prison was made so hard for him that within six months he was dead. His wife, who is described as being a tiny and childlike personage, showed a proper spirit of resentment for what was practically the murder of her husband. She insisted on being called by his name, whereas before she had been content to pass as Lady Mary Grey. Sir Thomas Gresham petitioned in vain for permission to allow her to wear mourning. It is curious to consider that had not both the sisters of Lady Jane Grey married below them, the course of English history might have been changed. There was, at least, a possibility that Elizabeth would have designated the elder as her successor.

As the centuries go on the records of Hythe grow less, those of Folkestone more, full of human interest. The two sets overlap in the sixteenth century—indeed one hears very little of Folkestone before then. As I have said, the corporation had hardly any income—hardly any source of income save a sort of royalty on the proceeds of the

fishery—a royalty which was paid in kind. Elizabeth granted the place a mayor, and it is shortly after this granting that the town and its records begin to grow interesting. The Elizabethan records show that the townsmen borrowed their ceremonies very directly from the other towns. On mayoring day the mayor, jurats, and barons marched round the town preceded by trumpeters and archers, and wearing their scarlet robes; the actual change of mayors taking place apparently in the parish churchyard. Afterwards they dined together in public at their own charges.

Although the town was gratified by incorporation, the townsmen seem to have fought rather shy of municipal honours, and, in particular, to have resented paying for the mayoring dinner. The full penalty of recalcitrance was never, as far as I have been able to discover, actually put in force, offenders generally giving in before the awe of threats, but the early centuries of Folkestone's municipality seem to have been checkered by a good many unpleasantnesses.

The mayoring ceremony itself did not always proceed without a hitch. Thus in 1650, at the very outset of the proceedings, one of the newly elected jurats became contumacious. The good man's name was Medgett, and Dickensian by name, he was almost Dickensian by nature. He flatly refused to be made a jurat, and exhibited the utmost disrespect for the mayor and his henchmen. "Before I come to be jurate in this towne you shall first put my head in the stockes," he said. Perhaps he meant "in the pillory." The mayor threatened him with imprisonment. "Over shoes, over boots," he answered, which one may translate as "In for a penny, in for a pound." It is pleasant to think of the consternation in the churchyard. The wise mayor and the rather hot-headed jurats were nonplussed. Their grey beards wagged together. In the end better counsels prevailed, and Medgett consented to serve: his fine was remitted. Two or three years afterwards he became mayor, and the resolution of the town



council is recorded: "All former passages concerning this business shall be forgotten and buried in oblivion." So Medgett is forgotten. It is only those among us who grub in records or read epitaphs—for on the foolhardy jurat's tombstone his services to the town are testified to—that know anything of the thrice-famous deeds he wrought in ancient days.

Medgett disposed of, the mayoring procession proceeded on its course. But it was not to come to a close without another scandalous and untoward incident; for in Rendavowe Street—we spell it "Rendezvous" to-day—a prototype of Mr Bumble became suddenly contumacious—abusive indeed. The mayor argued gravely and kindly with him. He replied in very nearly Mr Bumble's own words. The mayor sorrowfully told him that his language was incompatible with his high office and asked him to resign. He replied by snapping his fingers in his worship's face, and, becoming physically violent, was removed.

The corporation seems to have had a vast amount of trouble with its officials. It certainly treated its town clerk very badly—was continually fining him large sums to be deducted from the smallest of incomes. On one occasion a town clerk actually bolted and took up his residence in Hythe, whither litigants and others were forced to follow him—"to their great inconvenience."

The corporation, in fact, was vastly severe—hard upon evil-doers. It seems, however, to have tried to do its duty. Thus, having petitioned in vain for a grant towards the making of their harbour, the entire corporation made a pilgrimage to Canterbury in 1573, "to wait upon the Queen's Majesty for an answer to the supplication that was put in to her there." They expended *vi<sup>li</sup>. vis. viid.* upon an entirely unsuccessful journey. Nothing daunted, they begged her to visit the town in the course of her progress. But although she lunched at Sandgate, she passed by outside Folkestone. The corporation waited

upon her on the Downs, but she took no notice of them, being engaged in extorting from the Archbishop of Canterbury a magnificent horse that he had there.

The town had the mortification of seeing the stone for the making of the harbour that Elizabeth granted to Dover quarried in Folkestone quarries. As long as there was any hope of Folkestone's being able to build a harbour of its own the town refused to allow its stone to be exported, but in the end they had to resign themselves, and made the best bargain they could. Nevertheless, the corporation did not slacken in its efforts to keep open its harbour as it then existed. It was formed by mud-banks at the mouth of a little river that modern improvements have hidden beneath the pavements of the lower town. The force of the stream, however, was insufficient to keep the haven scoured. The deficiency of the river the corporation attempted to supply. In 1643 it was ordered "that, at beat of drum, or any sufficient warning, all and every householder within the said town shall repair to the said harbour furnished with shovels or other fitting or meet tools or instruments for the cleansing, scouring, and expulging of the said beach out of the said haven," under forfeiture of *viâ*. It is pleasant to think of the effect of the "beat of drum or any sufficient warning" upon the householder of the said town to-day. One imagines that the municipality would receive a comfortable number of sixpences.

From the order of the same date we learn that the mayor and jurats "do hold it an abuse if hogs and swine go about the town without some owner or his assigns to follow it."

Sedulous for the public weal of the town, the corporation seem cheerfully to have contributed money for the defence of the kingdom. Thus in Armada year they paid the "special cess" towards the costs of the navy, and in 1590 "a cess is ordered towards the setting forth of the shipping in the great viage to Cales [Cadiz] in Spain, under the conduct

of the most valiant captain the Earle of Essex, his honour, and the Lord High Admiral." The cess was the outcome of a "special commandement," and was "not to be drawn into a precedent."

It would, perhaps, have been better for the Crown if towns like Folkestone had not proved so complacent. The payment of the "special cess" *was* drawn into a precedent—a precedent which cost Charles I. his head. Hythe was a little wiser and somewhat wittier in these matters. To one of Charles's demands it returned a flat refusal, and added the offensive joke "that it is not the season for green plums." The Exchequer demand had been sealed with green wax.

During the visit of the Earl of Essex to Folkestone in 1596—he was perhaps trying to ensure the passing of a later special cess—a small disaster overtook the town, for we read in the accounts—

"Item, paide for a lanterne which was lost when the Earle of Essex passed through the town . . . . . xiid."

The town again paid a special cess of 40 marks towards the expenses of the 1619 expedition against the Algerine pirates.

The Corporation seem to have set their faces as strongly against evil-doers as against unaccompanied hogs. For instance, in 1599 "Stephen Smith and his family were banished from the town for being lewd persons and refraining from church." If they returned they were to be whipped at the cart's tail and again ejected from the place. Those were the wicked; the poor seem to have been in almost as bad a case. These, for instance, were all the worldly goods of William Wilson, who died in 1599: "A badde fether bedde, a badde fether pillow, 3 sheettes, a badde coverlet, 2 pewter dishes, and one old kettle." One feels sorry for poor Wilson, who died so poor at the end of so rich a century; perhaps, could he have lived on into the next, he might have added a few more articles of furniture to his scanty array—which, by the bye, the town sold to a fisherman for xivs. 6d.

Whilst the corporation was careful of the morals of the town, it did not neglect to provide occasional refreshment and amusement for the inhabitants. Thus we read :—

“ Paid for beer when the late Queen’s funeral was solemnised . . . 2s.”

There were dramatic amusements too. In 1569 the “Queen’s players” visited the town, receiving *iiis. ivd.* for the entertainment they provided. Shortly afterwards came “the Lord Worster’s men,” who were paid no more than *is. viiid.*—one quarter of a solicitor’s fee. It has been argued that, inasmuch as players came to Folkestone, as Shakespeare was a player, as Shakespeare had undoubtedly seen Shakespeare’s Cliff, therefore Shakespeare played before the mayor and jurats of Folkestone. Besides, as some one once said to me, since he certainly stood on the top of the cliff, he must have been journeying between Folkestone and Dover or between Dover and Folkestone. Perhaps he did come, perhaps he did play—perhaps he played “Hamlet.” I wonder, if he did, what the mayor thought of the play. Perhaps his worship interrupted, as did the citizen and his wife, the course of the play called the “Knight of the Burning Pestle.” If so, one wonders whether Shakespeare as patiently supported the interruptions as did Goodman Boy with his “Thus much for what we do, but for Ralph’s part you must answer for yourself.” One wonders, too, what was Shakespeare’s share of the *is. viiid.*

For the rest, Folkestone produced besides its mayors one great man—William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. One may read his mother’s epitaph in the church. One learns that she was “a goodly, harmless woman, a chaste, loveing wife : a charitable quiet neighbour, a cōfortable friendly matron : a prudent diligent huswyfe,” mother of “7 sons and 2 daughters.” Harvey was born in 1578 and died in 1657.

Having written so much of the gravity and seriousness of a mayor

of Folkestone, one may fittingly conclude by quoting an epitaph on one of these tremendous personages—an epitaph which shows how seriously they took themselves. John Pragnell was four times mayor, and for sixteen years lieutenant of Sandgate Castle, which justifies the epithet of the second line :—

“Underneath this stone doth lie  
The representative of Majestie.  
Death is impartial ; *a bold serjeant he*  
*T’arrest a Portsman in his Mayoralty.*  
A magistrate upright and truly just,  
Once here chief ruler, alas ! now turn’d to dust.  
But here’s his glory : ’Tis but a remove  
From this frail earth, to be *enthron’d* above.”



LYMINGE CHURCH.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE PORT OF HYTHE, THE TOWN OF FOLKESTONE, AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD—*continued.*

OF all the watering - places on this part of the coast, Hythe is the pleasantest. Indeed it is not until one has travelled far to the west of Bournemouth, and has come upon villages like Charmouth, that one will find anything so sleepy, so comfortable. This is not because Hythe has not been "opened up." All round the little town itself one finds the laughable shelters that one calls houses. On the sea-coast there are the ugly barracks which the 'Sixties and 'Seventies deemed appropriate for the confronting of old Ocean. Inland the later villa-residences, spread over the hills, peep down upon the town itself. But the floating population of the place is more solid, more stolid, than that of places like Hastings. It argues a certain amount of civilisation in

THE HARBOUR, FOLKESTONE







Ships at anchor, Liverpool



the frequenters that they have the taste to prefer the tranquillity of Hythe to the wilder joys of more pagan places.

The old town itself is preserved after a fashion—a sufficiently pleasant fashion. One may pass through its long, winding street and remain unaware of the tooth-stump barracks on the sea-shore, of the villas on the hills. The pervading charm of the town itself is that of sleep—the inheritance of the beloved. One may enter it never so glowing, with the spur of the sea air, the excitement of the salt winds, but in the little, grey, sheltered streets one at once falls into a blessed half doze. One walks on with half-shut eyes, is pervaded by a sense of indulgence for the follies of oneself and one's neighbours. One is back in a century—some beatific century that one cannot name—when nothing hurried, nothing was passion-worn, nothing strove; when every one was at peace with his neighbours, when the greatest of crimes was that of sitting up late o' nights. Perhaps even, those malefactors were too lazy to go to bed.

The sense of leisure is enhanced by the narrowness of the long street. Even if it were not a sin, one cannot hasten. If one walks rapidly, one comes round a sudden corner full butt against a leisured person lounging in the opposite direction. If one drives swiftly, one's reproachful horse runs into a sleepy brother. Then one feels the hot blood of confusion mantling the cheek. One has sinned against nature and the spirit of the place. There is nothing to hurry after. The very trains behave seemly. They say that a belated passenger may wave his umbrella at a departing tail-lamp and the train will return to the station. Even the tradesmen of the town remain comparatively uncontaminated by the spirit of modernity. The hapless class—called “visitor” by natives—escapes almost unshorn. One may buy a pound of butter for quite a large sum less than double the elevenpence of the dairy-man. The town clock, too, is merciful—for a clock. It ceases work now and then; time has no value, no fears, for the in-dweller of Hythe.

One grows indulgent, as I said — forgets to look for monuments. Thus the few that are to be seen strike one with unwontedly pleasurable emotion. One comes suddenly, for instance, upon the *sogenannter* Smuggler's Nest, and it seems phenomenally interesting. It is, indeed, the most picturesque feature of the street, this ordinary little cottage with an extraordinary little upper room standing out of the middle of its roof. It is very dilapidated, very tumble-down; one imagines that it must be a thorn in the side of "improvers" of towns and hamlets. The crow's nest at its summit is said to have served the free-traders as a look-out place, as a signalling station. One does not know why they should have selected the worst possible situation for their felonious proceedings—a place so noticeable that it can hardly have escaped the observation of individuals even so picturesquely obtuse as a preventive officer. But then, they say that no preventive officer dared show his nose in the town under the hill.

Very near the Smuggler's Nest is the town hall, a Georgian edifice standing on pillars between which the markets were held. One passes under the town hall up a passage closed in by high grey walls, turns to the left, turns to the right, and reaches the parish church, an edifice, restoration apart, that confers a certain splendour on the whole town and port. The restorations are singularly complete. Except for the inspired completeness of plan of the original builders, there is nothing to show that one is not inspecting a modern imitation. One is driven to wonder why it is that no member of a religious body seems able to see that worship in a place that bears the marks of a venerable age is more conducive to the wellbeing of religion than worship where nothing is to be seen but the newness of a plaster-work cheap enough to suit their purses. The older religious were content to build more slowly, but in the end they got better value for their money, and retained a surer hold on the faiths of their congregations. Looking up at the walls of the choir from the floor of the body of the church, at the

spring and the soar of it, one understands what it was that opened the purse-strings of the faithful in the old days.

The great height and the coherence of the decorations, the rows of little marble columns of the clerestory, all combined to produce an emotional feeling. The spectacular effect of descending processions must have been altogether overpowering in those old days. Considering the richness of it all, one understands better what must have been the power and the resources of a capital member of the Five Ports in the thirteenth century—when they were in their glory. One understands it better here than in any other building of the Ports; for there is neither church nor castle elsewhere in them to equal it, to reach to the edge of its perfection.

The body of the church contains a certain amount of earlier work of one period and another. There is a late Norman arch in the south aisle, and a number of heavy pillars—defaced by ugly pointing—separate both aisles from the chancel. But the body of the church has been so roughly handled by successive generations of alterers, medieval and Victorian, that it is more than difficult to tell where one style ends and another begins. There is, however, a very pretty piscina in the east wall of the north transept, whilst in the north wall of the same part is an ambry. One sees blocked-up doors and traces of arches in many parts of the church—indeed the whole building is full of unexpected features that rather confuse the searcher after dates. The choir is, however, the chief thing worthy of note in the place. It stands for the high-water mark of the work of a particularly inspired period; it is as good work of its kind as it would be possible to find in this world. More one can hardly ask. Above the choir steps, at the very apex of the wall above the arch, is a peculiar small arch, pierced right through the wall itself. Most probably it served to give light to those passing through the passage from the rood-loft to the southern part of the clerestory passage. Beneath the choir, in the crypt which contains the bones, there are a number of arches of a peculiar

type, as far, at least, as their mouldings are concerned. They, too, ask rather puzzling questions, being apparently of later date than the choir that they sustain.

As regards the outside of the church, one has to be at some distance before one realises its real magnificence. One sees it best on approaching the town from the east. There it seems to rise portentous out of a mass of leafage, very radiant and rejoicing. The present choir roof is very much lower than it must originally have been—indeed it hardly appears above the walls of the clerestory, a fact which imparts a rather exotic appearance to the whole building.

The tower is a piece of eighteenth-century work, for in 1748 the whole of the original fell down. It contains a door of unmistakable churchwarden origin, but its actual stonework is rather pleasant to look at. From the north wall of the church, immediately above the rood-loft, rises a curious little conical tower which common report asserts to have been a receptacle for treasure during times of storm and stress. It was, however, more probably intended for the sanctus bell, a fact vouched for by its position. Near it is a nineteenth-century stone chimney, ornamented by an unornamental chimney-pot. One hesitates whether to assign this to Mr Street or to Mr Pearson, to the tender mercies of which pair the unfortunate building was handed over by its custodians—custodians who loved it not too wisely but much too well. It is comforting to see that the very stones of this erection are crumbling and cracking after their short and ungraceful term of years—comforting to think that whoever restores it, cannot without undue trouble make it more ugly.

In the crypt, to which I have already referred, are preserved the bones of which Hythe is not unduly proud. Those interested in them assign them to the victims of some wellnigh prehistoric contest between Britons and Saxons, between Saxons and Danes, or between Hythe folk and the French. The more sceptical deem them of ordinary churchyard origin. There is nothing to prove that the holes in the skulls were

made in the death-hour. One, however, proves to the satisfaction of the medical faculty that its owner survived the infliction by some years. There is nothing, in fact, that proves anything in connection with the origin of the bones. They are none the less impressive in their way.<sup>1</sup>

"I was a child not yet four years old, and yet I think I remember the evening sun streaming in through a stained window upon the dingy mahogany pulpit, and flinging a rich lustre upon the faded tints of an ancient banner. And now once more we were outside the building, where, against the wall, stood a low-eaved pent-house, into which we looked. It was half filled with substances of some kind, which at first looked like large gray stones. The greater part were lying in layers; some, however, were seen in confused and mouldering heaps, and two or three, which had perhaps rolled down from the the rest, lay separately on the floor. 'Skulls, madam,' said the sexton; 'skulls of the old Danes! Long ago they came pirating into these parts: and then there chanced a mighty shipwreck, for God was angry with them, and He sunk them; and their skulls, as they came ashore, were placed here as a memorial. There were many more when I was young, but now they are fast disappearing. Some of them must have belonged to strange fellows, madam. Only see that one; why, the two young gentry can scarcely lift it!' And, indeed, my brother and myself had entered the Golgotha, and commenced handling these grim relics of mortality. One enormous skull, lying in a corner, had fixed our attention, and we had drawn it forth. Spirit of eld, what a skull was yon!

"I still seem to see it, the huge grim thing; many of the others were large, strikingly so, and appeared fully to justify the old man's conclusion

<sup>1</sup> Borrow certainly believed in the Danish origin of some of the skulls—indeed, speaking of one of them, he says, "I never forgot the Daneman's skull; . . . it dwelt in my mind as a boy, . . . and from that moment with the name of Dane were associated strange ideas of strength, daring,

and superhuman stature; and if, long after, when I became a student, I devoted myself with peculiar zest to Danish lore, I can only explain the matter by the early impression received at Hythe."—Lavengro, chapter ii.

that their owners must have been strange fellows ; but compared with this mighty mass of bone they looked small and diminutive, like those of pigmies ; it must have belonged to a giant, one of those red-haired warriors of whose strength and stature such wondrous tales are told in the ancient chronicles of the north, and whose grave-hills, when ransacked, occasionally reveal secrets which fill the minds of puny moderns with astonishment and awe."

The part of the town near the church has a certain charm, the charm of grey walls topped by trees, of steeply descending courts, of serpentine streets that lead nowhere in particular. On the other side of the narrow street of the town one meets with the canal, its banks bordered by avenues of lofty trees, pleasant enough on a sunny day. There is even a reading-room where one may gather in the latest of news concerning an outer world that does not matter in the least. One may also, I think, borrow books to read on the beach ; but what class of literature one finds there I do not quite know.

One reaches the sea by an avenue of excessively gnarled trees, trees beaten about and torn by the storms of a century or two. This they call "The Ladies' Walk." Who the ladies were that walked there one cannot discover. Perhaps they enjoyed life and wore pretty dresses. One need ask little more of a place than that it should let us hear the ghostly rustle of muslin, the merest, faintest rustle, and the merest, faintest echo of the witticism that those forgotten ladies tittered over in those forgotten days. One hears just something of it when one is in the Ladies' Walk—perhaps it is the name that makes one hear. The sea at Hythe is very like the sea at other places in the neighbourhood. One sees it playing at gentleness for the benefit of the children on the beach ; one averts one's eyes from the houses and sees a few ships far out on the horizon. When it is angry, in the winter when the children are gone, it foams up against the stone walls and throws shingle into the fields by the canal.



From the sea-front one has the best view of Saltwood Castle. It was so lately restored and converted into a dwelling-house that it is still too white to take its real place in the landscape. It stands in one of the valleys that run down out of the downs towards the sea, and leaves little to be desired either in situation or aspect. The ruins of the outer walls, now grass-covered and forming little mounds through which the grey stone peeps, prove its considerable size in the days when the murderers of St Thomas rode out from it to make a martyr and to prove, incidentally, the instruments of the cure of the halt, the maimed, and the blind. It remained unshorn of its fair proportions until comparatively lately, until, indeed, the earthquake of 1580 shook much of it down, and the polished tastes of the eighteenth century dictated its dismantling and conversion into a sort of quarry.

The village of Saltwood itself used to be quaint enough until the passion and profit of villa-building caused it to succumb to a kind of scarlet fever. The church in which the archbishops formerly heard mass is a small, but rather richly ornamented building, not by any means unworthy of a desultory visit. Quite near the church, too, are the American Gardens, where exotic plants and brass bands flourish in apparently harmonious conjunction.

From the village of Saltwood one may descend to the neighbourhood of the School of Musketry by rather devious and bewildering paths. Here the old and the young idea learn how to shoot. One may see a singular assortment of uniforms, for the place is used for the instruction of picked men from various regiments. The School is ugly, as only military buildings know how to be, but it is agreeably hidden by trees. It is pathetic to see, on the green space on the opposite side of the canal, stalwart men conning books of instruction, like so many unfortunate schoolboys, examining one another or stretched on the grass with the ominous little treatises in hand. Such work must add another to the horrors of warlike men in peace times, to the horrors of war itself.

A little farther to the west one may hear and see the principles of the books put in practice.

To any one walking along the dusty Dymchurch road on a hot day the continual clatter of small-arm and Maxim fire, the hiss of the bullets—most disagreeable of sounds—combine to be half-maddening. One has the white glare of road and shingle, where everything is dancing and shimmering with the heat-haze. One looks for relief to the targets which one has been in the habit of regarding as the most stable of humanly erected objects, and sees that the white squares with the black splotches on them are bobbing up and down in front of one's bewildered eyes. One imagines oneself the victim of optical delusion until the targets have absurdly curtsied a dozen times or more, and then one dispiritedly resumes the way. Why the targets bob one does not discover—perhaps it is to suit the exigencies of the markers behind the embankments, above which their black disks appear; perhaps to afford a kind of flying mark. A little farther on one is confronted by more trying apparitions, little rows of black objects presumably intended to represent Russians or French or Turks or Prussians. In either case a paternal but unæsthetic Government should be taken to task by the local representatives for making hideous an already sufficiently trying stretch of road. The martello towers are bad enough, the trying little fort at the end of the Dymchurch wall is worse, but infinitely more disturbing are the hopping targets.

As if to afford compensation, the canal between Hythe and West Hythe, which is also War Department property, is extremely beautiful. One walks between an avenue of lofty trees and is shut out from the northern world by sheer green hills with a crest of sandstone rocks jutting out of their summits. They are very lonely, so little disturbed that ravens nest among them and badgers still have their holes on the slopes. As a matter of fact, a good deal of the country is quite solitary, surprisingly so when one comes from places so peopled as

the stretch of shore to the east. West Hythe is an almost non-existent hamlet. It contains a primitive hostelry, a number of large signs announcing the procurability of refreshments, and a few very small cottages. The old church has been turned to agricultural purposes, and as a cow-byre, undergoes an honourable eclipse. There are a number of such sacred edifices along the slopes of the hill. A little farther to the west, indeed, there is a parish church—that of Fawken-Hurst—that has entirely disappeared. The vicar holds a service once every two years, preaching from the cart-tail to a large congregation, who range themselves on forms.

The road up Lypne hill is of portentous steepness—a steepness more portentous than that of any hill-road that I know. It is apparently a continuation of the Roman road, ran perhaps down to the quays. If so, one pities the slaves who had to bear the merchandise up to the heights above. They had, at least, a glorious view, but one imagines that they were hardly in a condition to enjoy it. One is scarcely so oneself, after having made the ascent. One may reach the London road at the top of Hythe hill; but if, as one ought, one dislikes the thought of anything that takes name and rise from the metropolis, one does better to descend the steep, deserted path leading eastward down to the foot of the ridge. It is a very old, very sunken, overgrown path, one of the oldest paths of all the district. Indeed, but for the fact that it concerns itself nothing at all with direction towards Canterbury, one might imagine that it was a pilgrims' track. It leads down and down and down, growing rougher and rougher, until it is nothing but the bed of a water-course. One might be anywhere—anywhere but in the immediate neighbourhood of a fashionable watering-place. But suddenly one finds oneself on a broad road, one sees the kitchens of the School of Musketry before one, and in what one calls "no time" one is back again in the narrow winding street of Hythe itself.

The road between Hythe and Sandgate is rather tedious, entirely unshaded on a hot day, unsheltered on a wet or a windy. One does better to walk along the sea-walk—perhaps it is called an esplanade. There, at least, one is out of the immediate vicinity of the villas—villas in which the most eccentric types of architecture display themselves, and seem to be much appreciated.

The sea, as a rule, is sleepy and washes the foot of the wall with a lazy murmur. But once a-year—more often in some years—it wakes up and makes a plaything of the wall, tears great masses out of it, and carries them off to unknown depths. This is more particularly the case at the juncture of Seabrook and Sandgate. Here, perhaps because of its situation in the bottom of the bay, the sea invariably works its winter will. I do not remember ever to have passed through the place without seeing works of some sort in progress. In the winter the sea is engaged in making gaps; throughout the rest of the year the local authorities in repairing them. Sandgate, indeed, feels the full force of the tremendous south-westerly gales—the very gales that have ruined so many of the Five Ports, that have been strong enough to give their names to a form of headdress. Sandgate, too, sees more than its share of wrecks. Dungeness Bay with a northerly wind is the best of sheltering-places. In the old days, before steamers had almost entirely taken the place of sailing-vessels, the bay used to be as crowded with sheltering ships as Sandgate beach is with summer visitors. Even now it has its quota of vessels, when the northern breezes blow. But if the wind shifts suddenly round the compass and blows hard from the south-west, some are almost invariably driven ashore at Sandgate.

When one was a boy at school at Folkestone one found a charming variation to a comfortless walk on the Leas in peeping over the edge of the hill down to Sandgate and seeing sometimes one, sometimes even two or three, helpless ships, very small and black, heeling

over landwards and reaching despairing, taper masts up to the clearing skies. It was exhilarating, too, to troop down to the beach and enrich one's collections with the flotsam that poured out of the poor stranded things. One found cocoanuts and oranges and bits of coal and small spars, occasionally a seaman's hat or a water-worn shoe. Sometimes—so the legend says—ships coming ashore have run their bowsprits through the windows of the houses of Sandgate Street; sometimes falling masts have crashed through roofs. The most serious blow that the town of late years has endured is said to have been connected with the wreck of the *Benvenue*. This, a large vessel, sank within a few hundred yards of the shore, where its masts formed a standing menace to traffickers on the waters. It was blown up with dynamite, and a few days afterwards the houses on the hill began to slide downwards towards the sea. Some of them were badly cracked, one or two rendered unsafe for habitation. But the most serious damages were the resulting panic that for a time kept visitors away from the town, and the excuse that was afforded for doing away with the comparatively picturesque coastguard station, which was replaced by a row of villa-residences.

Sandgate of late years has altered immensely, has succumbed to the *Zeit Geist*. Quite a short time ago it was the quietest of long streets walled in by weather-boarded houses, but these will soon be things of the past. Such as it was, the town in the 'Forties boasted an anonymous laureate, who in not quite despicable verse sang the charms of its quietness and its solitary, buxom hostess. But these, too, have passed away. On the sea-shore, almost at the foot of Folkestone Hill, stands what remains of the castle of Henry VIII. Few of the original stones are to be seen. Less fortunate than Winchelsea Castle, the poor thing was entirely remodelled in 1806, was brought into line with the martello towers. Indeed there is as little left of Henry's building as there is of the legendary castle of Richard II. It was never-

theless regarded as a potential defence until about twenty years ago, the guns that did not resist the landing of Napoleon being replaced in 1879 by "six rifled, muzzle-loading sixty-fours." These, however, were never mounted, and when the castle was bought in 1881 by the South-Eastern Railway, were removed. The last public act that distinguished the inglorious career of the fortress was the hoisting of the royal standard on Jubilee Day, 1887. During the Crimean war the place became the military prison. It was filled by members of the Foreign Legion, to whose tender mercies the shores of this part of England were confided. The troops of Prince Albert seem to have terrorised the countryside. From the oldest inhabitants one may still hear of the misdoings of these foreigners, who are said to have been the sweepings of the Saxe-Coburg jails. They robbed hen-roosts, broke windows, spoke a language that was more than criminal in its incomprehensibility, and varied their pursuits by the commission of an occasional murder. One may still in lonely villages hear the verses that commemorated the doing to death of "sweet Jemima and lovely Caroline" by a member of the German Legion. One may hear still the minute description of the wretched German's execution at Maidstone, the minute analysis of the spectators' feelings. When, many years ago, a wild Irish regiment took it into its head to run amuck through the surrounding country, the oldest inhabitants shook their heads and said, "You should have seen the Garmen Legend." These things are now mere matter of history. The soldiers are kept in with a strong hand; one no longer runs the risk, when one is being wheeled in a bath-chair through the streets of Sandgate, of being deserted by a panic-stricken drawer, and left in the midst of a conflict resembling those of the great D'Artagnan and his friends. Contrariwise, the soldiers, according to the present edition of the 'Folkestone Guide,' are respected by the local people, and thus "are encouraged to respect themselves." Sandgate has, in fact, become a perfectly safe resort for invalids, particularly for the invalid with a weak chest.

Shorncliffe camp, which runs along the whole of the ridge dominating Sandgate, is one of the outcomes of the Napoleonic wars. It was first established for the benefit of the troops who were ultimately to be driven out of Spain at Corunna. This was in 1794, and from that time until the fall of Napoleon it became a place of drilling and of assembly for all the forces in this part of the country. To that end the Hythe Canal was made. From 1815 until the days of the Crimean war the place suffered an eclipse; but at the latter date it again became the principal depot for departing regiments. It was upon its completion that the Queen made the memorable visit to Folkestone, when the hovels along the road were concealed by quilted handkerchiefs and the very gun was moved to enthusiasm. The camp of those days was composed of wooden huts. One may, in one of the numbers of 'Punch,' observe the tribulation of the dandy officers of the day condemned to inhabit a dwelling not large enough to admit a fourth player in the game of whist. They had, we are assured, to play dummy, the hardships that culminated before the walls of Sevastopol beginning thus early and with such severity. Of the original huts very few remain. Those that do have some of the pathos, some of the picturesqueness, of survivals. It is normally impossible to imagine that anything made by the hands of the English of the year of grace 1854 can have had anything of the latter quality, but one sighs for even the early Victorian when one stands near the dwellings that have succeeded the huts where one had to employ a dummy.

The present camp occupies the greater part of the table-land above Sandgate. In its centre are the drilling-grounds. Here one may see recruits of phenomenal awkwardness engaged in proving that a straight line is certainly anything but the shortest distance between two points. One may see, too, flag-signalling in progress, and one may have one's eyes dazzled by the flashes of the heliograph. One is permitted to wander about the whole of the camp; may walk through the stables,

where, as a rule, the horses are none of the best; may inspect the cooking of one's defenders' dinners. One sees the soldier in his workaday costume—a costume quite the reverse of the picturesque. He looks, in fact, like an upright convict—the unjustly condemned one—looks almost as disreputable as some of the German regiments that one sees slouching through the streets of the less-frequented towns of the Fatherland. One runs no risk of being spitted, “à la mode le pays de France.” There are no sentries apparent anywhere, save before the back-doors of officers, where they seem to be engaged in protecting the kitchen from the ingress of unwholesome viands. Even in front of the entrance to the martello tower, which proclaims itself a magazine, there appears no guard of any kind.

Once a-week, for church parade, the camp brightens up. One sees fine men in fine uniforms marching out of the military chapel. They do not match as to height, detachments of cavalry of portentous tallness alternating with those of infantry apparently selected for their smallness. Perhaps they make more difficult targets. One hopes they do. But then, at least, one sees the glitter and the sparkle that one expects to accompany the gathering of the soldiers that one is taxed to maintain. On the rest of the week one has to be content with the soldier *intime*—a soldier bearing a faint resemblance to the Mulvaney and Learoyd of another story. One meets him, too, very dusty and weighed down with a mass of implements apparently selected on the lines of the bee-hives and fire-irons of the White Knight. He is then engaged in distance-marching, an excellent occupation that was invented in Germany. Travelling on the railways, one meets him returning unwillingly to Shorncliffe, attentively watched by a pair of comrades. Then he is a deserter. As such, one meets him most often just before a regiment goes abroad. When he is caught, which happens more often than not, he is tried by court-martial and condemned to a term of days in prison. On his release he finds himself forced to serve the remainder of his term with no pay for



the greater part of the time. He has to pay for his kit all over again ; for it generally happens that the intentions of a man about to desert are sufficiently well known to his comrades. Then, the moment that he does not answer to the call of his name, the rest of his room-mates descend upon his undefended kit and appropriate it. These are the men who have taken the place of the gromets or garçons that aforesaid defended the shores of the Cinque Ports.

Folkestone one sees plainly enough from the camp. It lies across a steeply sided ravine, the eastern side of which one may climb in a lift. From a distance it presents an appearance of serried sameness whose only feature is a gigantic hotel in the foreground. When one enters it one finds a thin fringe of red-brick erections hanging on to the western skirts. This is succeeded by a belt of houses in the transition stage. There succeeds a great district of grey, cement-faced houses, houses suggesting certain dismal roads in the district called indiscriminately Kensington. Farther east one finds the erratic streets of the old town, farther still the squalid buildings of the classes that maintain the traditional splendour of Folkestone seasons.

Folkestone, since it became a watering-place, has always retained a hold on the more moneyed of those who go down to the sea in summer. It does not lay itself out to attract the ephemeral tripper. It even holds itself aloof from the sea, caters for a class that does not sit on the beach, a class that regards the sea with the platonic liking that it confers on personages both estimable and *ennuyant*. The air is not impregnated with brine, does not unduly quicken, does not render one embarrassingly boisterous. Hence its attractions for legislators who shun places more marine, places whose airs might cause them to grow lusty to the point of incurring the displeasure of Mr Speaker ; for financial gentlemen who dare not be lured by rosy health to the point of seeing stocks and shares in which they are interested all *couleur de rose*. Thus on the Leas on a Sunday one may see the Distinguished and the Wealthy rub shoulders

in pleasant contiguity, instinct with the satisfactory knowledge that they have achieved their weekly devotions and that a good dinner awaits a good appetite. The edges of prayer-books gleam along the smooth grass, the sun shines, the dresses rustle discreetly, the voices simulate the murmur of the sea. The sea itself keeps at respectful distance, acts as a good servant, silently supplying the necessary ozone. Perhaps one, if one is of that kind, notices its fineness as one notices the excellent deportment of So-and-so's butler. This is the real philosophy of a Folkestone season. This is the town's justification, its *apologia pro vitâ suâ*.

This, however, only lasts through the season, which is contemporary to some extent with that of London. If one happens to be in the town about one o'clock of an August day one is confronted with the usual crowd of children carrying spades and pails—the comfortable, happy crowd of children of the middle-class returning to its midday meal. During storm times the Leas grow deserted; one walks along the immensely long parade, on the cliff, where everything falls into perspective, meeting no one. Between the showers, ranks of schoolboys are let out to catch what air they may. They walk fast, little legs twinkling against the sky that shows between their coats and the edge of the cliff. At the end arises the mournful tall figure of the attendant usher. When the rain sweeps again on the wet asphalt they once more disappear and one has the place to oneself.

The Leas boast a stretch of undercliff where the air is always tepid, always suggests that of a perfectly ventilated room. For a long time these cliff-face walks held out against the spirit of improvement, remained touched by the spirit of wildness; but now, at last, they are succumbing to the power that scatters rustic bridges about. At the base there is an even more sheltered road; below that again, the beach and the sea.

Folkestone boasts few objects of antique interest; in exchange it has, as one may read in the 'Folkestone Guide,' a number of modern

institutions. It contains a very good reading-room, an indifferent museum, swimming-baths, cemeteries, *et patati et patata*. The parish church, which stands to the eastern end of the upper town, is a historic building of no great architectural importance. It contains one fine tomb, probably that of a member of the Criol family. It stands in a triangular churchyard which has some of the elements of picturesqueness. The modern town ends rather abruptly at the top of the High Street, and one descends suddenly into the regions of the harbour. The fishmarket, which stands on the north side of the water, is worth seeing after a good catch. One sees old houses; fishermen who seem to possess, unconsciously, the art of dressing so as to please the eye; small mounds of silver fish. The place is very shut in by the precipitous cliffs to the east. One has the feeling of being in a nook where the spirit of the age finds it hard to enter. The outgoing and the incoming of the boats is very much what it has been for centuries. One stands on the old harbour and sees below one's feet the boats glide by—the battered boats with their little crews of battered men, the nets, the untidiness, the slipshod, the makeshift. These harvesters of the unplanted are every whit as conservative, every whit as unchanging, as their brothers of the furrow. They face the elements, grow rugged, clumsily alert, and retain for ever the charm of men who drink deep breaths of pure air. On the other side of the harbour one wanders over a network of railway lines, hangs over the balustrades above the sea, crowds to gaze at the unhappy passengers new come off the water. In between the fishers and the railwaymen lie the ships of the users of the port. They are mostly foreigners, mostly men from the North—Swedes with their decks covered by piles of planking, colliers, and what not. They, like the fishermen, are as a rule untidy, and untidiness is not unwelcome in a town so well ordered as the Folkestone of to-day.

West of the harbour is a flat stretch of ground. In front of it what of the beach is used by children and nursemaids. I was sitting a year

or so ago on a seat near the casino of one of the *bains de mer* of the opposite coast. The tide was out, the sea, now a long, long way away, had left little pools of water on the sand. There came along a gentleman rather well known in France, a deputy and so on. He was dressed in the severest of blacks, wore a high hat, and had the eternal red button in the button-hole of his frock-coat. He had by his side his wife, also dressed in black, two little boys in black, and two little black dogs. They stood out against the dun sand like silhouettes. They came to one of the pools, and without a word the whole *cortège*, headed by the deputy, doffed their shoes and stockings and began gravely to paddle in the shallow waters. Such a proceeding would be impossible in a place like Folkestone—a place not more crowded and no whit less fashionable than the other. They may not, one thinks, manage these things better in France; they certainly take their sea more seriously; but that may be because they do not rule the waves, because their ships no longer sail across Channel with crews to sack and burn the towns of the Cinque Ports. To the north of the harbour, the east of the town, lie the poorer quarters, dismal enough in a town so rich. One passes through this part of the town when on one's way to the Warren—Folkestone's most noted show-place. It is a piece of foreshore caused by the recession of the cliffs before the combined attacks of the sea and of the frosts, which eat away huge masses of chalk. It contains vast numbers of fossils and a certain proportion of rare wild plants, which flourish well enough in its sub-tropical climate. It is a no-man's land, an unevenly surfaced common where one may wander quite at one's will. If one seeks fossils, one finds them best in the weird layers of sea-washed clay; if wild plants, they may be found anywhere above the water-line. One may climb the steep faces of the cliffs in places, if one be so minded, but the occupation is not one to be recommended to the normally sedentary. There used to be a railway station in the centre of the Warren, but this, I believe, is no longer available.

The northern suburb of the town is composed of the inevitable villa residences ; but things like this one knows to be inevitable. For a place of the sort the congeries of houses round the station that used to be called Radnor Park, that now is Folkestone Central, is as spacious, as spick and span, and as well planned as one could desire.

The road to the west is rather dreary. One may turn off to the right and reach the downs after a certain amount of collar-work. From their summits one has the finest of views, looking right over the head, so to speak, of the town of Folkestone, right over to the opposite shores, to the twin town of Boulogne. Through a good glass one can see Boulogne Cathedral. On Cæsar's Camp one may appropriately meditate on the Romans or the Britons ; on Sugar-Loaf Hill on the Saxons. But if one is a child, one knows how better to enjoy the historic slopes. One rolls down them sideways, catching brief, breathless, ecstatic glimpses of earth and sky alternated.

If, instead of climbing towards the downs, one continue the westward road, one passes through a series of depressing suburbs until one reaches the village of Newington. The earth between this place and Folkestone has that desultory, listless air of agricultural land that is awaiting the builder on the morrow. It seems to fold its hands, to ask hopelessly of the despondent plough, "Why again disturb my surfaces?" There is — there used to be, for perhaps it has now disappeared — a quaint cottage at a quaint elbow of the road, a thatched cottage standing beside a pool. This marks, at least it did last month, the commencement of the real country, of the real thing. The road suddenly becomes excessively beautiful, undulates, beneath the shade of lofty trees at the foot of loftier hills.

One may reach Lyminge either by turning sharply to the right or by continuing on the London road until it reaches Postling Vents. To those who are not afraid of climbing, the former is the better way. One goes up and up and up along a road that makes for the spectacular. One

has always a fine view. Even on misty days the atmosphere in these parts has always a pearly quality, an indefinable charm of greyness. On the visiting days of the Great House over the hill, this road is speckled all over its upward course with those who have business with the unfortunate, a pathetic swarm who climb and climb up the steep highway, dwindling to the merest dots as one watches them ascend. On the left of the road is the fine estate of Brock Hill.

Up above, just hidden from sight, is the Great House, the house of them that failed. Of all the many hideous erections of the neighbourhood it is the most hideous, the most comfortless in appearance, this last home to which we've "all got to go," as the country-people say. The saying is as true as it is sad. Those down near the earth slip inevitably into this atrocious place. The object of Unions, one knows, is to punish those who have committed the crime of being poor. That is well enough in a country where richness is the highest of virtues. But it is sad that those who have ward over the poor should have chosen to make the place so glaring, to constitute it a standing menace to the workers in the silent hollows amongst which it stands. I remember still the incredible, almost menacing speech of a farmer to whom I was once listening. "Ah yes," he said, "a fine life's a working farmer's. He gives the best part of days to work like mine—up in the morning before sunrise, in bed before sunset, without a moment of leisure. That for the best part of his days, for the part whilst he has any kicks left in him, any chance to get a bit of pleasure out of life. And then . . ." He motioned with his thumb over his shoulder. Above the graciously waving crest of a great dun down-slope peeped the repulsive top of a factory chimney, one of the chimneys of the Union. It stood for the man's destiny, spied down the slopes to see how long it would have to wait for him, how far down the weight of "things in general" had dragged him towards his certain goal.

One may turn to one's right immediately after passing this monstros-

ity and will reach the lonely hamlet of Paddlesworth. This is distinguished by a verse that says—

“Highest church and smallest steeple,  
Largest parish, fewest people.”

The church is a chapel of ease of microscopic dimensions, and the parish is certainly thinly populated. It claims to stand at the highest point in the county; but, unless one ignores the claims of Knockholt, one has to refuse credence to this assertion. It is, however, quite high enough to send a bold lie down. All the tract of uplands to the north of the place is really fascinating in character. Seen from below, from the Folkestone roads or from Elham valley, the downs appear bare and instinct with the monotony of the rolling South Downs; but once one has climbed the outer ridges, one walks on a table-land as unlike the bare South Downs as land can be. One travels by sunken, ancient roads between banks luxuriant with wild flowers, banks that one can only find elsewhere in Devonshire and Hampshire. Above the banks stand the thick, small, bird-filled woods that we call shaves. One is quite shut in in these sheltered roads—not left naked, as it were, beneath an immense sky. Sometimes even one can see no sky at all for the criss-crossing of the feathery branches high up above one's head. The roads plunge down precipitous valley-sides, turn and twist in the falling, are almost perilous to the driver or the cyclist. When one drives, one seems at times to sit almost perpendicularly above one's horse's withers. The roads are an index of the ancientness of this forgotten countryside. They have never been altered from the courses which they took in times when the dale-dwellers cared nothing for steepnesses; have been worn deeper and deeper into the hillsides, will go on growing deeper and deeper for ever.

Sometimes the valleys open out for a little into dales. Then one sees farmhouses surrounded by long narrow strips of green plough-lands.

The woods sweep down the slopes and, with undulating edges, touch on the green fields of the bottoms. One may imagine oneself away in the *thäler* of the Spessartwald, away in the story-land of William Morris; for is one not at the roots of the mountains?

With any luck, one may find a western road that will take one down to Lyminge. One reaches it from Itchin Hill by a quite easily discoverable highway. Lyminge itself, until quite late years, was a forgotten village, very slumberous and pleasant, lying in one of the folds of the downs. The beautiful old church formed a sort of pleasant centre for the eye. But that is all changed. The place has become a sort of summer resort for the Folkestone populace. The old church stands disconsolately on the edge of a number of mushroom erections, whose brilliant red sides and staring slate roofs fill the valley and climb the opposite slopes. The church itself is for the moment untouched, but they talk of restoring that too. It is interesting rather as a monument of immense antiquity than as an architectural achievement. It conveys the impression of mellowness, of tranquillity, of contemplative rest, as well as any building ever did. One knows at once the character of *la douce et dévouée* Ethelburga on seeing the building that she chose to lay herself in. The stonework of the walls is a curious, pleasant conglomeration of ancient stones that the builders must have found lying about ready to their hands, that they quarried out of the walls of the basilica. It is the eastern end of the building that is the most individual, the humble little choir. This, with its rough walls, its primitive air, is the legacy of the spirit of Ethelburga, of the queen who fought the good fight for years and years, and at the end rested humbly and contentedly in an upland valley. The rest of the church, for which we have to thank successive archbishops and their vicars, is by comparison clumsy and uninteresting. The church contains a primitive piscina of the rudest possible early workmanship, and a little early wood-carving. On the outer wall is a tablet which states—perhaps on



the authority of Canon Jenkins—that in the self-same spot the remains of St Ethelburga rested until they were by St Dunstan translated to Canterbury. Inequalities in the ground of the churchyard to the southwest of the church mark the site of the quondam basilica and nunnery.

A little farther up the valley lies Elham, a place which, judging from the size of the half-timbered houses that give on to what was once its market-place, must have been of some wealth and pretensions.

The length of the valley is intermittently watered by a little stream of the kind locally known as an eel-bourne. This sometimes runs, sometimes leaves its course dry, without much apparent connection with the quantity of the rainfall. When it chooses to be in evidence it adds much to the beauty of the valley bottom, winding along, a thin thread of silver among the green of the pastures.

As one travels north one reaches the country of the Ingoldsby Legends. Barham itself stands on the eastern slope of the valley, its church boldly placed on a jut of the hillside. Tappington Hall, still a fine building, stands in the adjoining parish of Denton.

If one continues to follow the northward road for a few miles, one has a glimpse of Canterbury spire, Bell Harry tower rising white and still above the sea of roofs. Striking off from the road and taking any one of the cart-tracks that ascend the western hillsides, one will find oneself at once in country very like that to the north of Paddlesworth—a forgotten country of forgotten peace. It is a little difficult to find one's way about it: no map ever succeeded in placing what roads there are in anything like their just positions; but if one is not pressed for time, has a taste for brooding hollows, green dales, and bird-filled shaves, one may do far, far worse than allow oneself to get lost in these parts. After a time one will strike one of the Hardreses or Stelling Minnis. All the villages of this part suggest the story of Rip van Winkle—they sleep for ever, each with its “little patch of sky and little lot of stars,” forgotten and content to be forgotten.

Hardres, with its French name, contains the oldest church in this part of the country—the oldest in the realm, if its upholders are to be believed. It may have had the vigour to build its church, but since those days it has never awakened sufficiently to pull it to pieces again—until the present day. From here too, however, in late days an appeal has gone forth for funds for the restoration of the church.

Stelling Minnis is a village of another type. The uplands on which it stands were at one time common-land. This, however, was gradually appropriated by squatters, and now the patches of enclosed ground cover the greater part. The squatters' cottages are for the most part surrounded by high quicken hedges, so that in the more populous quarters one walks in a kind of maze of shut-in, soft roads, with no apparent trace of human beings. If philologists are to be believed, Stelling Minnis must be of exceedingly ancient origin, "Minnis" being derived from a British word meaning a steep place. The inhabitants of these uplands are on the one part incredibly taciturn, on the other as remarkably the opposite. One explains it by the theory that the first, from dwelling so long in solitude, have lost their powers of speech; the second are thirsting for an opportunity of communication with the outer world. Of this last they would seem to have excessively little. One meets them sometimes on Stone Street bound for Canterbury market. Their vehicles are of the most ancient type; one sees covered gigs of the sort that Norman auctioneers affect—I once saw even the usually accounted extinct "whiskey" used for the transportation of bundles of fagots. Out in the great world these people have a forlorn air, though at home they are dictatorial enough. They seem to make their livings by *les petites industries*—by turning fagots into bundles of firewood, by fabricating twig-besoms and what not of the kind. They are, too, not unlike the French peasantry in another way. They bring to market things of apparently infinitesimal value. As in Normandy, one may see the women set out to walk to

a very distant market on the chance of selling a pair of fowls or a solitary pound of butter.

Stone Street, the Roman highway, lies quite close at hand. It is a broad, well-kept road, though normally an exceptionally solitary one. The local derivation of the name is attributed to the fact that the builders of Canterbury bore along this way the stones that they needed for their building, that they quarried at Lympe; I was, at least, so informed by a carrier who had travelled the road every day of his life. From the Street one may see enormous stretches of country. From where it begins its first descent towards Canterbury one catches a glimpse of the cliffs and the sea right away on the north coast of Kent; from the Farthing, at the top of Hempton Hill, one sees not only the sea and the coast of France, but an immense tract of the county and a part of that of Sussex. There is, indeed, nothing to prevent one's seeing the Leith Hill range in Surrey, though I must confess never to have found a day clear enough for the sight.

The road on descending Hempton becomes excessively steep in gradient and very treacherous in its turnings. By the lime-quarry half-way down there is as often as not a traction-engine in waiting to stop the career of the unwary cyclist. The quarry itself is vastly picturesque. The quarrymen have cut away a sheer cliff of white chalk, on the top of which grows a thin fringe of fir-trees. At night, when the kilns are lit and cast a pale reddish glow on the towering white mass beyond, the scene is uncomfortably weird. The place is, moreover, haunted, for every night at twelve of the clock Lord Rokeby rides down the hill in his carriage - and - four. He is additionally dreadful, since he himself is headless. The poor lord seems to be as eccentric a ghost as he was a nobleman. He entertains, so they say, a rooted aversion to fish-carts and travelling fishmongers, who are invariably stopped by his lordship if they venture to ascend Hempton after night-fall. This, at least, occurred on two or three occasions when I lived

in an adjoining parish. What the ghost did to the fishmonger I was never able to discover.

Legends of Lord Rokeby bulk largely among those of the countryside. He did his own hedging and ditching, consorted largely with drovers and tramps, to whom he behaved like Haroun-al-Raschid. He had bags and bags full of golden guineas, and so on, and so on, and so on. He is, of course, said to have been crossed in love. Perhaps he was.

A contemporary picture of the eccentric peer represents him as having "too much of the phlegm of the philosopher to appear amiable, and too little of the sage to attract reverence. His temper, whilst it merited commendation for a bold disdain of the restraints of fashion and encumbrances of etiquette, was sometimes censured as pertinacious; and the singularity of his opinions were [*sic*] more frequently referred to a want of common-sense than to the possession of superior talents and sagacity." "Near the stables," says Fussell in his account of Mount Morris, "at the corner of the shrubbery, still remains the greenhouse, converted by Lord Rokeby into a bath; and hither at all seasons, amidst the severest winter frosts equally as under the genial influence of the summer's sun, his lordship constantly resorted, once, twice, or even thrice a-day, and sometimes passed whole hours in the water, stretched apparently at his ease in a shallow basin, his silver beard, which had been suffered to grow to an enormous length, floating loosely on the surface."

Farther down the road, in the very bed of the valley of the Stour, stands the ancient building known as Rosamond's Bower. Here that lady, who might, like Lord Rokeby, have been described as "inspired by a bold disdain of the encumbrances of etiquette," is said to have been installed by Henry II. History does not corroborate the legend, but there are no grounds for an absolute denial of it. From very early days Westenhanger House appears to have been a royal manor, frequently being granted to great families, and as frequently reverting to the Crown. It retained a good deal of its magnificence in the sixteenth century, for

we read that Elizabeth stopped in her house at Westenhanger whilst on her progress through Kent in 1573. One can still, in spite of the attempts of an eighteenth-century Mr Champneys to make the place a presentable abode, realise the grandeur of its former proportions. The moat is dry but still traceable, the roofless chapel lies open to the skies, and one of the towers of Edward III.'s time frowns down upon the railway line. The place has become during the last few years the headquarters of a race-meeting.

Shortly after leaving Westenhanger one strikes the road from London to Hythe, and reaches the latter town walking pleasantly in the shade of trees of a certain magnificence, trees growing on the charming Sandling Park estate. The little hamlet of Pedlinge, at the top of Hythe Hill, may very possibly have been the place of meeting of the courts of Shepway. A dismantled dwelling-house at the corner where the road descends to Hythe has some of the appearance of having been a sort of court-house, though, as far as one knows, the Shepway courts were held in the open air. The place, at least, fulfils the one condition that one knows of, that of being about half a mile to the east of Lympne.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE PORT OF DOVER AND ITS MEMBER, FAVERSHAM.

SAYS Edgar Allan Poe, "To write an ode upon the oil of Bob is all sorts of a job." To write a history of the port of Dover is almost as difficult. With the least tendency to digressiveness one would find oneself writing a history of England. Even with the strictest limitation one is writing the history of the "clavis et repagulum totius regni"—the key and the lock of the whole realm. This, at least, is the opinion, these are the words, of Matthew Paris. The history of the town commences with the history of the kingdom—the histories of neither are yet finished. And these, one must remember, are histories in the large. The history of Dover has been even more than a merely national one—it has been universal, has affected the history of races as of individual nations. To England it has been of importance—is of importance as a fortress. By its very strength it has done something to keep the world at peace. When nations war they think first of the strength of the opponent. So nations, thinking of war with England, have again and again been deterred by thoughts of the strength of towns like Dover. One knows that, when England lay at the proud foot of a conqueror, when "Lewis the Dauphin" overran the country in the times of King John—overran the country, but failed before Dover Castle—that wiser king, his father, swore "by Saint *James Arme* (which

was his accustomed oathe) that he had not gained one foot in *England*." Thus Dover—as, they say, do modern armaments—made for peace. As a fortress it is national, but as a port it is more—it is cosmopolitan; for who, speaking of the Bath Road as it passes through a hamlet of three houses, calls it after the name of that hamlet? So who speaking of Dover, a milestone on the highway from earth's end to earth's end, can call it merely English? Dover thus has a double history, that of a place which has kept foes out, that—a larger one—of a port through which the tides of the world flow.

No very authentic traces of early British occupancy of Dover are to be discovered. Juvenal addresses his emperor in these words:—

“Regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno  
Excidet Arviragus,”

and from these words the sixteenth-century archæological fiction writers evolved theories that connect Arviragus with Dover. Thus Darell—one of the more trustworthy of them—in his history of Dover Castle, says:<sup>1</sup> “Romanorum castrum et auxit, et fossis quam poterat altissimis munivit ut Britanni ea ratione facilius eorum audaciæ resisterent. . . . Neque his quiescens, ipsum mare mira quadam arte exclusit, et ne quis postea portus Rutupini commoditate frueretur, perfecerat, unde ipsum castrum nomen invenit novum, id est, Dofris, vel Dobris, vel Doris. Nam, cum ante id tempus, id oppidum *Rupecestrum*, id est, *castrum super rupem*, Britanni nominarunt, propter impeditum vel prædum portum *Doris* vocabatur.” This forms, upon the whole, about as pleasant an admixture of fiction and misinformation as one could conveniently light upon. It presupposes the building of the Roman castle by Julius Cæsar—a theory as absurd as that of the Julian building of the tower of the Brutian town called Trinovant.

<sup>1</sup> The History of Dover Castle, by the Rev. W. Darell, Chaplain to Queen Elizabeth. This remained in MS. until 1797, when it was “transcribed from the original, in the library of the College of Arms, under the inspection of William Adys, Esq., then Norroy King of Arms.”

As a matter of fact, it is conceivable that Cæsar may have been in Dover, but it is impossible that he should have, during his short stay, founded any castle so considerable as that of Dover. Darell, nevertheless, makes Mandubratius the first Constable of Dover Castle.

As to the name of the place, the most reasonable theory seems to be that it is a derivative of the British word "Dwr"—a river. Ptolemy calls it Darvenum and Darvernum—and in the Itinerary of Antoninus it is referred to as Dubris. Who among the Romans founded the castle and when he took the work in hand one does not know. The tower in the castle, which is usually called a pharos, is very similar in design to the tower in Boulogne which is said to have been built by Caligula.

But whoever founded the fortresses of Dover must have seen them rise speedily to a great height. It is significant enough that of all the south-eastern towns under the command of the Count of the Saxon Shore Dover is the only one that became a Cinque Port. The others were mostly near the towns that succeeded to their dignities, but Dover retained them from the first. Lyon, the historian of Dover, rather acutely makes a point on the side of the upholders of the antiquity of the Roman fortifications at Dover. He was the first to notice that the pharoses were built of what he calls "tophus . . . a stalactical concretion, formed under water." He argues that this was imported by the Romans on account of its superior lightness, and that, since they were under the necessity of bringing the stone from over seas, they must have done so before they had been long enough in the country to discover quarries.

Dover under the Romans was, no doubt, a sufficiently spectacular town. One must imagine it rather rigid, perhaps rather ugly, as Roman towns must have been. On the eastern and western hills stood the two pharoses, later the castle arose, then perhaps the walls of Adrian and Severus, then a magnificent bath, then a Christian church. One must



fill up the rest of the town with barracks, villas, hovels, and what not ; must imagine Watling Street running straight into it—into a town, rather white, rather glaring, a place resembling in character the convict prison that is gradually slipping over the present edges of the eastern cliffs.

The form of the town slightly differed from its shape of to-day. The harbour ran farther inland, the cliffs more out to sea. In times of excavation, in places so far inland as Charlton, numbers of marine remains have been found—anchors, piles encrusted with sea-shells, and what not. Indeed, the soil between that place and the present harbour is still found to be composed of alternating ridges of shingle and sand. Leland says : “The ground which lyeth up betwixt the hilles is yet, in digging, found wosye.” This ground in Roman times would not seem to have been altogether oozy. In a pamphlet written by Mr Knocker, the late town-clerk of Dover, there is a minute account of a curious, gigantic structure, in appearance like an enormous chicken-crate, that was unearthed during the foundation-making in this neighbourhood. There seems little doubt that this was the framework of a road across a swampy strip of ground. It led in the direction of the Roman bath. The bath itself was a comparatively large building, was unearthed in the early part of last century and demolished shortly afterwards. It stood near the site of the church of St Mary the Virgin, and appears to have been built by the Roman troops stationed in the place. Tiles stamped C. I. BR. have at least been found in the floor of the sudatorium—and Lyon interprets the letters as signifying Cohors Prima Britannica. The troops stationed in the town have been identified as the Second Augustan Legion—a legion which was raised by Augustus and sent from Germany into Britain, under the command of Vespasian. For several centuries it garrisoned the western parts of the island ; but, as the troubles of the Roman Empire grew great, it was removed nearer home—to the Rutupian ports, the first cohort being stationed in Dover—in A.D. 364

or 367. The bath is thus one of the later monuments of the Roman stay in the country. Its position seems to prove that the waters of the harbour had already to some extent receded from among the hills.

Another of the possibly Roman monuments of the town is the church within the castle. Legend and Lambarde assert that this was built by Lucius, the first christened British king. Lucius himself is somewhat of a fabulous monster. According to the Calendar of Saints he was a second-century convert who cast aside his crown and became a missionary. He is said to have died at his hermitage in Coire in the Grisons, where he is, or was, deemed an apostle. On the other hand it is said that he built Bangor<sup>1</sup> Abbey and died at Gloucester. Lucius apart, there seems to be some ground for the theory that the church—or part of it—really was a Roman structure. Canon Jenkins,<sup>2</sup> who supports himself with quotations from “Vicat in his learned work ‘On Cements,’” and from Vitruvius, inclines to the theory that it was built by the Romans and restored by the Saxons—under Eadbald.<sup>3</sup>

Of the other Roman buildings, tradition assigns to the place a Roman circumvallation—but there does not seem to be very much to substantiate this. One has the fact that in the time of the Normans gates were called after Adrian and Severus — neither of which are Norman names; and Harris asserts that he saw a MS. in the Dering collection which affirmed that Dover was walled by Severus. A burial-ground was discovered in 1797 just outside what are said to have been

<sup>1</sup> He is supposed to have been a king “by courtesy” of the Romans. Nennius says: “Anno di. CLXIV. Lucius Britannicus Rex cum universis Regulis totius Regni baptismum susceperunt, missâ legatione ab Imperatoribus Romanorum et a Papa Romano, Evaristo.” —Nennius, Gale’s ed., vol. iii. p. 103.

<sup>2</sup> Arch. Cant., vol. iii. p. 29 *et seq.*

<sup>3</sup> Since the above was in print, Mr Statham’s very careful History of the Castle, Town, &c.,

of Dover has been published. Mr Statham, who is able to devote much more space to the matter than I can, agrees in the main with my general and quite tentative statement as to the church in question. I notice, however, that one or two more than usually omniscient reviewers have fallen foul of his account. Mr Statham pooh-poohs the idea of the Roman walling—doubtless quite rightly.

the limits of the Roman walls—a burial-ground of Roman origin, containing urns filled with coins which were undoubtedly Roman, though Lyon states that the inscriptions borne by them were illegible.

These are the chief facts connecting Dover with the Romans. That it was a town of importance even in those days there is little doubt. The fact that Watling Street there terminated its eastward course would alone prove its importance as a port, even if one be disinclined to believe other archæological discoveries; for a folk so practical as the Romans would certainly never have terminated a road so grand, in a country so remote, at a mere sea-bathing establishment. It is probable too that the harbour was finer then than it has ever been since, and, running up into the hills, was more sheltered, was better protected by the castle. Camden, indeed, mentions that, in his day, they were wont to show “with wonder, great arrows, which they shot out of basiliscæ.”<sup>1</sup> Lambarde, quoting Lydgate and Rosse, adds to the number of these curiosities “certain vessels of old wine and salt, which they of the castell keep to this day in memorie of Julius Cæsar,” and “which they affirm to be the remain of such provision as he brought into it.” Lambarde, however, was not vastly credulous in the matter. “As touching the which,” he adds, “(if they be naturall and not sophisticate) I suppose them more likely to be of that store which *Hubert de Burgh* laid in there.”

Of Saxon doings in the town we have not much trace left. Deeds and charters referring to them are few and far between—they limit themselves to a few deeds of grant to the religious establishments, which in later Saxon days began to grow numerous in the town. Thus, what one has to go upon is merely tradition, as far as the earliest Saxon days are concerned. Lambarde asserts that the British held Dover for some time after the Saxons had overrun the rest of the country; Darell, that Horsa was Constable of Dover Castle, but who Darell’s authority

<sup>1</sup> “Sagittæ illæ magnæ videntur, è basiliscis solitæ emitti, quas pro miraculas jam ostendunt castellani.”—Camden, *Britannia*, ed. 1586, p. 182.

may be I do not know. He says boldly, "Horsa also received the Wardenship of the Ports, and, on that account, that he might be in their neighbourhood, judged Appledore to be the most convenient of all places for indwelling."<sup>1</sup>

This tendency to associate the place with the few celebrated names that have come down from remote times probably accounts for the assertion that St Augustine reconsecrated the castle church in 596. But although the tradition is not supported by documents, it is not impossible of belief—not impossible, if we admit the Roman foundation of the church. Bede<sup>2</sup> indeed says that St Augustine was permitted by Ethelbert to restore Roman-Christian churches, and thus it is not either unlikely or impossible that he did reconsecrate the church and dedicate it to the Blessed Virgin.

The next semi-authentic Saxon work that we come across is the establishment of the house of regular canons, called St Martin's. This is, by Darell and the writers who implicitly follow him, described as the work of Eadbald—a mark of his reconciliation with the Christianity from which he had fallen away. Darell speaks of it as "a college of six canons with a provost, near Colton's gate, joining it with the church I mentioned above. . . ." Wihtraed, most probably Wihtraed II.—"allegding it was not decent for priests to live among soldiers in a garrison"—removed the college to the immediate vicinity of the Church of St Martin's, which is said to have been built by Wihtraed I. This translation took place about 696; but the college cannot have been for regular canons, for, as Canon Jenkins points out, the institution of such bodies "by Chrodegangus, Bishop of Metz, did not take place earlier than A.D. 765." In the ninth century, however, this canonry, probably owing to the policy of St

<sup>1</sup> Darell, *Hist. of Dover Castle*, ed. 1797, p. 12.

<sup>2</sup> Ven. Bede, *Opera Historica*, Stevenson's ed., vol. i. pp. 55, 56: "Erat autem prope ipsam civitatem, ad orientem, ecclesia in honorem S.

Martini antiquitus facta, dum adhuc Romani Britanniam incolerent, in qua, Regina, quam christianam fuisse prædiximus, orare consueverat." This refers, however, to Canterbury.

Dunstan, became, along with other religious buildings in the town, the property of the inevitable Christ's Church, Canterbury.<sup>1</sup>

The Saxons did not neglect the preservation of the castle—nay, more, they seem actually to have added to its strength, for during the progress of the works in 1800, very extensive traces of Saxon work were found. Who was responsible for this one does not know : it has been put down to both Alfred the Great and to Godwin. It had certainly become a fortress of the first importance before the time of the Conquest, for, as Lambarde puts it, "It was one parcell of *Harold's* oathe that he should deliver the Castle and the Well within it."

With the advent of Godwin the history of the place becomes less a matter of speculation. The town and castle became the headquarters of that extraordinarily able personage. It is usual to consider Godwin as, on the whole, a villain ; but this reputation seems to have accrued to him from the fact that the monastic chroniclers found it necessary to abuse a man who was in constant rivalry with the saint and confessor and king. Yet, upon the whole, Godwin, with his strenuousness, his determination, and his vigour, forms rather a pleasant contrast to the wavering, prevaricating, and totally useless king.

Godwin himself, as Earl of Kent, was almost as much of a king and much more of a ruler in these parts. He seems moreover to have loved his people well enough, and to have been well enough loved by them. The immediate cause, indeed, of his great rupture with the Confessor was his care for his people of Dover. Thus says Lambarde : "For I read that it chanced Eustace, the Earle of *Balloeine* (who had married *Goda* the king's sister), to come over the seas into *England* of a desire that he had to visit the King his brother, and that whiles his Herbenger demeaned himself unwisely in taking up his lodgings at *Dover*, he fell at variance with the townsmen and slew one of them. But *Nocuit temeraria virtus*, force

<sup>1</sup> Mr Statham seems to disagree with me in this account of the matter ; but his dates, owing I believe to an oversight of the proof-reader, are a little confusing.

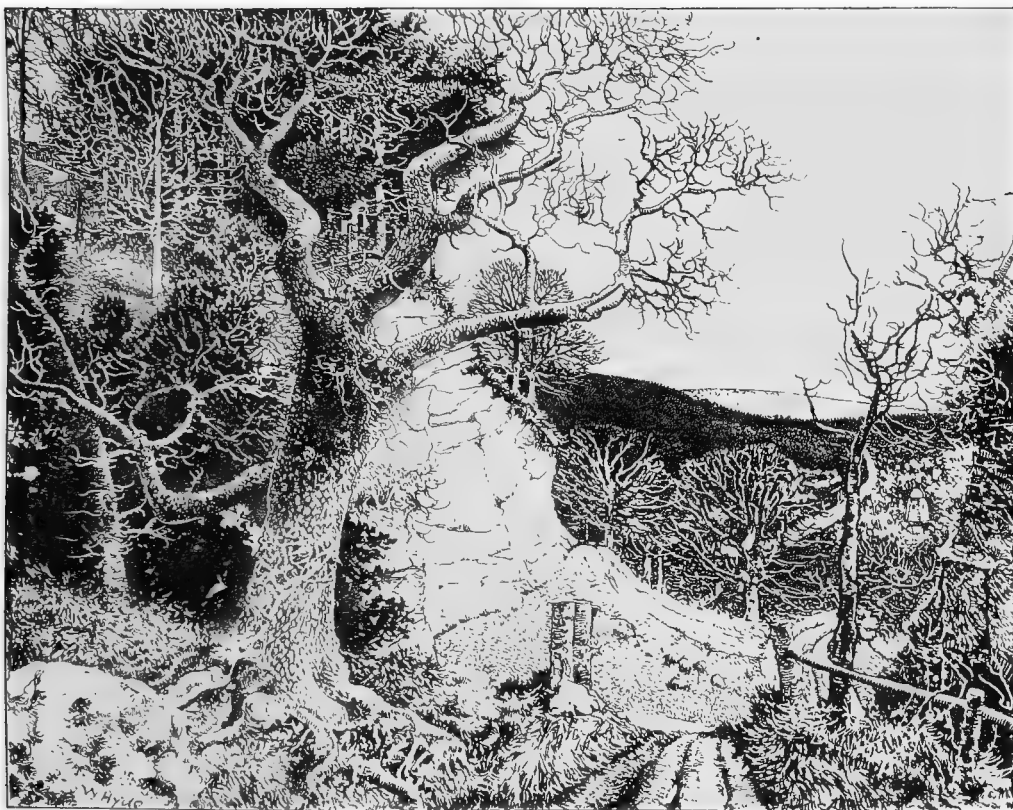
unadvised did harm. For that thing so offended the rest of the Inhabitants that immediately they ran to weapon, and killing eighteen of the Earls servants, they compelled him and all his meiny to take their flight, and to seek redress at the King's hands.

"The King, hearing the complaint, meant to make correction of the fault: But the Townsmen also had complained themselves to *Godwine*, who, determining unadvisedly to defend his clients and servants, opposed himself violently against the King his Liege Lord and Master. To be short, the matter waxed (within a while) so hot between them that either side, for maintenance of their cause, arried and conducted a great Armie into the field, *Godwine* demanded of the Kinge that *Eustace* might be delivered unto him: the King commanded *Godwine* (that, arms laid aside) he should answer his disobedience by order of the law: and in the end, *Godwine* was banished the Realme by the sentence of the King and Nobilitie; whereupon he and his sons fled over the Sea and never ceased to unquiet the King and spoil his subjects, till they were reconciled to his favour and restored to their ancient estate and dignity." This account of the matter may be accepted as correct in outline, and its picturesque-ness of diction makes it better reading than the versions of many authors whose works are impeccable. Professor Freeman makes a much more favourable case for Godwin than does Lambarde, who detested him.<sup>1</sup> Godwin, indeed, merely stood out for justice against a king foreign in ideas, a king who was aiming at introducing into a then free country the feudal manners of France. As a matter of fact, the whole incident at

<sup>1</sup> "Now that Englishmen had been insulted and murdered by the King's foreign favourites, the time was indeed come to put an end to a system under which these favourites were beginning to deal with England as with a conquered country. The eloquent voice of the great Earl was raised in the presence of the King, probably in the presence of Eustace and the other strangers. In England he told them there was a

Law supreme over all, and Courts in which justice could be denied to no man. . . . Let the magistrates of the town (Dover) be summoned before the King and his Witan and there be heard in their own defence." Prof. Freeman's authority here is William of Malmesbury, with whom Godwin was no favourite. Norman Conquest, 1st ed., pp. 136, 137.

Dover was a premonitory grumble of the coming storm of feudalism. The retainers of Eustace of Boulogne sought free lodgings in Dover, and being the retainers of a great lord expected no resistance—they would certainly have received none at home. They committed an outrage which could only be paralleled to-day if a troop of Prussian officers—retainers of William II.—took it into their heads to *einquartier* themselves in the



NEAR SIBERTSWOLD.

Dover of to-day, to slash off the head of any man who resisted them. To understand Godwin's position—the position too of the men of Dover—one should realise that such a thing would be not absolutely impossible in Germany at the present moment—and that, let us say, England was as free and as law-respecting then as now. These, then, are the principal happenings in Dover up to the time of the Conquest. In only one thing does it

differ from the rest of the ports—in the fact that it had guilds and a “gihalla” of its own. Why this should have been so is by no means certain. Ireland indeed says that the guilds were formed for the supply of ships to Edward the Confessor; but this seems to be nonsense, for one is accustomed to think that it was precisely the supplying of ships that rendered the Five Ports (together with the town of London) able to dispense with such organisations. It seems, however, remotely possible that the expression “gihalla” is itself incorrect—that the real building was nothing more than the town-hall, which by a misunderstanding of the compiler of the item in Domesday Book, was written down a “gihalla.”<sup>1</sup>

The Castle of Dover and its well were, as we have seen, things precious in the eyes of the Duke of Normandy. We know, too, that immediately after gaining the victory of Hastings the Conqueror marched on Dover, having at Romney “taken what vengeance he would for the slaughter of his men.” Dover incontinently laid down its arms. Why this was so we have no means of knowing. It seems probable that its castle was a moderately strong fortress. Professor Freeman, indeed, with his fury for exalting Harold, and without any particular stated ground whatever, asserts<sup>2</sup> that Harold built the castle. “And Harold,” he says, “the observant pilgrim and traveller, who had studied so carefully all that Gaul had to offer him, as he introduced the latest improvements of Norman ecclesiastical art into his church at Waltham, introduced also the latest improvements into his castle at Dover.” Be that as it may, there seems to be no doubt that the castle surrendered

<sup>1</sup> One must not forget, however, that the “gihalla” of Dover has a somewhat important bearing upon the arguments *re* the date of incorporation of the Ports as a whole. I touch upon the matter in the Appendix, *g.7*.

<sup>2</sup> Says Professor Freeman, note 2 on p. 536, vol. iii., of the Norman Conquest: “That the castle

which William found was the work of Harold seems implied in the demand of William, as described by William of Poitiers, that Harold should give up to him ‘Castrum Doveram, studio atque sumptu suo communitum.’” But surely this hardly affords sufficient ground for definitely asserting that Harold built the whole castle.



without blow struck. The only hypothesis which Professor Freeman brings forward to explain this is that the garrison, which may have been intended merely to serve against a sea force, had joined Harold's huscarles at Hastings—had shared their fate. In any case, William spared both town and castle, though his soldiers, perhaps irritated at not being allowed the pleasures and profits of sacking the houses, revenged themselves by "accidentally" burning them down. The actual details of the matter are rather obscure, according to Mr Freeman, who again relies upon William of Poitiers. The Conqueror "made good their losses to the owners of the destroyed houses"; but this, apart from its improbability, is seriously discounted by the statements in Domesday Book. Again, he is said to have punished his soldiers, but this is denied by the historian of the Norman Conquest. One knows only that the poor town was burnt, that William took possession of the castle, and after a stay of eight days or so marched off towards London.

He seems by all accounts to have left Dover garrisoned by the sick of his army, and to have given directions for the increasing of the fortifications. According to legend and to Darell, there then ensued the famous march of the men of Kent to Swanscombe, in which historic action they were headed, so Darell says, by a Lord Ashburnham,<sup>1</sup> who had been Harold's governor of Dover Castle. What happened then is excellently described by the excellent Lambarde, who, however, substitutes Archbishop Stigand for Darell's Lord Ashburnham. "After such time (saith he) as *Duke William* the *Conqueror* had overthrown King *Harold* in the field at *Battell* in *Sussex*, and had received the Londoners to mercie, he marched with his army toward the castle of *Dover*, thinking there by to have brought to subjection this country of *Kent* also. But Stigande, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Egelsine,

<sup>1</sup> The Ashburnhams have been long and honourably connected with the Ports, but their peerage does not date back to before the Conquest.

the Abbot of Saint Augustine's, perceiving the danger, assembled the countrymen together and laid before them the intolerable pride of the *Normannes* that invaded them and their own miserable condition if they should yeeld unto them. By which means they so enraged the common people that they ran forthwith to weapon and meating at *Swanscombe*, elected the Archbishop and the Abbot for their captains. This done, each man get him a greene bough in his hand and bare it over his head, in such wise as when the *Duke* approached he was much amased therewith. . . . But they as soon as he came within hearing, cast away their boughes and with all despatched unto him a messenger which spake unto him in this manner. *The commons of Kent (most noble Duke) are ready to offer thee either Peace or Warre, at thine own choise and election: Peace with their faithfull Obedience if thou wilt permit them to enjoy their auncient Liberties: Warr, and that most deadly if thou deny it them.* Now when the *Duke* heard this and considered that the Danger of Deniall was great tho' the thing desired was but small, he forthwith . . . yeelded to their request, and by this mean bothe he received Dover Castle and the Country to obedience, and they only, of all England, obtained for ever their accustomed privileges."<sup>1</sup>

Lambarde's authority for this—the "he" of his "says he"—is Thomas Spot—more justly, I think, William Thorne—sometime a monk and

<sup>1</sup> Lambarde adduces in proof of this statement the fact that "this Shire enjoyeth even unto this day the custom of *giveallkin descend* (*gavel-kind*) dower of the moytie, freedom of birth and sundry other usages, much different from all other countries." By "countries" he means counties. As a matter of fact, however, the Conqueror granted similar privileges to a number of other places; for instance, to the Port towns, to the town of London, and so on. The Birnam-Wood-suggesting story is, however, worth a moment's consideration. It is certainly traditional in Kent. I myself heard it from an old

lady, Mrs Walker of Bonnington. Mrs Walker herself can read, but not write, and I am quite convinced that she never read the chronicles of either Thomas Spot or William Thorne. She told me that she had it from her mother, who had it from hers, and so on *seculum sæculorum*. Now none of Mrs Walker's ancestors could plead benefit of clergy, and the tradition is without much doubt oral. For this to be so, something of the sort must at some date have happened, though I must not be understood as upholding either Lambarde or Spot or Thorne.

chronicler of Saint Augustine's at Canterbury. Freeman and the greater historians of the day sneer at William Thorne and his tale; they say that the famous men of Kent never succeeded in extorting anything whatever from the Conqueror. But this is rank blasphemy. The unhappy sequel to the story as told by Darell is that Lord Ashburnham and Egelsinus were executed outside the walls of Canterbury, though why they should have been I cannot say.

To return once more to the surer paths of sustained history, we find that when the Norman rule of the country began to consolidate itself, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, William's half-brother, became the practical successor of Godwin, being created Earl of Kent and incidentally Lord of Dover Castle. Hugh de Montfort was by him chosen as its constable. Hugh de Montfort was a despicable sort of person, one of those who mutilated the body of the dead Harold, and, either by his oppression or on account of the avarice of Odo, the men of the surrounding neighbourhood were goaded to desperation. They accordingly made a peace with the very Eustace of Boulogne<sup>1</sup> who had used the men of Dover so badly, begged him to come to their assistance, to make an attempt to get possession of Dover Castle. A well-enough planned but rather ill-carried-out attempt was duly made. Eustace, at the critical moment, proved himself the coward that he had always shown himself at critical moments; the Dover men refused any assistance, and the whole party took to flight, and were butchered. This was in 1069.

Very shortly afterwards another attempt was made on the castle by the allies of the English. This time the attack came from the sea—

<sup>1</sup> One does not know why Eustace should now be fighting against the Conqueror. He had fought against Harold and had run away at Hastings not three years before. Some writers assert that the cause of his enmity was the fact that William held prisoner Eustace's son, but this does not explain why he came to do so. Eustace, however,

is supposed to have entertained a sort of titular grudge against his powerful rivals the Dukes of Normandy, and no doubt he was merely fighting for his own hand in attempting to gain a *pied à terre* in England. This is, moreover, Freeman's view.

from the ships of the Danish allies of Eadgar Atheling. Sweyn's son was, however, beaten off without much difficulty, and from that time forward the town and castle remained the undisputed possessions of the Normans. That being so, it seems a fitting place to turn to the Domesday records, which in treating of Dover are rather fuller and more suggestive than in their mention of any other of the Ports. For that reason I transcribe the entry nearly in full :—

DOVERE.<sup>1</sup>

“Dover T. R. E. rendered 18*l.*, of which money King Edward had two parts and Earl Godwin the third. The Burgesses gave the King 20 ships, once a-year for 15 days, and in each ship were 21 men. This they did in return for his having endowed them with Saca and Soca.

“When the King's messengers came there they gave for the passage of a horse 3*d.* in winter and 2*d.* in summer. But the Burgesses found the Pilot and one other to assist him. And, if he wanted more, it was hired at his own cost. . . .

“Whoever resided in the town and rendered assistance to the King was quit of Thol throughout all England. All these customs were there when King William came into England.

“On his very first arrival in the town it was burnt, and therefore no computation could be made of what it was really worth. Now it is appraised at £40, yet the Reeve renders 54*l.* for it. To the King 24*l.* in pence of 20 to the ore, but to the Earl 30*l.* by tale.

“In Dovere there are 29 messuages of which the King has lost the custom, . . . and these all, in respect of these houses, avouch the Bishop of Baieux as their protector and liverer.

“In the entrance of the Port of Dovere there is one mill, which shat-

<sup>1</sup> Dover, it should be noted, is the first place treated of in the Domesday Book of Kent.

ters almost every ship, by the great swell of the sea, and it was not there T. R. E. Concerning this the Nephew of Herbert says that the Bishop of Baieux granted leave for its erection.

"The Men of the four laths agree that these underwritten are the King's Laws.

"If any one shall make a hedge or ditch, by which the King's Highway is narrowed, or shall throw withinside the road a tree standing on the outside there of, and shall carry away any bough or twig there of, he shall forfeit to the King 100 shillings. . . .

"Concerning adultery: Throughout the whole of Kent the King has the man, and the Archbishop the woman. . . .

"From the robber who has been condemned to death the King has the moiety of his money.

"And he who shall harbour an exile without the King's licence, the King has forfeiture for it."<sup>1</sup>

There are one or two things worthy of notice in this record. In the first place, Dover is nowhere referred to as *Terra regis*—in the second there is the "Gihalla," which has been already referred to. Exactly why there should have been this institution in Dover is, as I have said, unknown. The municipal arrangements of Dover, T.R.E., were probably more complicated than those of any of the other Ports. It had, in fact, reached a higher stage of development. Even in those early days there was more or less fully established an efficient packet-service which plied between the port and that of Witsand or Wissant, a place which has since gone the way of Winchelsea and of other of the great ports of the Channel and the North Sea. There were in Dover twenty-one wards, each of which had, in return for its ship-service, the right to run a packet-boat—and it is possible that, to the exigencies of this service, the Gihalla is due. This, however, is nothing more than an idle conjecture. Dover, too, had its pilots, a service to the state which continued to exist until

<sup>1</sup> Domesday Book of Kent, Larking's edition.

the year 1853, when the Cinque Ports Trinity House was merged into the national.

At some period too Dover was certainly walled in by the Normans, although so far as I am aware no mention of their walls occurs in any of the town records. The names of the ten gates occur frequently enough, however, among them those of Severus and Adrian, aforementioned.

The mention of Odo's mill, which so damaged the harbour, is, however, the most suggestive of the entries in Domesday Book. Odo, in striking contradiction to the public-spirited churchmen of the early medieval Church—to men like the Archbishops Becket, Peckham, and so on—seems to have been more firmly bent on self-aggrandisement than even prelates of the type of Courtenay or Wolsey. No doubt it ran in the blood. His half-brother had risen from his bastard birth in the tiny wall-nook of Falaise to fill the throne of Alfred the Great. He himself was minded to sit where St Peter sat. To this end, he exhibited the most incredible avarice. Left by the Conqueror regent of half the kingdom, he put forth his whole force for the purpose of dragging money from his unfortunate subjects; with the short-sighted avarice of his kind, even set about to kill the golden-egg-laying goose—as we have seen him in process of doing with his mill at the mouth of Dover harbour. To his practices is undoubtedly due the unsuccessful attack upon Dover and Dover Castle. Treachery to the Conqueror himself is alleged against him, with every probability. That too ran in the blood of the Norman rulers. But, even had he been spotless in the matter, his great accumulation of wealth would have rendered him suspect, for his half-brother William was no more the man to brook a too powerful under-king than was his canonised predecessor. But unlike the shifty, unsuccessful devotee, he did not seek by underhand means to undo his Earl of Kent. He very simply laid violent hands upon him and consigned him to a well-deserved prison. With the cynical respect for the Church which distinguished him, he bade his hesitating soldiers chain

up not the Bishop of Bayeux but the Earl of Kent, and there was, once and for all, an end of earls of that kidney.

The Bishop, at the time of his arrest, is said to have been actually on his way to buy the Papal keys. Lambarde's account of the finding of Odo's wealth is convincing enough, if untrue. "He had," says he, "by rapine and extortion raked together great masses of gold and treasure, which he caused to be ground into fine powder, and (filling therewith divers pots and crocks) had sunk them in the bottoms of Rivers, intending therewithall to have purchased the papacy of *Rome*."

The constablenesship of the castle seems to have remained with Hugh de Montfort; to have passed out of the hands of his family into those of Robert de Ver, "the constable in right of his wife, a Montfort"; and afterwards from those of Henry of Essex, by forfeiture, to the Crown. The question is an exceedingly complicated one, and the details involved are too technical to be of general interest. Moreover, Mr Round has made it his own. The conclusions that he draws will be found in his 'Commune of London' under the chapter-heading of "Castleward and Cornage." He also touches upon it in a paper on Faramus of Boulogne, who was constable in the reign of Stephen. Says he: "The legend of John de Fiennes and his heirs . . . is blown, as it were, into space, and should never henceforth be heard." But a legend as a legend has its values, and as such I append the hitherto received version:—

From the time of Odo the constablenesship of the castle and the wardenship<sup>1</sup> of the Five Ports were separated from the title of the Earl of Kent, and consigned to the keeping of some one faithful to the king for the time being. The two offices nevertheless remained for a period hereditary. The first tenancy fell to the Fynes or Fienes family—a family which is still excessively well represented, as far

<sup>1</sup> It may be as well to observe that there is nothing to prove that the wardenship existed at this date.

as name goes, throughout the district. In order to make the first of these constables the more zealous in his service, the Conqueror is said to have endowed him with broad acres of immense value. According to Darell he also presented him with fifty-six knights' fees, "to be bestowed by him on some men eminent for their valour and military exploits." Fienes accordingly singled out eight knights, "*quorum nobilitata essent facinora*," men like William d'Albranches of Folkestone or Hugh Crevecoeur of Leeds. These knights were bound to furnish so many men—the numbers ranged from five to twenty-four—who formed part of the castle guard. These military services were afterwards commuted for payments in kind or in money. With the establishment of this kind of order at the castle, the Dover organisations were ready for the work of a couple of centuries or so. In the reign of William Rufus the town is said to have seen the degradation of Archbishop Anselm, who was on his way to do homage at Rome. Rufus is said to have caused him to be deprived of all means of travelling save the pilgrim garb which he wore.

During the contest between King Stephen and the Empress Maud, the castle changed hands once or twice. Stephen finally, towards 1137, obtained possession of it from Walkelin, or, as Darell says, from John Fienes the Second. The latter nobleman was degraded and his estates confiscated, the castle being confided to William Marshall *qui regi erat ab epulis*. Upon the accession of Henry II., however, Alan, the son of John Fienes, was reinstated in his titles and offices. His son, according to Darell, offended John during the absence of Richard in Palestine. The affair was somewhat similar to those recorded of Odo and of Anselm. Godfrey, *quem Henricus Secundus ex concubina genuit*, having been elected Archbishop of York, had set out from Italy in order to take possession of his see. The Bishop of Ely, who was regent of the country, preferred if possible to retain the emoluments of the vacant archbishopric. He accordingly issued orders to all the governors of



ports in England that the Archbishop was to be arrested immediately on his arrival. This order, James II., Lord Fienes, had the misfortune to carry out. John, however, rescued his half-brother and put him in possession of his archbishopric.

By John the constablership was conferred upon Hubert de Burgh. Dover people argue that Shakespeare must have been in Dover because he has so nobly described the cliff that bears his name. They might just as well argue that he never can have been in the place because he has so defamed Hubert, one of the noblest of his kind. Hubert immediately set about the reformation of abuses which had crept into the government of the castle, abolished the personal attendance of the knights, establishing a money payment in exchange. John himself was forced to take refuge in the castle, and later in Dover he made his famous submission to the Papal Legate. This took place, according to John's charter of submission, *apud domum militum Templi juxta Doveram, xv die Maii anno regni nostro decimo quarto—i.e., 1213*. The precise site of the Templars' house is matter for debate. Lambarde places it on the western hills, near the "Bredenstone" Pharos—and there the remains of a circular church were found in the opening years of the century. Whether or not this church was the church of the Templars is an eminently debatable subject, which I prefer to leave undebated.<sup>1</sup> The records of the Templars themselves, however, state that their *domus* stood near Ewell.

We now arrive at one of the more glorious episodes of the history of Dover and its castle—at the siege by Lewis of France. From all accounts this was one of the great sieges of the world—on it depended the fate of the kingdom. Hubert de Burgh within the castle had few provisions and fewer men. Lewis held the surrounding country. He had, as we have seen, landed at Rye, had taken Rochester, entered London,

<sup>1</sup> See for instance Arch. Cant., vol. x. p. 45, and vol. xiii. p. 281, &c.

and had subjugated at one time and another a great part of the surrounding kingdom. Now he was to sit down before Dover. Thus, whilst the unworthy John was aimlessly pillaging his own country and the barons besieging Windsor, De Burgh, in Dover Castle, held together the crumbling fortunes of the nation in 1216.

Lewis, who had been provided by his father with a formidable engine of war, called a *malvoisine*, an "evil neighbour," spent several weeks in trying to take the castle by assault—then several more in trying to starve out the garrison. Then the barons came from the siege of Windsor and sat down with Lewis at the foot of Dover hill. After a time dissensions arose between Lewis and the barons. One has the story of the Vicomte de Melun. Many of them deserted Lewis, some returned to their allegiance to John, who was still burning farmhouses in the neighbourhood of Peterborough. Finally the siege was raised—or at least the evil case of the defenders was alleviated by the entrance of Stephen de Pencestre, who passed safely through the French lines. Lewis drew off.

Once again, after the death of John, the great De Burgh saved his country. Lewis had been defeated at Lincoln in the year 1217, and the French had collected another army which sailed for London on the 24th August. The army had embarked at Calais on board a fleet of eighty-six of the larger vessels called cogs, all under the command of the *pirata nequissimus*, Eustace the Monk. This man had himself been a commander of detachments of the Cinque Ports' fleet, had been a freebooter under John, had changed sides, and so on, and so on. De Burgh, according to Matthew Paris, had no little difficulty in inducing the Cinque Ports men to set sail against the French. They had had enough of fighting in the town of Dover. What followed is excellently described by Sir Harris Nicolas:<sup>1</sup>—

<sup>1</sup> Hist. of the Royal Navy, vol. i. pp. 176-178. are Matthew Paris and the chronicle of Mailus  
Sir Harris's chief authorities for the description *apud* Gale.

“When the French fleet was seen by the people of the Cinque Ports, knowing it to be commanded by Eustace the Monk, they said : ‘ If this tyrant land he will lay all waste, for the country is not protected, and our king is far away. Let us therefore put our souls into our hands and meet him while he is at sea and help will come to us from on high.’ Upon which some one exclaimed, ‘ Is there any one among you who is this day ready to die for England?’ and was answered by another, ‘ Here am I.’ The first speaker then observed, ‘ Take with thee an axe and when thou seest us engaging the tyrant’s ship, climb up the mast and cut down the banner, that the other ships may be dispersed from want of a leader.’ Sixteen large and well armed ships, manned with skilful seamen belonging to the Cinque Ports, and about twenty smaller vessels, formed the English squadron. . . . The enemy were at some distance from Calais when the English sailed, but all the accounts of the engagement are defective in nautical details. It appears that the wind was southerly, blowing fresh ; and that the French were going large, steering to round the South Foreland, little expecting any opposition. The English squadron, instead of directly approaching the enemy, kept their wind as if going to Calais, which made their commander exclaim, ‘ I know that those wretches think to invade Calais like thieves, but that is useless, for it is well defended.’ As soon as the English had gained the wind of the French fleet, they bore down in the most gallant manner upon the enemy’s rear, and the moment they came close to the stern of the French ships, they threw grapnels into them, and thus fastening the vessels together, prevented the enemy from escaping.

“ The action commenced by the cross-bowmen and the archers under Sir Philip d’Albini pouring volleys of arrows into the enemy’s ships with deadly effect, and, to increase their dismay, the English threw unslaked lime reduced to a fine powder on board their opponents, which, being blown by the wind into their eyes, completely blinded them. The Eng-

lish then rushed on board; and cutting away the rigging and halyards with axes,<sup>1</sup> the sails fell over the French, to use the expression of the chronicler, 'like a net upon ensnared small birds.' . . . Of their whole fleet but fifteen vessels escaped; and, as soon as the principal persons had been secured, the English took the captured ships in tow. . . . It was the first object of the victors to find Eustace the Monk, and, a strict search being made, he was discovered, hidden in the hold of one of the prizes, . . . and Sir Richard, the bastard son of that monarch, seizing him, exclaimed: 'Base traitor, never shall you seduce any one again by your fair promises,' and drawing his sword, struck off his head. The battle was seen with exultation by the garrison of Dover Castle, and the conquerors were received by the bishops and clergy . . . chanting thanksgivings and praises for their unexpected success."

Amongst other benefactions to the nation is Hubert de Burgh's *Maison Dieu* at Dover. Of the many charitable institutions of the middle ages this is one of the most practical, the most beneficent. In days when the pursuit of pilgrimages was almost more of a national necessity than is, say, sea-bathing to-day, some such place was an absolute necessity in a town like Dover, where for one reason and another vast crowds of disconsolate pilgrims were occasionally huddled together. The house was a place of shelter for these. It was administered by a master and several brethren and sisters, was maintained by grants of land from Hubert himself. Shortly after its foundation, De Burgh resigned the management of it to the king, Henry III., who dedicated it to God and the Blessed Virgin in 1227.

John is said in this house to have held a private meeting with Pandulph, prior to his resignation of the crown, and from here too he and a number of other kings directed their rescripts to the men of the

<sup>1</sup> This seems to have been part of the orthodox Hannekin's exploit at the battle of Lespagnols tactics of the Portsmen—cf. Froissart's account of sur Mer.







DOVER <sup>100</sup> CLIFFS



Ports. The house seems to have been largely sustained by small payments in kind, which were doubtless of extreme use to the place. Thus we read that—

“William and Thomas le Cupere and their mother gave thirteen pence, four hens and five eggs,” or “William Burmashe and his brethren gave ninety-five pence, twenty-four hens and one hundred eggs.” One imagines the good pilgrims setting out from Dover well fortified by a meal off these eggs. Perhaps they followed Caxton’s advice to men of their kind, to buy a few hens and keep them aboard the vessels. Caxton’s book of advice to pilgrims forms excellent reading even to-day—there must have been more danger in bargaining with ship’s captains than we have to undergo on our ways to the Continent. Says Caxton :—

“Also hyre yow a cage for half-a-dozen of hens or chikyns to have with you in the shippe or galley, for you shall have nede of them a many times. . . .

“Also I counsell you to have with you out of Venyse, Confections, Comfortatives, Grene Gynger, Almondes, Ryce, Fygges, Reysons grete and smalle whyche shall doo you grete ease by the waye. . . . Also take wyth you a lytyll caudron, a fryenge panne, Dyshes, platers, sawcers of tre, cuppes of glasse, a grater for brede and such necessities. . . .

“In a shyp or caryk choose you a chamber as nigh the middes of the ship as ye may. For there is least rolling or tumbling to keep your brain or stomach in temper.”<sup>1</sup>

We have therefore to imagine Dover crowded with these people, going and returning, with merchants, wounded soldiers—with a whole menagerie of all sorts and conditions of men. From time to time the necessities of the kingdom made it necessary to inspect all who left it—necessary at least in the eyes of the kingdom’s rulers. Then a rescript issued that all passengers out of the kingdom should embark at

<sup>1</sup> Informacion for Pylgrymes unto the Holy Londe.

Dover or at other ports. In 1336, for instance, Dover was the port selected.

The question of the Channel passage became in a short time of such obvious national importance that the kings began to pay attention to it. Edward I. busied himself to some extent in the matter—in his charter there are to be found a number of regulations for the transport service. It was, however, the otherwise not very estimable Edward II. who put the matter on a firm basis. His charter, which was the foundation of the illustrious Cinque Ports pilot service, was something more. It entered minutely into the question of the poorer pilgrims and travellers, established a court that regulated not only the fares to be paid but the order in which the packet ships were to sail. "It was," says Mr Burrows, "expressly based on the principle of giving fair play to the poor in the matter of crossing the Channel." Its rules, in disordered times, were sometimes set at nought, but such as it was it remained in force until the reign of Henry VIII.

The town and castle underwent no serious assaults until the reign of Edward I. It is true that that king, during the reign of his father, took the castle from the Barons, but the taking was effected without any great trouble, and the Prince did not, as he did at Winchelsea, proceed to reprisals on the townsmen. During Edward's reign, however, the town received a blow from which it did not, for years and years, recover. The French fleet, which had in 1295 been driven off by the men of Hythe, returned to its port. Nevertheless, although Turbeville the traitor made no sign, it did not remain inactive. According to Henry of Knyghton, "about the feast of St Peter ad Vincula, the greater part of that fleet touched at Dover on the western side, where no suspicion of their landing had been entertained, on account of the multitude of stones and the height of the rock. The bravest of their warriors—about 15,000 men—landed and 'explored' Dover from about the first hour until the evening, burning it for the greater part. On their en-

trance, however, the inhabitants took to flight, shrieking and howling. The neighbouring people concentrated, and the soldiers who had the care of the sea ran together, so that, on the same day, about the 11th hour they vigorously attacked the enemy. About 5000 of them having been killed, the remainder of them divided, some fleeing into the marshes, where they were afterwards slain, and what others were able reaching their ships.”<sup>1</sup>

A number of incidents of the siege follow in Knyghton’s account—in one of them he even does justice to the valour of the French. Thirty of their boldest men, he says, betook themselves to the Abbey, and remained fighting vigorously until the evening, for “our men” could not hurt them in any sort. And when at evenfall the townsmen grew remiss, and had many of them returned to look after their goods, the French broke out, captured a couple of skiffs, and made off. They were pursued by the townsmen in two ships of war, which, hoisting sail, succeeded in sinking the skiffs and the brave men aboard them. One trusts that their valour received a better meed where “the gay pavilions shine in heaven above.”

One must, however, not read the good Knyghton too much *au pied de la lettre* when he mentions 5000 as the number of Frenchmen slain out of “xv millia hominum.” In the first place he was a partisan, and was

<sup>1</sup> “Circa festum Sancti Petri ad Vincula magna pars ejusdem classis applicuit apud Dover, ex parte occidentali, ubi nulla fuit applicandi suspicio præ multitudinem lapidum et rupis excelsæ; Egressique sunt bellatores fortissimi circiter xv millia hominum, et exploraverunt Doverniam ab hora prima usque fere vesperam, incendentes eam igni pro magna parte. Cum in ingressu eorum fugissent incolæ, dispersi sunt omnes conclamantes galantes, inglobati sunt incolæ compatriotæ et concurrebant milites qui curam maris habebant, ita quod eodem die quas hora xi hostes aggressi sunt animose, cæsi fuere quasi v millibus, reliquos in partes divis-

erunt quidam enim fugerunt in tegetes, qui postea cædebantur ab incolis, et cæteri qui poterant narvigio fugerunt. Triginta autem viri fortissimi receperunt se infrarclausum Albathia spumissime pugnantes usquad vesperam; ita quod nihil eis nocere poterant nostri obsidentes. Cumque in vesperis nostri remissius agerent et multi reverterantur ab prælio, ipsi quoque dilapsi sunt cum duabus scaphis fugientes; quod mane cognito, insecutæ sunt eos duæ magnæ naves, quæ vela levantes in altum scaphas cum hostibus submersunt.”—Twysden’s Script. x., p. 2504.

writing of "our men"; in the second, 5000 was a number which had fascinations for the chroniclers. Knyghton represents the English as losing only eighteen men and a monk—a very small figure, even supposing the French to be hampered by the spoils of the burned town. The French, however, were certainly beaten off.

The "explorations" of the French, though they did not actually kill Dover, certainly scotched it. It had to undergo an even more serious blow shortly afterwards, when a great part of the castle cliff fell down and blocked up the harbour. One notices its poverty in the records of the ships it found. In Domesday Book the number is given as twenty, and this was subsequently increased to twenty-one. But in the year of the sacking it could find no more than seven and, five years afterwards, eight. To the siege of Calais, which occurred as nearly as possible half a century afterwards, it sent sixteen, against the twenty-two of Sandwich and the twenty-one of Winchelsea. The damage to its harbour it was not able to repair for many a long year, and, as if in consequence, it for a time disappeared from history, though it was still used as a place of entry and departure by various kings. Thus in 1396, the ill-fated Richard II. sailed from it to marry the Isabella who was to have brought him a large fortune. Unfortunately for him the greater part of this was lost in the transit from Calais to Dover, together with a number of the royal ships. So reduced was the king that shortly afterwards we find him borrowing £40 of the Mayor and jurats of Dover town.

The office of constable nevertheless, perhaps because it was joined to the Lord Wardenship of the Ports, continued to be filled by men of the highest rank. Thus the Lords Cobham frequently filled the post, as did Edmund of Woodstock. In the reign of Henry V. the constablenesship was conferred upon Sir Thomas Erpingham, "who contributed greatly to the obtaining of the glorious victory of Agincourt, by giving the signal to and leading on the archers."

During the Wars of the Roses the Dover people, together with the rest of the Portsmen, favoured the White. They were probably led to do so by the prestige of the Earl of Warwick—for upon his reverting to the Lancastrians, they followed his example. Edward IV. revenged himself upon them by seizing the liberties of the town. These were afterwards restored to them, but for a time the townsmen had to be content with a royal custos, in lieu of a bailiff of their own. Dover was then in a sufficiently miserable state. The charter of Edward IV. mentions the piteous petition of its barons—indeed that of Henry VI. states that the town was ruined by continual inundations—and by 1500 we read that the harbour had become useless.

The advent of the Tudors, or rather of the second sovereign of that race, saw the arrival of the better days which had been fated for the town. Henry VIII., with the enlightened public spirit which differentiated his house from either its immediate predecessors or its successors, saw the immense value of Dover both as a port and as a fortress. Out of the proceeds of the disestablished monasteries he built two forts in the castle, as well as a mole with two rather quaint towers at its end. Lambarde, who lived during Henry's reign, states that that monarch expended £68,000 on the harbour works alone. Camden it is true says that a great deal of Henry's work was much damaged by the sea. . . . "Sed optimi regis studium inhaescentis oceani furor cito deuicit, operisque compages crebris fluctibus verteberata, se laxavit." It is possible, however, that Camden underestimated the work of the "best of kings" in order to enhance the glory of "*diva nostra Elizabetha*."

During the reign and, to some extent through the instrumentality of Henry VIII., the court of Lodemanage was established. "The court of Admiralty," says Lyons, "had, prior to that time, been frequently troubled with the trifling and contentious disputes of the lodesmen respecting their towns and their hire for piloting of ships to their respective ports; and, as this business did not require any knowledge of the

maritime laws, Sir Edward Guildford, Admiral of the Cinque Ports, judged it would only be necessary to have four respectable mariners to settle petty differences and to keep order in the society. They were to be called wardens, and to be elected from time to time; and their duty was to see that all those who were to be admitted into their society should obey their rules." From this rudimentary kind of court another was gradually evolved that during the seventeenth century became nearly as powerful as the Council of Ten, or the Star Chamber Court. It gradually even extended its jurisdiction beyond mere pilotage matters, until at last, complaints grew so continuous that the Lords Warden stepped in and attempted more or less effectually to limit its powers. The ultimate outcome of these modifications, which only ensued after an incredibly lengthy expenditure of verbiage extending well into the nineteenth century, was the corporation of Cinque Ports Pilots. This body continued to perform its functions worthily enough until the levelling tendency of the unpleasant times we live in demanded the abolition of Dover Trinity House, and the merging of the Cinque Ports Pilots into the ruck of the national Trinity House men. They had nearly had their day, by that time, it is true. They flourished excessively during the Napoleonic wars and until the introduction of steam as a motive power; but it is sad to think that a body of men who had handed down traditions from the time of Edward the Confessor should not have found more tenderness in a century whose chief need is a just appreciation for the lessons of tradition—a possibility of being able to mould the future with some eye to the institutions of the old times before us.

Dover seems by the year 1522 to have sufficiently recovered to be able to accord to the Emperor Charles V. a reception said to have been unequalled in splendour by that of any monarch whatsoever.<sup>1</sup> Mary, too,

<sup>1</sup> The mentions of this visit in the Rutland Papers of the Camden Society do not altogether confirm the report of this magnificence. The

Emperor, indeed, would have passed straight through the town had not there been a delay in the arrival of his "baggage and others off

whose merits the Elizabethan topographers discreetly ignore, took no little pains to restore the harbour. Her letter to the bailiff and jurats is still preserved as a testimony in her favour. Nevertheless, though it were over-bold to apply to Dover the rhyme which immortalised poor Humpty Dumpty, the town seems to have been slow enough in recovering its prosperity. According to the survey of the 7th Eliz., there were in the place no more than "358 houses," nine of which were uninhabited, and its "shippers and crayers" numbered only twenty of small burthen, whilst there were but 130 persons engaged in "marchard and fyshing." Shortly afterwards we find the town petitioning the queen to come to its relief—petitioning, too, with the aid of the golden pen of Sir Walter Raleigh. "A marvellous number of Poor People," says that humanitarian, good smoker, and goodly poet, "both by the Worke till the Haven is made and after, by the Fishery, shipping, &c., will be Employ'd which now, for want of Worke, are Whipp'd, Marked, and Hanged."

Elizabeth's reply was her journey to Dover in 1573—the journey during which the good people of Folkestone unsuccessfully attempted to "divert her favours to themselves." "Diva nostra" remained for six days<sup>1</sup> in the town, or rather in the castle, and no doubt saw for herself the necessity for helping the townsmen with their harbour. The queen granted to the town the free exportation of "3000 quarters of wheat, 10,000 of barley or malt, and 10,000 tuns of beer. . . . The patent was

his nobles." Henry, who was awaiting him at Canterbury, meaning to meet him formally on Barham Downs, decided, on the advice of Wolsey, to go to the Emperor with a small train, consisting of the Duke of Suffolk, four lords, a gentleman usher, twelve yeomen of the guard, and a few more. Indeed Henry's visit was intended to be "known to noo man, . . . to the intente that it may appear to the Emperor oonly, his coming off his own mynde and affection towards the Emperor." The two sovereigns remained at Dover three days, during which they

"inspected the King's famous ship, the Harry Grace a Dieu, and afterwards proceeded onwards to Canterbury." In the list of "Wynys layd yn dyvers places for the King and the Emperor bytwene Dovyr and London" it is interesting to note that at

Dover they had { Gascon wyne iii dolia.  
Renysh wyne j Fatt of ii alnes."

—Rutland Papers, p. 59 *et seqq.* (ed. by W. Jordan).

<sup>1</sup> Nichol's Progresses of Eliz., vol. i. p. 336.

sold to John Bird and Thomas Watts, . . . and raised the sum of £8666, 13s. 4d." The work proceeded under the superintendence of the constable of the castle and of other gentlemen of the county of Kent, but they—perhaps not being skilled in the art of harbour-making—seem to have been rather cheated by the men they employed. Thus by the year 1582 they found their funds seriously diminished and had very little to show for their money. A further memorial was addressed to the queen, and in 1582 she granted further "monopolies" to the corporation. Her grant on this occasion was "threepence a ton upon every vessel loading or unloading in any port within the realm for seven years, . . . three-halfpence for every cauldron of coal, and the same for every grindstone landed for sale." Whether this last "monopoly" was excessively profitable one does not know—but the whole grant must have been valuable, and the work was continued with some success under the direction of an able engineer called Diggs.<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth's generosity was rewarded in 1588 by the services which the Ports certainly rendered against the Armada. Besides the finding of Lord Henry Seymour's squadron, they claim to have built all the fireships which did so much damage to the Spaniards, whilst "the ship which decoyed the Great Gallias ashore at Calais" is said to have come from Dover. This was practically the last shipping service rendered by Dover in times of war, but the place continued nevertheless to "assist at" a number of dramatic historic events.

Elizabeth had given the town an elective mayor, but this privilege was of short duration. In 1606 James I. seized the lands and corporate rights of the town, and vested them in a special board consisting of the Lord Warden and seven assistants, all non-resident in Dover. This board, which has been modified from time to time, still exists—it now consists or did until lately of the Lord Warden, two Dover barons, two government and two railway nominees.

<sup>1</sup> Lyon's Hist. of Dover, vol. i. pp. 158-176.



During the Great Rebellion Dover saw the pathetic parting of Charles I. and his queen, who left for France with her daughter, whilst the wretched king—who was, at least, a good husband and father—returned to Greenwich. This was in 1642. Shortly afterwards the castle, which was held for the king, was taken by a Parliamentary force of eleven men under the command of one Drake or Blake, a merchant of the town. The garrison seems to have been moderately remiss and more than moderately cowardly, for we read that Drake and his forces first gained possession of the keys of the gate by the expedient of threatening the gatekeeper, and then, it being night-time, raised such a clamour that the castle's defenders took to flight in their *robes de nuit*.

The town seems to have been moderately loyal to the Parliamentarians, though a return of "suspects" in the town and surrounding country reveals the fact that disturbances might have been possible. These rather curious returns of suspected persons throughout the kingdom occupy seven volumes in the British Museum Additional MS. series.<sup>1</sup> A "suspect" was most carefully watched; if he removed—say to London—his removal and if possible the address to which he was going was at once notified to the central officials. The Dover returns were made by one Reynolds, "Registrar for receiving appearances of persons landing from foreign parts at Dover." One reads:—

"Dover: Arnold Braems, merchant.

6th Feb. 1656, at the house of Mr Richard Harrison, a tailor over against the Dolphin Tavern, in Tower Street, in the parish of Barking.

12th Feb. Braines gave notice of removal to Dover.

12th March. Againe at Harrison's.

19th May. Arnold Braems of Bridge went to the house of Harrison, a tayler, &c."

<sup>1</sup> Add. MSS., 34011 *et seqq.*

Mr Reynolds, the Registrar, seems to have been an unfortunate or a careless person, for he is constantly upbraided either for sending his returns wrongly addressed, as thus—

“Yrs of the 5th I received directed to me at the Golden Cock on Ludgate Hill, a place utterly unknown to me,”—

or for writing an illegible hand.

However, four years later all this was changed. Charles II. set sail from Sluys; “and having, during his abode at sea, given names to that whole navy (consisting of twenty-six goodly vessels), he arrived at *Dover* on the *Friday* following (viz., *May 25th*) about two of the clock in the afternoon. Ready on the shore to receive him stood the Lord General *Monk*, as also the Earl of *Winchelsea*, constable of *Dover* Castle, with divers persons of quality on the one hand, and the Mayor of *Dover*, accompanied by his brethren of that corporation on the other with a rich canopy. . . . There also did the Corporation of *Dover* and the Earl of *Winchelsea* do their duties to him in like sort, all the people making joyful shouts, and the great guns from the ships and castle telling aloud the happy news of this his entrance upon English ground.”<sup>1</sup> The mon-

<sup>1</sup> *England's Joy: or A Relation of the Most Remarkable Passages from his Majesty's Arrival at Dover to his Entrance at Whitehall.* Prepared by Thos. Creak, 1660. Pepys gives a very similar account as follows: “*25th.*—By the morning we were come close to the land, and every body made ready to get on shore. The King and the two Dukes did eat their breakfast before they went, and there being set some ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but pease and pork, and boiled beef. . . . Great expectation of the King's making some Knights, but there was none. About noon (though the brigantine that Beale made was there ready to carry him) yet he would go in my Lord's barge with the two Dukes. Our Capt'n. steered, and my Lord went along bare with him. I went, and Mr Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King

loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land of Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town come and gave him his white staffe, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the towne towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination.”

arch, who never did a wise thing, presented to the corporation of Dover a silver mace bearing the words, *Carolus Secundus hic posuit prima vestigia*, 1660, and shortly afterwards he allowed £30,000 to be spent on the repair of the harbour; so that, here again, Dover had little cause to complain of a usually maligned sovereign.

Four years afterwards the town was nearly depopulated by the plague, which was carried down by a young person of the condition of a servant from London. As a result 900 persons were buried in "the Graves" to the north of Archcliff Fort. Dover continued to be connected with the flights and arrivals of sovereigns. Thus in 1689 the Prince of Orange landed in the town and remained there one day whilst holding a council of war, and a little later the miserable James II. was captured, if not at Dover, at least at one of Dover's limbs.

In 1689 we find the town petitioning to have its harbour made good, alleging that by its shelter merchantmen valued at £140,000 had lately contrived to save themselves from storms and the French, and that many more would have been saved but for the shallows at its entrance. By 1699 the entrance is reported as being impracticable even for the packets. More or less desultory attempts to reopen it were made, probably with some success, for in 1714 the Duke of Marlborough landed there. He was received with tremendous acclamation by the mayor and corporation, who literally did not know that Queen Anne was dead—that she had died that very day.

During Anne's French wars a number of French prisoners—1500 after the Battle of Blenheim—were confined in the castle. They seem to have been under no kind of supervision, as far as the inside of the walls was concerned, and accordingly they completely sacked the interior of the place, chopping up all the floors and woodwork for firing and so on. The castle, indeed, seems to have been regarded as of no account during the greater part of the eighteenth century; according to Stukely

it was as badly treated by its custodians as by the aforesaid French prisoners.

In 1769 the harbour had reached so great a degree of badness that the great engineer Smeaton was called down to inspect it. His "report" is an excellently clear-sighted if rather technical piece of writing. He estimated that the cost of necessary improvements would amount to about £9000; but, as is usual with these matters, only a part of his scheme was adopted, with comparative ill-success, and in 1782 the whole thing had to be taken in hand again. During the last series of wars with France the importance of Dover Castle became glaringly manifest, and in 1794, £50,000 was hastily disbursed with a view to repairing the ravages of the French prisoners—though even in 1779 several new batteries had been erected. These, however, "fell into decay" within a few years.

According to the 'Dover Directory,' which is assigned by the British Museum Catalogue to the year 1800, but which is certainly at least ten years older, the town had already become somewhat of a bathing resort. It was distinguished by an assembly-room, a theatre, two circulating libraries, and "a particularly fine-toned harpsichord." The "public breakfastings, card parties, and balls" were by no means interfered with by the war, indeed, Dover seems to have felt itself moderately secure except whilst Napoleon lay at Boulogne. At this time the fortifications on the western hills were made, and Dover began to assume its modern appearance.

In 1814 Dover again saw the departure of a reinstated king, this time Louis XVIII., who was on his way to his new-found kingdom. He was attended by the Prince Regent, the Duke of Clarence, the Duchess of Angoulême, the Prince de Conde, the Duc de Bourbon, and a vast number of people bearing historic French names. The King of France slept on board the royal yacht, the Prince Regent "at the house of Mr Fector the banker." Then, as we read, "at one o'clock

(on the 23rd of April), the water being sufficiently high in the harbour, the yacht moved from her moorings and, the sails being set, went out of the harbour in grand style. The Prince Regent went to the North Head to witness a magnificent sight—that of a royal yacht of England conveying to France a king who for twenty years had been an exile from his native country. Immediately the yacht had quitted the harbour, the royal standard of England was hauled down and that of France hoisted in its stead, saluted by the castle and all its batteries, . . . the general signal to form the order of sailing in two lines was made and instantly executed; the yacht leading, the Jason (the Duke of Clarence commanding) close to her, and the men-of-war, English and Russian, in their respective stations. . . .”

It is rather affecting to think of this poor Bourbon skittle, being set up with such a vast amount of gun fire, to be shortly afterwards knocked down again. But Dover was not done with its royalties, for on the 6th of June the Czar landed with a vast number of grand dukes, and flags a-flying, and what not; and three weeks afterwards he re-embarked as ceremoniously. With the Czar came the King of Prussia and Marshal Blücher. We read that “the King of Prussia, after his arrival at the York Hotel, created Marshal Blücher a prince, by the title of Prince of Wahlstadt,” though why he should have selected a Dover hotel for the performance of the ceremony one does not know. It makes indeed a grotesque conjunction to read that the hotel-keeper at the same time received the medal and ribbon of the Prussian Order of Merit.

In 1820 another sovereign—the injured Caroline—landed and was uproariously welcomed by her husband’s subjects of Dover; and from that time onwards Dover may be considered as a modern town.

The Dover Records are moderately interesting, though they have not been as well kept as those of others of the Ports—indeed, the larger number of them have, in one way or another, found their way into the

British Museum, where they are exceedingly difficult to discover. A few typical extracts from the record books, between the 5th and 6th Phil. and Mary and the 2nd Eliz., may not come amiss, may add a little to one's knowledge of life in a Cinque Port. Thus we find Thomas Wood, a beer-brewer, fined the sum of "iiii*l*z.," and Cornelis Blank the "some of x*l*z., for that the said Thomas, being a Freeman, hathe and dyde coller the said Cornelis being a forener to be his partener and to taicke halfe gaynes with him as a freman contrary to oure ordres and decres of this towne." As at Folkestone, the dignity of the mayoralty did not seem to protect its wearer from impertinence—for we find the jurats imprisoning one James Broker for "sarten unfitting words spoken to the s<sup>d</sup> Maier in the p'sence of the Court." The said James, "for his evill demenour shall remain unto the wall called the prison, there to remayne untill iii of the klok in the aftrnone of this day."

The husband of a scold was in rather a sad case in Dover, it would seem—if the following entry is to be regarded as typical: "Yt is concluded, condycended and agreed adjudged . . . that Thomas Packeman shall pay unto the Chamber xx*l*. for a fyne for his wyfe's offence dewly approved to be a scolled and also Robt Elliott for his wife's offence being lyckewise offended xs. and at the mediation of the Jurates is now moderated unto vs." Thus these poor men had not only to bear with wives who were "scolleds," but had to pay for being scolded sums varying from ten shillings to eight pounds of our money to-day. There was, however, a ducking-stool in the place which seems to have had frequent use, so often is a new one required. One of the quaintest of entries is the following, which occurs in the records of the last year of Philip and Mary—of the last year of Catholicism: "Agnes Jarman, a widow, was accused and thereof justly approved that she, one Simon and Jude day, at night, being a Friday, did Roast a leg of mutton for her guests to eat, and was taken in the act, for the which offence it was condescended, concluded and agreed by the said Mayor

and Jurats that the said Agnes shall, during the time of the market, sit in the open market-place in the stocks, with the said shoulder of mutton afore her on the spit, and afterward to be committed to prison, there to remain until the ordinor take further order therein.”<sup>1</sup>

They were hard enough on criminals in the town of Dover. Thus, in the first year “divæ nostræ Elisabethæ,” Richard Shooder was justly accused of being a common cut-purse and condemned as follows: “That he shall go to the pillory and there the Bailiff’s officer or deputy shall nail one of his ears to the pillory and give him a knife in his hand, and leave to cut off (his ear) or else stand still there—this to be done in the open face of the market with a paper on his head.” The punishment did not end here, however, for according to the Dover custumal, any one found earless in the town of Dover was forthwith condemned to death. The carrying out of the sentence meant the throwing of the condemned “over Sharpness Cliff.” What made the whole business unpleasant for all parties concerned was that the accuser was forced to put the sentence into execution. Except, however, for this point the Dover Custumal is one of the least interesting of the ports.

To conclude with a question that has puzzled graver heads than my own. In a letter of 1751, the Primate of Ireland writes from Dublin Castle to Lord George Sackville: “I have tasted all the different wines and find to my great concern that there is nothing but the claret that can be made to answer any purpose. Of the two sorts of champagne that sealed with a yellow seal might go off at balls, if there were a better kind for select meetings. The red wax is too bad *for even an election dinner at Dover!*”<sup>2</sup> I can offer no explanation of the remark, and I have not yet met any one who could. Why the Dover electors should have been noted for drinking undrinkable champagnes

<sup>1</sup> I have translated into modern spelling this and the following note. Shallow’s clerk, with his “concluded, condycendeil, and agreed adjudged,”

is here incredibly wild in his orthography.

<sup>2</sup> Report of Hist. Man. Comm., Sackville Letters, p. 40 b.

I do not know, nor has any other historian of Dover mentioned the matter.

I have already treated somewhat fully of one of Dover's corporate members—namely, Folkestone—and I now propose to touch upon the history of the other corporate member, Faversham. Mention of Dover's non-corporate members I shall have to defer until a later chapter. Faversham itself lies well away to the north of Kent—nearly thirty miles to the north-west of Dover. Roman remains have been found in the place, a cemetery, coins of Vespasian, a putative camp. The two Roman saints Crispin and Crispinus are said to have here learnt their trade of cobbler. In Saxon times, too, Athelstan is said to have held a Parliament or Witenagemot at Faversham. Under the Conqueror it fell to the lot of the De Ypres family. Stephen, however, took it of the De Ypres who built the Ypres tower of Rye, and gave him in exchange “Queen Matilda's hereditary estate called Lillichir.” Stephen himself appears to have conceived a great liking for the place, for in 1147 he began the building of the great Cluniac (afterwards Benedictine) Abbey, which conferred upon Faversham its principal cause of fame. Stephen himself with his wife and daughter were buried within the abbey.

The chief features of the history of the town for some centuries after were the triangular squabbles which ensued between the Benedictine abbots, the College of St Augustine's, Canterbury, and the townsmen themselves. St Augustine's, as it happened, owned the church and tithes of Faversham; the townsmen, as Portsmen, would suffer no encroachments from either party of religious, and both parties of religious were continually attempting encroachments. Thus under Edward I. the barons of Faversham were fined for assaulting the St Augustine monks, whilst a little later the Abbot of Faversham was imprisoned in Dover Castle for having trespassed on the liberties of the five Ports. The local records assert that the archbishop, attempting to help the abbot, was only saved from sharing his fate by the intercessions of his suffragan of Rochester.



Faversham seems to have been a member of the Ports' confederation from the earliest times. Its earliest charter, that of 36th Henry III., confirms the privileges which the town had enjoyed in the time of the Confessor. It did not indeed enjoy its corporate rights unchallenged, the monks of St Augustine's strongly resenting the style and title of "Mayor of Faversham." The matter was finally settled by the townsmen allowing the monastic bailiff to sit in court side by side with him of the town. This continued in force until the reign of Henry VIII., when the St Augustine's bailiff disappeared. Faversham, owing perhaps to the fact that its abbey was the usual sleeping-place of the kings on their road to Dover, possesses an unusual—an almost extraordinary number of royal grants—having indeed no less than seventeen charters of its own, besides several general to the Ports. The contributions of Faversham in the way of ships were usually limited to one, though at the siege of Calais it furnished two ships with fifty-three mariners. In Armada year it found one ship of 40 tons. As a port, Faversham seems to have been more fortunate than most of its sisters. Leland says of it: "There cometh up a creeke to this town, that beareth vessels of 20 tun, and, a mile farther north-east is a great key to discharge big vessels." Says Jacob, who wrote in 1774: "Upon comparing the state of it at that time with the present it is evident that it is now much improved, for vessels of 80 tons and upwards (of which size are our present corn-hoys) can come up to the keys at common tides, and even those that do not draw above 8 feet of water, at common spring-tides."<sup>1</sup>

This improvement of the harbour was not effected without a certain amount of diligence on the part of the Faversham corporation. Thus we read that "according to ancient usage and custom, every owner of a vessel of 10 tons and upwards found a man with an iron rake and shovel to work therein for six days in a year, and the owners of smaller vessels found a man with the same implements, to work three

<sup>1</sup> Jacob's Hist. of Faversham, p. 7.

days under the direction of the overseers." In 1558 a sluice was erected, and so on and so on.

In 1556 there occurred the famous murder of Arden of Faversham—a murder which was the subject of the play more or less falsely ascribed to Shakespeare.

In 1572, and again in 1581, "*diva nostra*" visited Faversham, and in 1688, James II. paid what the townsmen called an "unwilling" visit to the town—on 12th December. The matter is thus described by Captain Richard Marsh.<sup>1</sup> The Faversham sailors captured "in a vessel lying at Shellness to take in ballast . . . three persons of quality, of which they knew only Sir Edward Hales, from which three persons they took 301 guineas and brought them ashore afterwards beyond Oure at a place called the Stool on Wednesday, December 12th, about ten o'clock . . . where met them Sir Thomas Jenner's coach with about twenty gentlemen of the town on horseback and brought them to the Queen's Arms at Faversham. I, standing by the coach, seeing the King come out, whom I knew very well, was astonished and exclaimed:—

"'Gentlemen, you have taken the King a prisoner,' which wrought great amazement among them all. Then the gentlemen acknowledged him as their sovereign. Then the King expressed himself in this manner to one of the clergy:—

"'I see the rabble is up, and must say with the Psalmist, that God alone can still the rage of the sea and the madness of the people, for I cannot do it, therefore I am forced to fly.'

"The King wrote a letter to the Earl of Winchelsea to come to him; at which my lord came from Canterbury that night, which much gladdened the King, that he had now one with him that knew how to respect the person of a King and to awe the rabble, for these brutish and unmannerly sailors had carried themselves very indecently towards him. The King desired much of the gentlemen to convey him away at night in the custom-

<sup>1</sup> Narrative of the Capture of the Late King, by Captain Richard Marsh, 1688.

house boat, and pressed it upon their consciences that if the P . . . . of O . . . . should take away his life, his blood would be required at their hands. . . . The gentlemen would by no means admit of it, saying that they must be accountable to the P . . . . of O . . . ."

Finally the king, after writing to the Grand Council for money, was prevailed upon to return to Whitehall, and with that Faversham passes out of the ken of history.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## DOVER, ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD, AND FAVERSHAM.

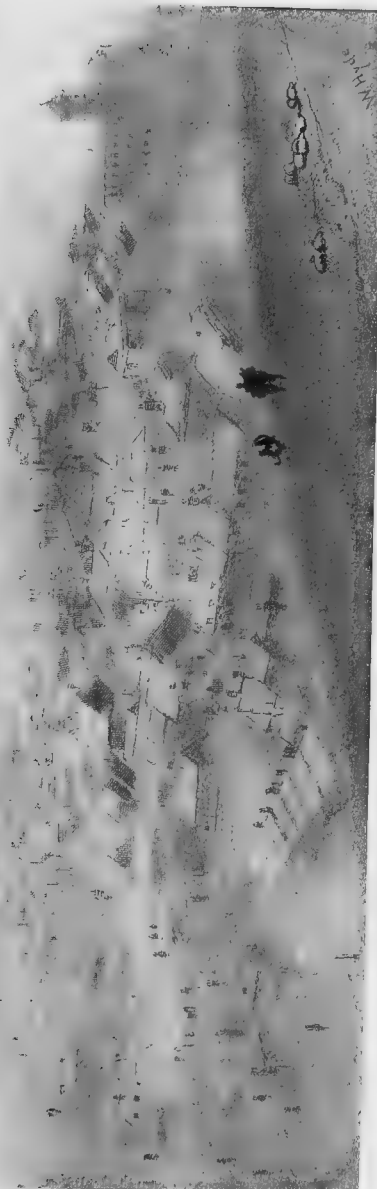
THE modern town of Dover is, in its general aspect, strikingly like Hastings. It lies in hollows that run down to the sea, crowds year by year farther back towards the hills that hem it in. It is quite as ugly as Hastings—uglier perhaps; but inasmuch as it is a town with a purpose, is not a mere pleasuring place, one resents its ugliness less. It is massive, heavy, rather stolid, does not trouble to make itself very spick and span. It has, it is true, a rather formal esplanade; but the houses along it are not so impossibly grotesque as those one may find in other places of the sort.

There are at the east end of the town a few squares and streets that have the pleasantly lazy, respectable air that obtained in the early nineteenth century, but the rest of the place is genially untidy. Thus in Snargate Street one may see the battered cliffs tower right over and down upon the house-roofs, rather grim, rather begrimed. Nature, in fact, forces itself into notice, is not content to refrain from shocking the delicate susceptibilities of town dwellers.

The streets along the quays, too, are moderately suggestive, though the harbour itself is too obviously—perhaps too necessarily—artificial to be altogether satisfactory. Nevertheless, at certain seasons of the year, in certain lights, when mists abound, the harbour has its charms. In the owl-light, the criss-cross of spars, of ropes, the crinkled-glass windows











of marine stores, of rope-sellers' shops, of obscure eating-houses, gleam with the laced lights and shadows of a harbour evening. Then the place has a Dickensian savour, not vastly inspiring, yet not lacking in human interest. Similarly there is a small triangular tract of obscure grimy streets to the west of the harbour, the north of the Admiralty Pier. Here one finds Marryat's long-shoresmen's houses, their suspicious shops, their squalor. A number of houses are empty, broken-windowed, boarded up. In the doorways of these the local bylaws seem to sanction the establishment of what are called crèches. Perambulators stand against the eternally closed doors; infantile wails issue from obscure passages. The narrow streets wind inscrutably about, run against brick fortifications. One sees signs of local interest hang modestly in windows, under doorways—"Fine Rockbait," or, "Canteens and Sergeants' Messes catered for."

This is a mere backwater of the west. The ostensible purpose of the part of the town is the exhibition of the Admiralty Pier, which runs out, very white, very rigid, very formal, towards the opposing coast. Incidentally it serves as a place of departure for the mail-steamers, as a place for the housing of two 81-ton guns, as a putative defence, as a part of an incomplete, vast harbour of refuge. Actually, its most apparent purpose is the affording of a fine promenade for such of the Queen's lieges as happen to be in the town of Dover. One enjoys from its end a magnificent view of the sea, of the threatening castle, of the South Foreland, of Shakespeare's Cliff. But the pier is only a fine-weather promenade. On stormy days it is unapproachable. They say that blocks of concrete weighing many tons have been thrown by the force of the waves completely over the pier into the harbour. But, as a rule, the pier is an agreeable lounge. One may profitably and lazily stroll there, meditating upon things in general, and patriotically elated at the thought of what tremendously loud bangs the 81-ton guns would make if by any possibility they ever came to be fired off.

The castle one reaches inevitably by taking any of the western-running streets. It is approached either by excessively steep paths or by a winding and more merciful carriage-road. Its general plan is, however, best seen from one or other of the neighbouring heights. It is finely "upstanding," the *beau idéal* of a medieval hold. Modern exigencies have converted the present keep into a rather grotesque caricature. When I was a boy there used to be in a Kensington by-street a pastry-cook who exhibited to an awestruck world a magnificent wedding-cake crowned with just such a castle. The wedding-cake castle was fabricated out of glazed sugar, and to-day when I look at the castle from, say, the Priory Hill, I find it impossible to believe that the pastry-cook's was not the real thing, the castle only a less fly-blown imitation. The curtain with its towers remains fine: there was less temptation to turn it into a sort of sight-seer's ideal. The modern fortifications, one is told, are entirely subterranean, are of immense strength, rival those of Gibraltar. What appears of defences and defenders are, a quantity of barrack buildings, a quantity of soldiers, and an immense—oh, an immense number of placards that tell one where one may not go. There are, too, one or two guns, leviathanly antediluvian in appearance. Round these, if one is in luck, one sometimes sees companies of soldiers in various states of *déshabille*. They manipulate the heavy grey things with every appearance of disrespect—depress them, go through all the motions of actually firing them off, but nothing ever happens. One grows excited; thinks, "Now the bang is *really* coming"; but it does not. The men put on their coats, do up their belts, talk a little, saunter away, leaving the lonely gun pointing desolately over the blank sea.

In one way the castle offers a mild excitement. It is everywhere dotted with sentries, sentries armed with real guns and with invariably suspicious eyes. One, if one is frivolous, is filled with vague ideas of possible arrest as a foreign spy; but the sentries never do point their bayonets against one's chest, never convey one before a ferocious court-

martial. The nearest approach to anything of the sort takes place on the drill-ground near the keep. Here one arrives a little out of breath, and, as like as not, pauses to look at the troops performing interminable evolutions. If one does so, one is approached by a very polite military person, who informs that some one has given orders that no one is to stand still and look. It disturbs the men. One passes on, wondering guilelessly what happens in times of war to men so easily disturbed.

The interior of the Keep is extremely interesting from an architectural point of view. Restorations apart, it is a fine piece of Norman work, a good deal hacked about by succeeding generations of architects. It contains, besides, a number of specimens of early arms and armour. They show one breastplates supposed to have been worn by Cromwell's Ironsides. If those heroes really did wear them, their chests must have been small in dimensions. They show one, too, the well that Harold swore to deliver to the Conqueror. It is of considerable depth. Into its gloomy mouth one drops—or has dropped for one—stones. One listens for an unbearable number of heart-beats, and hears at last thunderous reverberations ascending to the upper air. Or one is allowed to drop pieces of lighted paper into it. They sail, wavering, down into the darkness, lighting up slimy walls, sailing down and dying out long before they have reached the bottom. The sight of these depths beyond unknown depths used, I remember, vividly to impress me when a boy—perhaps the practice is nowadays forbidden.

A little way to the south of the keep stands the church of Saint Mary in the castle and the Pharos. Of Roman work in the latter very little is now discoverable. It was a good deal pulled to pieces in the time of the Normans, and in 1259 was cased in flint by Constable Gray. The unfortunate church is the most astounding specimen of the bad taste of restorers that even the Liberties of the Five Ports can show. What purpose the irreverent daubing of the interior can have been

intended to serve it passes the powers of the human mind to discover. It is comforting to think that, low as we stand to-day, wicked as we are, we have climbed some way out of the slough of the 'Sixties that saw this sacrilege effected. One imagines the bones of the excellent Lucius turning in their shrine at Coire when he heard what was a-gate in the church that he did—or did not—build. By more than half closing one's eyes one can get some sort of notion of what the church may once have looked like. It is rather long, rather narrow, rather dark, a little grim. It contains a doorway that the restorer, Sir Gilbert Scott, declared to be Roman-British, a Norman lychnoscope, some rather fine Romanesque work, and a certain amount of later work of different periods. At the time when Scott took it in hand, it was a roofless ruin—from what one can learn of woodcuts, a remarkably fine one.

Several of the numerous towers are worth visiting, notably that called "Fienes'," after the first constable of that name. It was Norman in origin, but, like everything else in the castle, has undergone a vast amount of pulling about. It still contains some fine rooms, mostly Tudor in character. It used to contain a duplicate of the original Magna Charta, which had been conveyed thither by Hubert de Burgh, the king's principal upholder at Runnymede. This document was stolen—conveyed, the wise call it—by a member of the Dering family in the seventeenth century, Charles I. being king. Perhaps if that monarch, when a dozen years later he brought his flying queen to the castle, could have had a sight of the Great Charter, he might have been moved to meditations that would have saved his handsome head from the block. As it was, the charter became part of the Dering collection of manuscripts, and the king's head was fated to for ever figure in poor Mr Dick's.

On a bank above one of the principal roads in the castle stands the beautiful piece of brass ordnance called Queen Elizabeth's Pocket

Pistol.<sup>1</sup> This is said, on the one hand, to have been presented to “*diva nostra*” by the Netherlanders, on the other by the Emperor Charles V. to Henry VIII. It is ornamented with very fine designs of a decorative allegorical character, and bears the legend—

“Breeck scuret al muer ende wal bin ic geheten,  
Doer berch en dal boert minen bal van mi gesmetem.”

This has been excellently translated by a gentleman unacquainted with Low Dutch :—

“Load me well and keep me clean,  
I’ll carry my ball to Calais Green.”

But it really means something like, “I am bidden break all earthworks and walls. A ball hurled by me bores through hill and dale.”

As is only natural, the views from such points of the castle as command views are surpassingly grand. Seen from the height the smoky town and the toy-like harbour gain an added significance, the distant opposing coast a new meaning. One sees the idle sea playing gently with the concave, listless shore; realises what that writer had in mind when he made Austria say to Arthur :—

“Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,  
Whose foot spurns back the Ocean’s roaring tides  
And coops from other lands her islanders,  
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,  
That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes,  
Even till that utmost corner of the West  
Salute thee for her king. . . .”

One reaches more modern fortifications by ascending the curious spiral staircase that leads from Snargate Street through the chalk up-

<sup>1</sup> Dumas in his *Memoirs* gives an amusing account of Dover, which he says is noteworthy only for abominable coffee and the culverin “*de la Reine Anne*.” He adds historical details which are as magnificent pieces of imagining as one could wish.

wards to the barracks and the Drop Redoubt. In the barracks, as at Shorncliffe, one sees the soldier at home. He is very much the same in both places, not vastly more majestic, though placed at a higher altitude, at Dover. Between the barracks and the edge of the cliff is the remains of the church that one calls with rather insufficient evidence that of the Knights Templars, in which one may, if one be too lazy to go to Ewell, imagine King John laying his crown at the feet of Pandulph, saying—

“Thus have I yielded up into your hands  
The circle of my glory.”

Shakespeare, however, with a fine scorn for the archæological, makes this historic scene take place at Northampton.

The Drop Redoubt stands upon an eminence that in old maps is styled “The Devil’s Drop.” Probably, therefore, some legend connects the place with the foul Fiend. It doubtless got this bad name from its proximity to the Bredenstone Pharos, which was only removed to make way for the Redoubt. The Bredenstone itself is a sufficiently mysterious object. Over it the Lord Wardens are traditionally sworn in, but what is the nature of the connection between the Wardenship and the stone one does not know. According to Mr Knocker’s account of the swearing in of Lord Palmerston in 1861, the Court of Shepway that year was held in the very entrance of the Redoubt. The few remaining fragments of the Bredenstone had lately been exhumed, and over them his Lordship took the serement in the mode that follows.

Says the Speaker of the Court :—

“‘Sir, ye shall keep inviolate and maintain all the franchises, liberties, customs, and usages of the Five Ports, in all that ye may do, by the allegiance that ye owe unto our Lady the Queen, and by your knight-hood.’

“And his Lordship, holding up his hand, breast high and more, affirmed thus : ‘Yes, if God will, I shall to my power.’

"Being a knight and of the Queen's Council, he was not obliged to swear upon a book nor to repeat the words."

In 1891, the Marquis of Dufferin was sworn in, also upon the Bredenstone, but the present Lord Warden preferred not to climb the Western Heights, and was installed in the playground of Dover College. This was Lord Salisbury, whose installation took place in 1894.

The other buildings of archæological interest in Dover lie mostly to the north of the Market Square. The street which afterwards becomes the London Road starts its career as Cannon Street. As such it contains the once venerable Church of St Mary. Like everything else, this building has been restored out of all recognition. Part of the Norman chancel is still moderately fine, but the rest is sordid to a degree. The Norman tower must once have been imposing. Its lower parts were repaired by Canon Puckle, who set about the work in a spirit of some reverence, numbering the stones and setting them back again in due order, contriving to retain some of the look of the real thing. The upper part, which is a product of the year 1898, still looks beautifully new; looks like a part of a cheap chapel of ease in a London suburb.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ireland makes the following curious remarks about the internal arrangement of the church :—

"However painful the task, we cannot here omit to remark the continuation of a most glaring impropriety which every friend of decency and decorum must desire to see removed from a place of divine worship. Every one reading the history of Dover will feel astonished to find after reading the *plain hint* which the Corporation received from Royalty itself, that a range of highly ornamented and distinguished seats occupy the recess behind the communion-table, close to which (if not upon it) the mace borne before the chief magistrate is placed during his attendance at divine worship. With every dislike to superstition and bigotry on the one hand, and entertaining the highest respect for the dignity

of the magisterial office on the other hand, we cannot help remarking that such an appropriation of seats is as unbecoming as the abominable custom of holding elections in churches, whereby the house of prayer, if not converted into a *den of thieves*, is absolutely turned into a *bear garden*.

"When Charles II. visited Dover, on repairing to church, he was conducted with great pomp to this place of hearing, when his majesty, in a manner indicating that true humility dignifies instead of debases the highest station, declined the use of a seat, placed, as he emphatically observed,

"above  
The majesty of heaven."

—Hist. of Kent, vol. ii. p. 91.

After Cannon Street has become Biggin Street and is thinking of changing into High Street, one happens upon Hubert de Burgh's Maison Dieu. In the noble proportions of the hall one recognises the genius of the medieval builders. This too was rather badly restored in the 'Sixties—but not quite so badly as most of the buildings in Dover. It is said to have been transmogrified under the auspices of the present President of the Royal Academy, but I should think that it was Mr Ambrose Poynter, the President's father, who did the work. Such as it is, the interior of the hall vaguely suggests similarly restored buildings in Germany. It gains a certain air of richness from the scutcheons of successive Lord Wardens and from the by no means contemptible stained glass in some of the windows. It contains, too, portraits of various Lords Warden and of other officers of the Ports, and a number of assorted specimens of armour and arms that came from the Tower of London.

The stained glass, as I have said, is by no means so bad as one might have expected. The windows by Sir Edward Poynter have at least been designed by an artist, and the others are not much worse than they might have been. The subjects represented are designed to illustrate the history of the town. Thus one has—

- I. The relief of the castle by Stephen de Pencestre.
- II. The granting of the Maison Dieu Charter to Hubert de Burgh by Henry III.
- III. Edward III. passing through Dover.
- IV. The landing of the Emperor Sigismund.
- V. The embarkation of Henry VIII. for the Field of the Cloth of Gold.
- VI. The landing of Charles II.

Not far from the Maison Dieu, in a westerly direction, lies the Dover Priory, the ancient establishment of St Martin's. This remained in



ruins until the year 1868, when it was much pulled about. It now forms the home of Dover College. The Refectory, the Stranger's Hall, and one of the gateways still remain in various stages of restoration. Churchill, the author of the 'Prophecy of Famine,' the scourger of Hogarth, and the joint-author with Wilkes of the North Briton, was buried here. Before his pen in its day the whole world trembled—the Duke of Grafton, Lord Butè, all the king's ministers, all the Medmenham Abbey Gang. Even into the present century the lustre of his name lasted. His tomb was one of the last things that Byron saw in England, saw before he went to find his death in Greece. One forgets Churchill nowadays, but he was able to write for his epitaph in St Martin's churchyard—

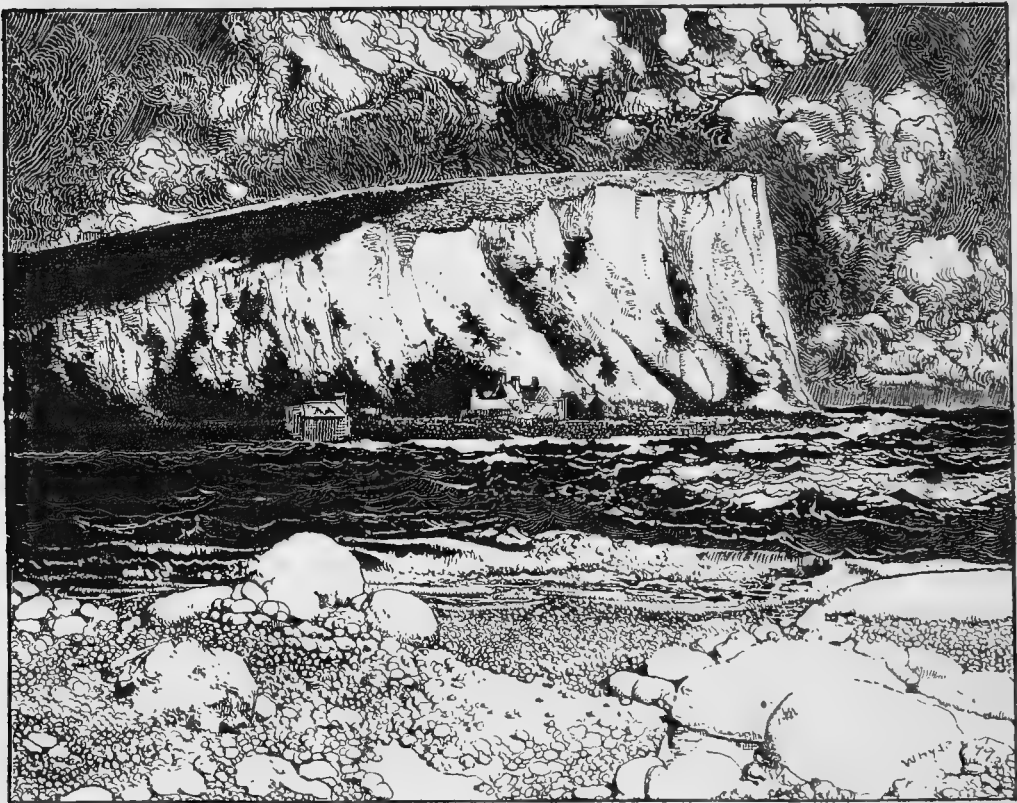
"Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies."

So perhaps his lot was happier than most.

For the rest, there is a rather amusing view of the manners of the Dover men that I venture to lift from the pages of the excellent Fussell: "The markets, in addition to their supply of provisions from the neighbourhood, are commonly well stocked with poultry, game, and fish and vegetables from Calais and Boulogne; and it is extremely amusing to observe the effect of a constant intercourse with foreigners, both as it relates to their mode of dealing, habits of behaviour, and language. A fishwoman at Dover is quite a different being from a fishwoman at Billingsgate; and the market-gardeners at Covent Garden are almost as unlike those who are engaged in the like occupation on the verge of this coast as a Parisian belle is unlike an English dairymaid. Let it not, however, be inferred that any loss on the score of honesty, of morals, or of civility is likely to be the result of an unrestrained communication with our opposite neighbours; but let us endeavour to profit by their example, whether worthy of imitation or deserving to be discouraged or avoided." This weird international combination is no longer markedly

visible in the Dover of to-day. The spirit of the age, perhaps, has proved too much for it, and the Portsmen have grown very like their neighbours.

Roads out of Dover are as a rule hilly and not vastly interesting at the first starting out. One has to pass through too many suburbs. Thus, to fare westward, one does better to take the beach-path near



ST MARGARET'S BAY.

the South-Eastern Railway station and to climb the zigzag path up the shoulder of Shakespeare's Cliff, though for bicyclists this is not very negotiable. One arrives, rather out of breath, at the Townsend Coast-guard Station on the heights above. The view from Shakespeare's Cliff is emotionally grand, but one is prevented from describing it, is forced to quote. Says Edgar:—

"Come on, Sir ; here's the place : stand still, oh, fearful  
 And dizzy 'tis to cast the eye so low :  
 The crows and choughs that wing the midway air  
 Show scarce so gross as beetles : half way down  
 Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade :  
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.  
 The fishermen that walk upon the beach  
 Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark  
 Diminished to her cock, her cock a buoy  
 Almost too small for sight. The murm'ring surge  
 That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes  
 Can not be heard so high. I'll look no more  
 Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight  
 Topple down headlong."

Eighteenth-century commentators have objected that this passage is strained ; but then everything not emasculated shocked an eighteenth-century commentator. They did not even take the trouble to observe that Edgar was describing to his blind father, not what he saw but what he pretended to see. He was exaggerating, in fact.<sup>1</sup>

Natural historians, too, have objected that the chough is a Cornish fowl and does not flourish in the vicinity of Dover, that the samphire does not grow on chalk cliffs. Yet I have seen choughs not six miles away from the cliff itself, and the samphire certainly does grow there and on the face of most of the cliffs along the coast. Is there not the hackneyed story of the sailors shipwrecked at the foot of Beachy Head—sailors who were brought out of utter despair by finding that the roots to which they were clinging were those of this plant, which does not grow below high-water mark ? I do not think that the dreadful trade is still pursued at Dover, but Fussell says : "it still employs some of the poorer people, and is exercised now (1818) in

<sup>1</sup> Pepys, on the other hand, seems inclined to imply that the cliff is not so very high after all—not even so lofty as the spire of old St Paul's. ". . . But we riding under it, my Lord [Sand-

wich] made a pretty good measure of with two sticks and found it to be not thirty-five yards high—and St Paul's is reckoned to be about ninety."—Diary, 29th May 1660.

the same manner as in the days of Shakespeare, by descending on a stick fastened to a rope which is secured above by an iron crowbar or a stake driven into the ground at the top of the cliff." Thus, if one cares about such things, one may be gratified by the thought that even the mendacity of Shakespeare's characters is founded on fact.

The edge of the cliff itself is not the stablest of ground. One runs a slight risk of ensuing the fate that poor Gloster vainly courted. The chalk is given to crumbling away beneath one. Frequent falls of the chalk seem to have considerably modified the form of the cliff at this point. At one time the Folkestone road ran at the base of the cliff, but this was blocked up by one of the falls in the last century. Fussell and other highly veracious chroniclers delight to dilate upon the marvellous fate of a sow that was buried by one of these falls, which took place behind Snargate Street in the year 1814: "A large portion of it overwhelmed one of the cottages at its foot, but happily without personal injury to the inhabitants. A pigsty which was buried beneath the fallen rock was discovered after several months with a sow in it, which, although destitute of any other food besides the litter on which she lay, was dug out alive, but in a singularly emaciated state and entirely devoid of bristles."

The Folkestone road pursues its way at some distance from the cliff face. It is in general a rather dreary highway, though the upland air is bracing and the view occasionally fine. At one point of its course one may see the stone which commemorates the murder of "sweet Jemima and lovely Caroline." They were done to death by a member of the German Legion, a fact that I have already recorded. The German's name is given as Dedeo Redanes, a name rather un-German in sound and shape.

One may return to Dover by striking north until one meets one of the transverse country roads. If one do this, one will come upon little villages that are just little villages and nothing more. They are very

quiet, very isolated, very charming to those who love them, but have nothing but their names to distinguish them from all the other little villages that one never hears of, will never hear of. They have names like Hougham and Alkham and Hawkinge and Capel-le-Fearne. Near the village of Poulton, which lies between these places and the London road, one may see the ruins of St Radigund's Abbey. It was a wealthy twelfth-century foundation of White Canons. It was, of course, laid waste at the Reformation; but Leland reports of it that "the monasterys at thys tyme netely mayntayned, but yt appereth that yn tyme past the bildinges have bene more ample than now they be. There ys on the hille fayre wood but fresch water taketh sum tyme."

The village of River, which is between Poulton and the London road, is rendered pretty and leafy by the Dour, which runs through it.

One may go eastward out of Dover either by taking the Deal road or by again having recourse to the cliff-walks. These one reaches by a tunnel which climbs gently up through the chalk and lets one out near the ugly convict prison. The walk along the heights is very similar in character to that along the brow of Shakespeare's Cliff. One is up and away in the air, and the rest of the world seems to matter very little. One passes first the long wall of the aforesaid convict prison; then the Look-out, a cluster of coastguard cottages dignified by a fine flagstaff; then the two South Foreland lighthouses. One is on the South Foreland itself. Somewhat farther along one comes to St Margaret's Bay, a sort of small amphitheatre decked out with stucco houses and the like. At the western end is the telegraph hut, a diminutive building into which run the submarine wires from Ostend and Calais. It seems to be charmingly unprotected—a caretaker visits it twice a-week or so. As such it should furnish material for sensational fiction. One imagines a nefarious adventurer who comes a-creeping in the night-time, breaks into the defenceless hut, taps the wire, and discovers all sorts of Government secrets—instructions to the British Ambassador

at Paris and what not. But perhaps this would not be strictly practicable.

Behind the village of St Margaret's Bay lies that of St Margaret's-at-Cliffe. This is distinguished by a very noble Norman church. A rough road from here will take one to Kingsdown, a pretty and secluded village in a valley running down to the sea. The downs here are for the most part rather depressing, very undulating, very bare, very monotonous. The soil, however, is said to be fertile. Perhaps in consequence they manure the fields with rags and town-refuse of one kind or another. This, of course, adds to the fertility, but does not improve the contours of the bounding hills. To the west of St Margaret's-at-Cliffe lies the hamlet of Westcliffe, where for some generations the family of Gibbon were lords of the manor. Slightly north of Westcliffe runs the main road between Deal and Dover. From where it dips down behind the castle one has a fine view of Dover itself. One is able again to appreciate the philosophy of the place: its sinister grandeur, its almost saurian advance as it swallows up the green valleys. In among the houses one sees at times the poor little river Dour, a pathetic thread of silver that seems to have no real purpose in days like these. One thinks that its whole short course ought to be covered up and itself made to run through culverts. The principal part of its stream is supplied by a nail-bourne, and when this chooses to run the Dour boasts a certain head of water. As a rule, it dribbles dispiritedly from Ewell to the sea, a distance of a few miles. Perhaps it felt happier, ran more sparklingly, in Leland's day, when there was a "Great spring at a place cawled—(perhaps Dreligore), and that ones in a vi or vii yeres brasted out so abundantly that a great part of the water commeth into Dovar stream, but elsytt runneth into se betwyxt Dovar and Folchestan, but nerer to Folchestan."

The London road becomes moderately countrified by the time it has reached Ewell. Of the old house of the Templars not a vestige

remains. Like so many other old buildings in these parts, it succumbed to the destructive dilettanteism of the eighteenth century. If one be in a hurry to go anywhere, one follows Watling Street as far as one will—as far as Canterbury perhaps. But it is better not to be in a hurry—to go nowhere, to turn off from the rather arid road. One loses oneself quite inevitably; but unless one is of a confused turn of mind, the losing oneself is no very serious matter. One wanders nonchalantly along devious narrow roads, along footpaths, across broad corn-fields, through sheaves and thickets. One comes upon little villages that are almost invariably gently picturesque; quite unexciting, but mellow; endowed with what one calls “atmosphere.” Then, too, there is the detritus of historic times, scattered all among the little hollows, everywhere. At Coldred, to the east of the London road, there is a very perfect small Roman camp; there are barrows everywhere. At Barfrestone there is a very fine, rather rude, Norman church. It was originally a votive chapel.

Near Sibertswold—which one pronounces Shepherdswell—is Waldershare, the seat of the Earls of Guildford. The trees in the park are very beautiful, and from among them rises the Belvidere, which was designed by Inigo Jones. This latter is a rather amusing architectural feat, but the view from its top is fine enough.

The tract of country north of Sibertswold is fascinating and rather mysterious. One should give in to it, not asking one’s way but just wandering. The roads and paths “bob up and down” quite as much as they did in Chaucer’s time. The real nature—the underlying nature—of the country is bare and undulating. One comes upon great stubble-fields, or fields of yellow rape. But these are alternated with patches of shave and with sunken roads topped with beechen hedges. Occasionally, at the top of a dip, through a gap, round an angle of a hedge, one sees the showering trees of one or other of the many parks. But, on the whole, these wooded masses have rather the air of an afterthought, rather the

air of not being part of the country's old scheme. It is a great country for skylarks; they thrill all above the downs. They seem to hang in myriads above the head, their voices filtering, unceasing, unintermittent, through the thin pure air. At times, to the east, one catches glimpses of the slopes of the Isle of Thanet, very still, very motionless. At times to the south, at times to the north, one catches glimpses of the seas, more still, more motionless; mere phantoms, blue and far away. The country is absolutely agricultural. One might think that nothing—no trade, no crafts—could be upon earth but that of driving straight furrows from hedge to hedge; nothing, no towns, no ports exist on the earth, but only the little cottages and the great white farms in the sheltered hollows.

One reaches villages at last, villages with strange names—Womenswold perhaps, or Bekesbourne. This last is one of the members of the port of Hastings. Until comparatively lately it remained under the government of that place. "This parish," says Ireland, "is exempt from the jurisdiction of the justices, and subject only to those of that town and port. Until within some years back (1828), the Mayor of Hastings appointed one of the principal inhabitants to act as his deputy; but that custom is now discontinued, to the great annoyance of the natives, who are in consequence necessitated to journey upward of fifty miles in order to obtain redress in cases of emergency, so that the district, from that inconvenience, has become an ungovernable and lawless tract of country." But this was long since changed, and Bekesbourne has become normally observant of the laws.

Watling Road runs to the west of these places, augmented near Barham Downs by the highroad from Folkestone. The broad level uplands of the down here have always been favourite battle- and pageant-fields for invaders and friends of the lords of this realm of England. Here, according to one theory, Julius Cæsar fought the embattled Britons; here, too, according to another, the men of Kent assembled



to meet the Conqueror. John, too, assembled a force of 60,000 men on these downs, whilst preparing to meet Lewis of France, prior to his own submission to the Pope; and Simon de Montfort, by his "general muster" of the Barons on Barham Downs, prevented the invasion of England by the foreign mercenaries that Henry III.'s wife had gathered in Flanders. Here, too, Henry VIII. arranged a minor Field of the Cloth-of-Gold in honour of the Emperor Charles V. Nowadays golfers fight bloodless battles on the same spot, but the hills around are still studded with the barrows in which sleep the forgotten fighters. One finds in them great old skeletons, and great old swords, and necklaces and coins and scores of the little things that mattered in the old times before our days.

From the northern end of Barham Downs into Canterbury is a matter of three or four miles of stiffly ascending and descending road. From Canterbury to Faversham the distance is somewhat greater. On the way one passes the village of Harbledown, Chaucer's

"Litel toun

"Which that y-clepëd is Bob-up-and-down."

The place is now little more than a suburb of Canterbury, but one may make a digression to speak of and to visit Lanfranc's Leper Hospital of St Nicholas, a saint well-beloved by the Portsmen. The Norman church is still moderately Norman, but the Hospital was rebuilt in later days. It remains quaint enough. They show one the lepers' platters and trenchers and stew-pot, and a number of things that bring the unfortunate unclean a little nearer to us. There remains even the lepers' collecting-box, a rude savings-bank, with a slit in the lid—very like some of the lepers' boxes that one may still see in the less disturbed churchyards of Germany. They preserved relics more questionable in days gone by—relics more reprehensible than even the mazers, drinking-cups that, before they became superannuated, must have tempted many

thirsty souls. Lambarde, at least, says: "Behold here at *Harbaldowne* (an Hospital builded by *Lanfranc* the Archbishop for relief of the poor and diseased) the shameful idolatry of this latter age, committed by abusing the lips (which *God* hath given for the sounding forth His praise) in kissing and smacking the upper leather of an old shoe, reserved for a Relique and unreverently offered to as many as passed by.

"*Erasmus* setting forth (in his dialogue intituled *Perigrinatio religionis*), under the name of one *Ogygius*, his own travaile to visit our Ladie of Walsingham and St *Thomas Becket*, sheweth that in his return from *Canterbury* towards *London*, he found (on the highway-side) an Hospital of certain poor folks, of which one came out against him and his company, holding an holy-water sprinkle in one hand and the upper leather of an old shoe (fair set in Copper and Christal) in the other hand.

"This doting father first cast holy water upon them and then offered them (by one and one) the holy shoe to kisse: whereat, as the most part of the company (knowing the manner) made no refusal: so among the rest, one *Gratianus* (as he faineth), offended with the folly, asked (half in anger) what it was. 'Saint *Thomas*' shoe,' quoth the old man: with which *Gratianus* turned him to the company and said: '*Quid sibi volunt hæ pecudes, ut osculemur calceos omnium virorum bonorum? Quin eadem opera porrigunt osculandum sputum, aliaque corporis excrementa? What mean these beasts, that we should kisse the shoes of all good men?*' &c."

But St *Thomas*' shoe has gone the way of the sardonic *Erasmus* of the New Learning, of "William Lambarde of *Lincolne's Inne*, *Gent.*"

As one walks between *Canterbury* and *Faversham* one is in the very heart of the hop country. Hops grow in every conceivable manner—up the old poles, up the newer wires. They are sheltered from winds by sackcloth shades, by wooden lews, by little plantations; washed with

all kind of poisonous fluids. One may be excused for thinking hops, for talking hops, for having hops on the brain : even for humming—

“ Back and side go bare, go bare ;  
Both foot and hand go cold,”

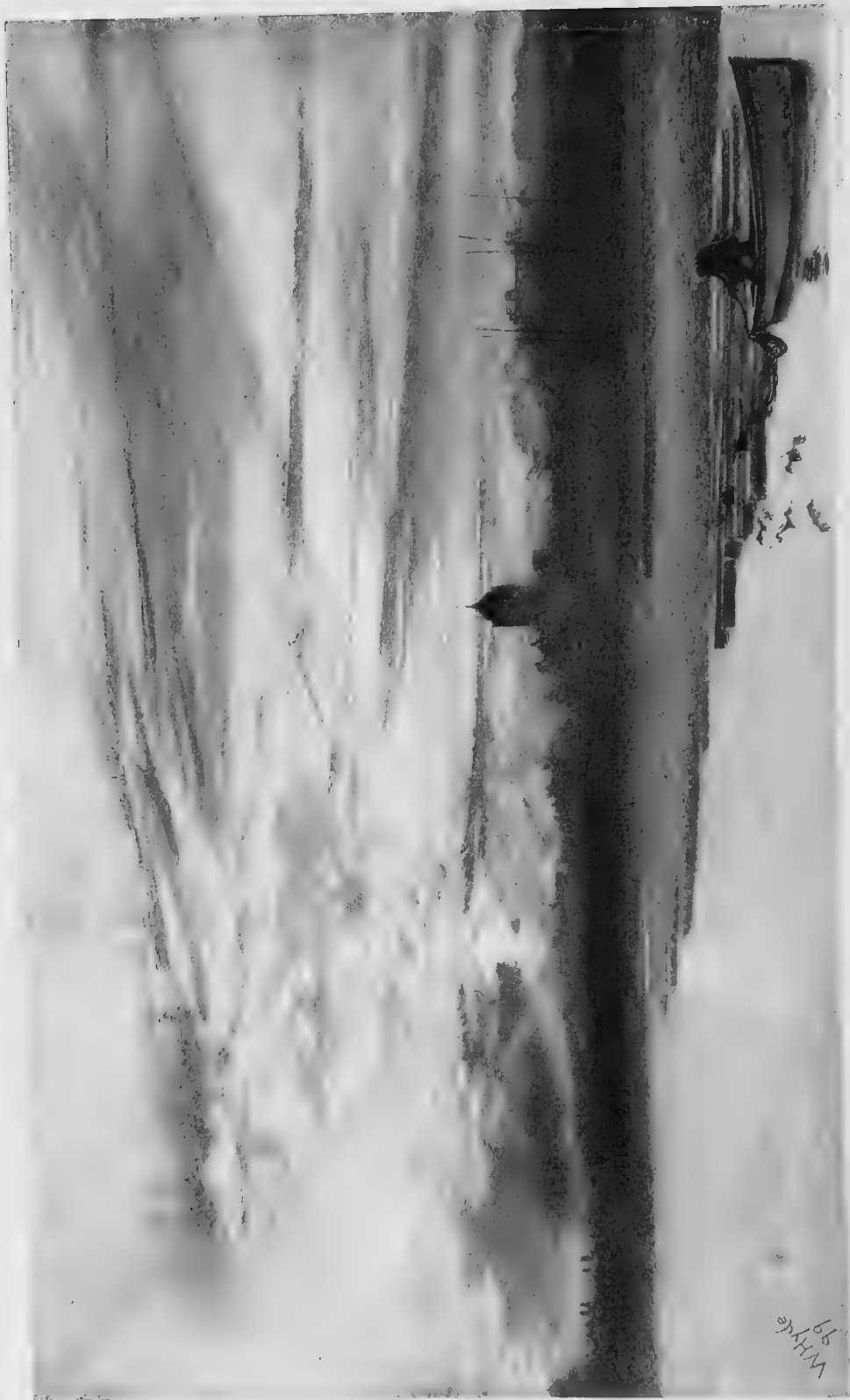
and so on and so on in the old manner ; for there is something intoxicating in the vicinity, in the mere nearness of an industry so widespread, so smiling, so essentially prosperous.

Faversham itself has always prospered, has always carried conviction of prosperity to its visitors. In the time of Elizabeth they said, “ This town is well peopled and flourisheth in wealth at this day, notwithstanding the fall of the Abbey. Which thing happeneth by a singular pre-eminence of the situation ; for it hath not only the neighbourhood of one of the most fruitful parts of this Shire (or rather of the very Garden of Kent) adjoining by land, but also a commodious creek that serveth to bring in or carry out by water whatsoever wanteth or aboundeth to the Countrie about it.”

What was said then we may echo to-day. Faversham people will tell you that times are bad : so they are, but Faversham seems to feel the pinch less than any other place. It stagnates a little now, but it still preserves the savour of ancient reverence, of ancient worth. It seems to remember well enough that kings have slept in its houses, have been buried in its abbey, have been held prisoner within its walls. It remembers these things and does not trouble much about the rest. The abbey has disappeared, but its broad market street is full of old houses. At its upper end stands the market-house, a quaint enough seventeenth-century structure standing on sturdy piles. Its noble church has been restored out of all knowledge ; but it still retains its commodious creek that serveth to bring in and carry out by water. It preserves, too, its Company of Free Dredgers, which is said to be the oldest corporation of its kind in the kingdom. It was in existence in

the time of Henry II., and it still carries on its work as it did then. Faversham, in fact and on the whole, is the pleasantest and quaintest and the least spoilt of the towns in the neighbourhood. Alone among the Ports and their members it has preserved something of its ancient character, something of its original prosperity. The others have all, either, like Hastings and Dover, lost all savour of ancient grace, of ancient leisure, or, like Winchelsea and Sandwich, have lost all touch with the times.





Wyle  
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SANDWICH FLATS





ST CLEMENT'S, SANDWICH.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### SANDWICH AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

SANDWICH is richer in early historical associations than any of the Cinque Ports—richer even than Dover, though the *rôle* it played in the development of the nation was not so large. It was not so national a port, had not so national a history; but such as it is, its history seems more personal, quainter, more pathetic. Winchelsea is perhaps the more desirable place to-day—is the more sympathetic; but its sudden flare of glory, its arrogance, its swift decay make it less pleasant, historically speaking. But, save for these two, the Ports can show nothing to compare with the silent town among the sand-dunes. Its history, too, is clearer, sharper cut, than that of any of the others. There is little doubt about its origins, its vicissitudes, its growths, and its decays. It stands out clearly—distant enough, minute enough, but very clear.

To begin with, there is no doubt whatever that the Romans never were in Sandwich. That perhaps accounts for its pleasantness. It was a place that meant nothing to that gross horde of materialists. Cæsar, we are told, landed within its liberties. I have already touched upon

the matter of his landing; have broached the theory that appealed to me. The more orthodox one—the theory of archæologists and emperors—is much as follows. Napoleon makes<sup>1</sup> Cæsar leave Boulogne towards midnight on the 24th–25th of August in the year 699 A.U.C.; makes him come in touch with Great Britain at Dover at 10 o'clock of the following morning. On the Dover cliffs he sees the Britons drawn up. He journeys about seven miles to the eastward—to where the cliffs of the South Foreland dip down. He stops in front of the open beach which stretches from Walmer to Deal. The Britons, understanding his manœuvre, follow in hot haste, preceded by their cavalry and their chariots. Then followed the famous landing, when the Romans were afraid until the standard-bearer of the tenth legion leapt into the sea and led the attack. Cæsar makes his camp “sur la hauteur de Walmer.” Napoleon III. gave a good deal of attention—or had it given for him—to the matter of the locality of Cæsar’s landing, and no doubt his account is upon the whole more to be trusted than my own. He accords a certain amount of attention to the “Lympne theory,” but dismisses it upon quite erroneous grounds. Says he: “Le peu d’élévation de la plaine au dessus du niveau de la mer, ainsi que la nature du sol, porte à conclure que la mer la recouvrait jadis . . . excepté toutefois dans la partie appelée le Dymchurch Wall.” This is rather nonsensical; it is at least more or less certain that Dymchurch Wall did not exist in the time of Julius Cæsar, and more or less certain that it was erected either by the Romans themselves or by subsequent indwellers of the March—possibly by Teutonic inhabitants during Roman times. As a matter of fact, the Emperor of the French was not well informed as to the Dymchurch Wall, for he calls it “une longue langue de terre sur laquelle s’élèvent aujourd’hui trois forts et neuf batteries”; but as a matter of fact, with the exception of the martello towers, which are neither forts nor batteries, there are neither of these fortifications

<sup>1</sup> Vie de Jules César.

on the wall. There is Fort Moncrief at one extremity, and there was a battery at Dungeness—but neither of these are on Dymchurch Wall. This fact of course establishes nothing, proves no more than that Napoleon III., and his fellow-thinkers who came before and after him, occasionally nodded. Cæsar in fact may very well have landed at Deal, but he may equally well have done so at Bonnington. It is true there are some mounds near Deal called “Romeswork”; but then near Bonnington there is a town called Romney. The one name proves just as much as the other. According to Napoleon, Cæsar’s second disembarkation took place at nearly the same spot on the coast between Deal and Walmer, and his second camp occupied much the same site as his first.

With the vanishing of the lightning-flash of Cæsar’s despatches these indistinctly seen south-eastern shores disappear from the historic eye. They reappear again clearly enough at the time when the Roman dominion in the country was finally established. At that time, it must be remembered, the Isle of Thanet was as much of an island as, let us say, Tasmania. It was separated from the rest of Kent by what was practically an elbow of the sea. Into this ran a number of streams like the Stour and the Wantsum. This channel formed then, as it did for centuries after, the most practicable route from the Channel to the mouth of the Thames and London. Its entrance was probably sheltered by the Goodwin Sands, its course by the highlands on either bank. Ships passing through it had, in fact, practically surmounted the last of the perils attendant on a journey from the Mediterranean to London. At either end of this channel the Romans had built a strong fortress—that of Regulbium on the north and that of Rutupiæ on the south. Both of these were under the command of the often-mentioned Count of the Saxon shore. The castle at the Reculvers has been almost entirely swallowed up by the sea, that at Richborough to some extent preserved by the sea’s sands; but in their own day these castles and this tract of land were famous throughout the Roman world. They were mentioned by Lucan, by Tacitus, by Juvenal, by

Ammianus Marcellinus, and by a host of other writers. The harbour was famous, the storms that raged outside famous, the oysters above all famous.

"Circeis nata forent an  
Lucrinum ad Saxum, Rutupinæ edita fundo  
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morso."

Nearly all the Roman expeditions that from time to time crossed the Channel landed at Rutupinæ—which Marcellinus calls "*stationem ex adverso tranquillam*." Thus came Theodosius the Elder, who was sent to quell the Picts and Scots; Lupicinus, who came against the Saxons; later, the Emperor Constans. During the anarchic times which saw the weakening of the grasp of Rome, Magnus Maximus, who was a kind of Far Western Emperor of Roman Britain, Gaul, and Spain, was called by the Romans "the Rutupine Robber." He seems, nevertheless, to have been popular enough in his own dominions, for Bede calls him "*vir strenuus et probus*," and his coins accord him the title of "Restitutor Reipublicæ."

We know from the Notitia that at Reculver there were stationed the first cohort of Vetasians; at Richborough the second legion, sur-named Augusta; but there remain no traces of there ever having been a town in either place, though Richard of Cirencester styles the place a colony. The remains of Richborough have provided endless occupation for the archæologist. The number of coins that have been found there is almost incredible. Battely mentions a vast number, and Battely was by no means the first on the ground; Roach Smith catalogued and described an equally large number, and the researches of the Kent Archæological Society, under the direction of Mr. Dowker, led to equally interesting finds. Besides coins, have been found at one period and another an equally vast number of objects of personal interest—steleyards, weights, knives, keys, styles, brooches, and so on and so on.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Arch. Cant.' vols. v., vi., vii., &c.; and 'The Antiquities of Richborough, Reculver, and Lymne (*sic*),' by C. Roach Smith, 1880.

At precisely what date the channel of the Wantsum began to be choked up, one does not know. One may perhaps advance the theory that the system of cultivation that the Romans introduced, here as elsewhere, diminished the flow of the rivers, and allowed the lands to settle.

It is certain that Sandwich was a town of early Saxon foundation, and its proximity to Richborough seems to vouch for a connection between the two places; but what that connection was is uncertain. Indeed there is enough of mist to obscure entirely one's view of the period. Geoffrey of Monmouth tells us that Aurelius Ambrosius confined the Saxons to Thanet, and finally utterly routed them, Eldol decapitating Hengist.<sup>1</sup> Arthur himself is said to have done this very thing; but there are people who doubt the veracity of Geoffrey of Monmouth or the very existence of Arthur. We come then, again, to the defeat of the Saxons "*in campo juxta Lapidem Tituli*." There seems little doubt that this must have taken place at Stonor, though some historians claim the honour for Folkestone, and Battely<sup>2</sup> learnedly advances the claims of what to-day we call Littlestone-on-Sea. But whether the British victory took place under Arthur or under Guorthigirn, whether at Folkestone or Stonor, it is certain that it stayed the tide but a little while.

We know that the Saxons founded the towns of Sandwich and Stonor, and it is stated that the Saxon kings converted the Roman castle of Richborough into a royal palace. Ethelbert, indeed, is said

<sup>1</sup> 'Geoffrey of Monm.,' Hist. Brit., Lib. viii., &c.

<sup>2</sup> Battely says: "Quid, interim ego de hac re sentiam, paucis dicam: Erat olim in Australi Cantii angulo *Lapis Finalis* sive terminalis, qui vocabatur *Lapis appositus in ultimo terræ*, nunc autem *Stone end*. *Lapides* vero *finales*, si inscriptum quid haberent, agrimensores Titulos appellabant. Unde Venantius Fortunatus, '*Titulum* hunc, ait, horum ju-

gerum limitem noveritis et confinium.' Juris-consulti: 'Titules in prædiis dicent esse tabulas in quibus Dominorum nomina inscripta erant, cujus prædia essent, cognosceretur.' Quorum lingua usus Chrysologus 'Dominum, inquit, prædiorum limitibus affixi tituli proloquuntur.' Erant igitur Lapides Tituli, quot quot in limitibus positi titulum, sive insculptum sive affixum habebant." — Antiquitates Rutenæ, p. 19.

there to have received St Augustine, though, as far as I am aware, there is nothing to confirm this statement. That Augustine landed on the Isle of Thanet we know, and Bede tells us that Ethelbert came there to meet him; but Richborough cannot be called on the isle. Thorne, however, makes the landing take place at a spot which he calls Retesborough; so that, if we care to believe Thorne, and to believe him capable of such misspelling, we may accept that fact as far as it goes. Leland, indeed, makes Richborough a part of Thanet, saying that the water ran round it to the eastward. This the water undoubtedly did, but it had the effect of making Richborough an island. In the course of time Sandwich grew into being. It seems by no means impossible that Richborough actually was, or contained a palace of the Anglo-Saxon kings. Amongst the Roman relics discovered by Roach Smith were several personal ornaments that, æsthetically at least, were fit for any king—were as good as those possessed by any modern king. Thus the place was certainly frequented by Saxons of position.

Possibly there was a Saxon town round the southern wall of the castle—a Saxon town that followed the sea as it receded, just as did Romney and Hythe; possibly Sandwich grew spontaneously. It had in those times, and for several succeeding hundreds of years—let us say from the first to the twelfth centuries—a serious rival in Stonor just across the water. Both these towns may be said to have grown out of the Roman castle of Rutupiæ. Sarre was perhaps the pendant of Regulbium. It must in Anglo-Saxon days have been a place of some consideration. The finds of Saxon relics in its burial-ground<sup>1</sup> have been as numerous as those of Roman in either Richborough or Reculver, but very little documentary traces of the town's importance remain.

The channel of what it is convenient to call the Wantsum retained, too, its Roman feature of a fortress at either end; though the fortress, to suit Saxon requirements, became more or less fortified. It retained, too,

<sup>1</sup> 'Arch. Cant.,' as above.

its uses as the principal highway to the growing town of London. To such an extent, indeed, was this the case that Sandwich may be called almost as local in its relation to the capital as were Hythe and Romney to Kent and the Marsh. One of the twin towns was actually called Lundenwic, and owed a certain allegiance to London. This was most probably Stonor. The matter is, however, debatable.<sup>1</sup> Eddius Stephanus, who wrote in the seventh century the life of Bishop Wilfrithus, speaks of that saint as landing at Sandwich, whilst the eighth-century charter of Eadbert still speaks of Lundenwic. Thus Lundenwic must have existed after Sandwich changed its name, if it ever did so. In any case, there was great rivalry between the two ports, and the rivalry was rendered none the less strenuous by the fact that both were granted to monastic bodies. Sandwich was perhaps fortunate in falling to the lot of Christ Church, Canterbury, who seem to have had some subtle organising power, or else to have been extremely lucky in the ports that were apportioned to them. Romney certainly owed much to their governing, so did Hythe, so Dover, and so doubtless Sandwich. Indeed, the question suggests itself whether or not the early prosperity and the subsequent perfection of organisation of the Cinque Ports did not arise from their tutelage under the Christ Church Religious. In that case we may trace their rise from the traditions imparted to Christ Church by the tenth-century Archbishop Dunstan of blessed memory. Dunstan was a saint whom we may find temperamentally uncongenial, but he was an organiser of unrivalled shrewdness. He had a power over Edgar which allowed him to consolidate and to mould the fortunes of the diocese of Canterbury in a way which certainly smoothed the path for prelates like Lanfranc and Becket.

Less fortunate than its rival, Stonor fell into the hands of the monks

<sup>1</sup> Kemble ('The Saxons in England,' De Hlothære, Vita Bonifac., and the Anglo-Saxon Gray Birch's ed., vol. ii., App. C.) calls London itself Lundenwic, quoting the laws of Chron. ; but, as a matter of fact, all these authorities tell rather in favour of the Thanet town.

of St Augustine's, Canterbury. This came about in the reign of Canute, and it is, if not significant, at least suggestive that from the eleventh century one must date the decline of this formidable port.

Rich though the neighbourhood be in historical data, it is even richer in that pleasanter sort of data—the legendary. Thus one may go out of one's way to rehearse the "gesta" of the famous woman that founded the nunnery at Minster in Thanet. One may take a purple patch from Lambarde, who got his facts from William Thorne, a St Augustine's chronicler, and from the '*Nova Legenda Angliæ*.' Says he:—

"Certain officers of *Egbricht* had done great injury to a noble woman called *Domnewa* (the mother of Saint *Mildred*), in recompense of which wrongs the King made an Herodian oath and promised upon his honor to give her whatever she would ask him.

"The woman (instructed, belike, by some Monkish chronicler) begged of him so much ground to build an Abbay on, as a tame Deer (that she nourished) would run over at a breath; hereto the King had consented forthwith, seeing that one *Tymor* (a counsellor of his) standing by, blamed him of great inconsideration, for that he would, upon the uncertain course of a Deer, depart to his certain losse, with any part of so good a soil. But the Earth immediately opened and swalled him alive, in memory whereof the place is called *Tymor's leape*.

"Well, the King and this Gentlewoman proceeded in their bargain; the Hynde was put forth, and it ran the space of fourty and eight Ploughlands before it ceased. And thus *Domnewa* (by the help of the King) builded at *Minster* a monastery or Minster of Nuns. . . . Over this Abbay of *Mynster*, *Mildred* . . . became the Ladye and Abbasse: who, because she was of noble lineage and had gotten together seventy women (all which Thiodorus, the seventh Bishop, veiled for Nunns), she easily obtained to be registered in our English Kalender. . . . And no marvell at all, for, if you will believe the work called (*Nova Legenda Angliæ*) yourself will easily vouchsafe her the honour.



“This woman (saith he) was so mightily defended with divine power that lying in a hot oven three hours together she suffered not of the flame : she was also endued with such godlike vertue, that comming out of *France* the very stone whereon she first stepped at *Ippedsfleete* received the impression of her foot. . . . And finally, she was diligently guarded with God’s Angell attending upon her, that when the Devill (finding her at praier) had put out the candell that was before her, the Angell forthwith lighted it for her.”

With the coming of the eighth and ninth centuries, however, the day of these tranquil saints was over ; the time was come for their successors to be calendared as martyrs as well. The Saxon freebooters had to undergo the assaults, and in the end the yoke, of other freebooters. As it had formed the first camping-ground of the Jutes, so Thanet was fated to become the principal stronghold of the Danes. Their first attempts were more or less tentative. In 787, it is said, men from three Danish ships landed in the neighbourhood of Sandwich, where they were confronted by the reeve of Beorthrick, King of Wessex. Him they incontinently slew, whereupon the people of the adjoining country assembled and beat them back to their ships. In 851, according to Matthew Paris, Athelstan defeated the Danes in a great naval battle fought off Sandwich, but the Danes gradually became too firmly established in the Isle of Thanet to be permanently beaten off.<sup>1</sup>

They probably proved very unpleasant neighbours for poor Sandwich, which little by little became their head port. Thus in 993 and 1006 it became their headquarters. In 1007 Ethelred the Unready had recourse to the famous device of ship-money, and by its means raised “the finest fleet that England had ever seen.” But Ethelred was more fortunate in his contrivance “that every 310 Hides of lands should be charged with

<sup>1</sup> There is a reference to the slaying of 120 Danes at Sandwich, A.D. 877 (*Chronologia Rerum Septentr.*, Langebek, vol. v. p. 86). This seems, however, to refer to Swanage. The place is indifferently called Sandwic, Swanewic, Swana-wine, &c.

the furnishing of one ship and every ten Hides one Jack and Sallet" than happy in the use he made of his noble fleet. It duly assembled in Sandwich haven, and there slowly fell to pieces.

Sandwich had to undergo another visitation from Sweyn and Cnut in 1013,<sup>1</sup> and in 1014 the latter there set ashore his luckless hostages, to whom he had "most barbarously behaved himself, cutting off the hands and feet of such as he had taken."<sup>2</sup> This was in revenge for the treacherous massacre of the Danes after St Martin's drunken feast. After that time the Danes visited Sandwich almost yearly, being again and again bought off by Ethelred. Cnut, however, does not seem to have despised Sandwich, for we read that when the country definitely fell into his hands he busied himself with "finishing the building of the town." At the same time he confirmed the charters which made it the property of Christ Church. He also presented to these monks St Bartholomew's arm, a rich pall, a crown of gold, and "this haven of Sandwiche, together with the Royaltie of the water on each side, so far forth as (a ship being on float at the full sea) a man might cast a hatchet out of the vessell unto the bank." Not content with these ratifications of the charters of Christ Church, Cnut granted to St Augustine's the Abbey of Minster, and, as I have already said, the town of Stonor.

The days of Sandwich's flourishing were at hand—had arrived. The author of the "Encomium Emmæ," when mentioning the arrival of Cnut at the port, styles it "the most famous of all the English towns,"<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "A.D. MXIII<sup>o</sup>. Swanus . . . cum classe valida . . . ad Sandwicum, portum in Anglia applicuit"—Matt. Westmon., Flores Hist., ed. 1890, vol. i. p. 535.

<sup>2</sup> "Cnuto quoque fuga præsidio elapsus cum classe sua ad Sandwii portum . . . applicuit, ubi in contumeliam gentis Anglorum obsides omnes qui patri suo de regno Angliæ dati fuerant, truncatis manibus auribus præcisis, naribus que amputatis, abire permisit."—*Ibid.*, p. 538.

<sup>3</sup> "Expectabili itaque ordine, statu secundo, *Sandwich* qui est omnium Anglorum portuum famosissimus, sunt appulsi; ejectisque anchoris, baculis se exploratores se dedunt littori, et citissimi finitima tellure explorata ad noto recurrunt navigia, Regique dicunt adesse resistentium parata milia."—Encomium Emmæ, Langebek, Scriptores Rer. Danic., vol. ii. pp. 481, 482. Matt. Paris says: "Itaque ad Sandwici portum cum valida classe applicuit," &c.

and this it remained throughout the duration of the Danish dominion. The Danes, however, have left practically no traces of their having been in the place, have left no mark on the face of the land. One or two runic stones of uncertain origin have, it is true, been found at Sandwich, and one or two Sceattas at Sarre, but that is all. There is, it is true, the legend from which we learn that "flatterers exist alway," but, save for this, the passage of the Northmen was a rather silent one.

Sandwich, nevertheless, retained its prestige under the Confessor. We hear several times that he departed from London for Sandwich with so many ships; once, like Ethelred, he lay in the haven "with so great a strength that no man hath in this land seen a greater." Between 1044 and 1054 Edward had to contend with the Norwegians; the Danes, who again made a descent upon Sandwich; the Count of Flanders, and the great Earl Godwin. During the struggles with the first three Edward had the help of the Danegelt, but immediately after the first banishing of Godwin the king remitted this tax. Godwin was not slow to take advantage of this voluntary emasculation. He collected a fleet from his own Kentish ports, and very speedily brought the king to his knees. He did not, however, take Sandwich at his first attempt, although he made for that port. It was, however, in the hands of the Earls Ralph and Odda, who were supported by a powerful force. Godwin, therefore, made for Pevensey. This was in 1052. During his second expedition, however, he was received at Sandwich, as at the rest of the ports, with the acclamation due to the saviour of the country. Here, as elsewhere, "every ship in the haven was freely placed at the bidding of their lawful Earl."<sup>1</sup> Godwin reached London, ejected the king's Norman favourites, and was reconciled to the king at a great Gemót.

It was by no means Godwin's policy to take any vengeance on places like Sandwich, which had been defended against him whether

<sup>1</sup> 'Norman Conquest,' vol. ii. p. 325 *et seqq.* The authorities are the Chronicles of Peterborough, Abingdon, and Worcester.

they would or no. Thus the town steadily continued its fortunate career. As a matter of fact, for the next seventeen years, most of them eventful enough to the nation, we hear nothing of events at Sandwich. Boys in his 'Annals' finds nothing to be mentioned until the year 1075, when William confirmed the grant of Odo to Christ Church. But we know that Sandwich incidentally helped to resist the Norman yoke; beat off the Danes that were to have aided the English. Before this, the town had afforded a temporary shelter to Tostig, Harold's traitor brother. Harold upon hearing of Tostig's landing hastened to attack him. But "when Tostig heard that Harold the king was toward Sandwich, then fared he from Sandwich and took of the boat-carles some with him, some willing, some unwilling."<sup>1</sup> When, three years afterwards, Osbeorn made his *coup d'essai* at Sandwich he was repulsed by the Normans, who were then established there under Odo of Bayeux.

We come then to the Domesday-Book account of the town. "Sandwice," we read, "lies in its own hundred. This burgh the Archbishop holds, and it is for the clothing of the monks, and renders to the king the like service as Dover. And the men of that burgh testify this, that before King Edward gave it to St Trinity, it rendered to the king fifteen pounds. At the time of the death of King Edward it was not at farm. When the Archbishop received it, it rendered fourteen pounds of farm and forty thousand herrings for the sustenance of the monks. In the year in which this description was made, Sanuwic rendered fifty pounds of farm and herrings as formerly. T.R.E., there were three hundred and seven messuages with residencies there; now there are seventy-six more; that is together, three hundred and eighty-three."<sup>2</sup>

From this we may judge that Sandwich was a place of very consider-

<sup>1</sup> "þa Tostig þæt geaxode þæt Harold cing was toward Sandwic, þa for he of Sandwic & nam of þam butsekerlen sume mid him, sume þances, sume unþances."—Chron. Ab.

<sup>2</sup> Domesday Book of Kent, Larking's ed.

able dimensions in the year of the survey. The tenure of the monks was to some extent exceptional. They were under the superintendence, not of the archbishops, as was the case with Hythe, but of the priors of Christ Church—or of Holy Trinity, as it was sometimes called. The matter is said to have arisen as follows. Odo of Bayeux, upon the expulsion of Archbishop Stigand, seized both the town and its dues. When he was forced to disgorge he is reported to have said that he surrendered the place not to the archbishop but to the monastery. Why this dictum of a spoilt child should have influenced matters one does not exactly know; the fact remains that Sandwich was not nominally subject to the archbishops, though it was actually under the control of Lanfranc during that arch-prelate's life. Perhaps the place was more directly subject to the monks, because on it fell the duty of feeding them. The archbishops, doubtless, would have possessed it had the monastic control been disciplinary, or anything other than merely sumptuary.

In the meanwhile constant bickerings went on between the religious of Stonor and those of Sandwich. The St Augustine's men seem, upon the whole, to have been the aggressors; indeed, as the fortunes of their towns in Thanet declined they left no stone unturned in their efforts to retrieve their fortunes. They had commenced their aggressions even during the days of the Danish rule, whilst in the time of Henry I. they actually went so far as to seize the possessions of Christ Church in Sandwich. The religious of Holy Trinity, however, very successfully defended their claims under the charter of Cnut, and here again the St Augustine monks were foiled. Before this, in 1090, they had come to loggerheads with the Corporation of London touching the rights over the haven of Stonor.<sup>1</sup> In this suit they were

<sup>1</sup> William Thorne says: "*Cives Londoniensis vendicaverunt dominium villæ de Stonore tanquam de maris portu civitatis Londoniense sub-* jecto. Sed rege Willelmo Ruffo favente parti Abbas," &c.—Twysden's '*Decem Scriptores*,' fol. 1733.

successful; though, one might imagine, unjustly successful. Lambarde indeed says they only succeeded by the "favourable aide of the Prince." This, however, did not stop the decay of the town, and at the same time the town of Minster began to decay owing to the translation to Canterbury of the relics of St Mildred. In 1121 Henry I. conceded to the monastery the right to hold a market in the town, but even this was ineffectual.<sup>1</sup>

Thus Sandwich began finally to outdistance all its rivals in the eastern part of Kent. Of the once considerable town of Sarre little is known. It probably faded early out of existence. It remained, however, the principal place of ferrying into the island, though in 1485 the ferry was converted into a bridge. For the time, at least, Sandwich remained more or less quiet, more or less subject to the vicissitudes of London itself; indeed, as London grew, so may Sandwich be said to have done. During the whole of the twelfth century it retained rather the character of a merchant town than of a warlike settlement, and during that century it laid the foundations of its long-lasting prosperity. Its history in the large concerns itself with the departures and the landings of historic personages. Thus in 1164 Becket embarked in a fishing-boat in the harbour of Sandwich, and the same night landed at Gravelines. Becket remained in exile for some six years, and then set out for Sandwich again, exclaiming: "Vado in Angliam mori"—"I go into England to die." The story of his arrival in England is touchingly told by his pupil, biographer, and accompanier, Herbert of Bosham. They had erected a cross on the prow of the archbishop's vessel that it might be recognised by those on shore. And an immense crowd of priests and of poor people awaited his coming. And when he safely landed they met him, "some humbly prostrating themselves to the ground, some cheering, some weeping, and all crying with one accord, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord,

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, fol. 1796.

*pater orphanorum et iudex viduarum.*'"<sup>1</sup> And so the archbishop passed on his way to Canterbury. But, "although the way was short, he hardly reached that town that day, so many were there crowding together, amongst the sounds of the bells, of the organs, of the hymns and the canticles."<sup>2</sup>

Before the end of the century Sandwich beheld another landing, when, "in the year of grace 1194, the greater part of his ransom being paid, and hostages for the remainder being left, (Richard I.) was set free of all custody of the Emperor and, on the Dominican day after the feast of Saint Gregory, landed joyfully at the port of Sandwich." Whilst the king was approaching England a herald of his coming was seen in the sky about the second hour of the day: "a certain very serene and unaccustomed splendour appeared undistant from the sun." It had the shape of a human form and the splendour of the rainbow.<sup>3</sup> One does not hear of any popular joy at the return of Lion's Heart; at least, neither John of Brompton nor Gervasius make mention of any, though the former says, "And then first did he believe himself free from captivity when his ship touched English ground" at Sandwich.

With the opening of the thirteenth century we come upon the unsavoury details of the refuge of John amongst the Barons of the Five Ports, upon the tragic details of the burning of Sandwich by "Lewis the Dauphin." One finds few details of the actual catastrophe, but one knows, from the fact that it received several privileges from the succeeding kings, that the disaster must have been grievous enough. Thus in the 2nd of Henry III. the town received market rights, and

<sup>1</sup> Alii vero humi se humiliter prosternantes, ejulantes hos, plorantes illos præ gaudio, et omnes conclamantes," &c.—Robertson's 'Materials,' vol. iii. p. 477.

<sup>2</sup> "Cum vero, et si via brevis, inter tot turbas occurrentes et comprimentes, Cantuariam vix ea die perveniret, in sonitu campanarum,

in organis, in hymnis et canticis."—*Ibid.*, page 478.

<sup>3</sup> "Secunda hora diei apparuit quidam serenissimus atque insolitus splendor, non longius a sole distans, quam ad longitudinem et latitudinem humani corporis," &c.—Chron. J. de Oxenedes, Ellis' ed., p. 95.

two years later the right to levy twopence per cask on imported wine.

That Sandwich had suffered more or less severely one may to some extent gather from the records of her ship service. She seems at this time to have been running a course somewhat similar to that of Winchelsea. Thus in 1219 she supplied only five ships to Winchelsea's ten and Dover's twenty-one; towards the end of the century she found twelve to Winchelsea's thirteen and Dover's seven, while for the siege of Calais in 1347 she found twenty-two ships with 504 men to Winchelsea's twenty-one ships and 596 men. Her average service, according to Jeake, amounted to ten and a half ships.

Towards the end of the century the feuds between Sandwich and Stonor grew so virulent<sup>1</sup> that the king, seeing the necessity for inter-

<sup>1</sup> This was the sort of thing that constantly occurred :—

"1280.—A writ of inquiry issued this year at the suit of the abbot of St. Augustin, who sets forth that he has a wall of sand and stone between Stanore and Clivesende, by which his manor of Menstre is protected from the rage of the sea, and that the people of Sandwich by force dig up the materials and carry them away in their boats, and will not suffer the abbot's officers to distrain a legal way for the trespass, but even bring armed men in their boats for the purpose of preventing such distress: and that he has a marsh belonging to himself in right of his barony between Stanore and Hippelesflete, into which the people of Sandwich come without leave, and, against the peace and the consent of the said abbot, dig the soil and carry it away in their boats by force to Sandwich for filling up and repairing their wharfs. and bring armed men with them as aforesaid for their protection: and further, that he has a market and a fair in his manor of Menstre on his own ground, to which the men of Sandwich resort, and there hire ground and thereon

set up stalls, for which they refuse to pay stallage; and when his bailiffs distrain them for stallage according to custom, they make reprisal and seize his rents to the amount of 20s. within the town of Sandwich. The said abbot further sets forth that he had a windmill and a watermill in the same marsh, from which he used to receive every year fifty quarters of corn, which were burnt by the men of Sandwich, &c.

"The mayor and bailiffs with others of the town of Sandwich appear and say, that they have always hitherto had this privilege among the liberties granted to the port's men by the kings of England, that they may not be impleaded or answer to any plea except in the town of Sandwich, and they request that their franchise in this point may not be injured. Being asked whether the town of Stanore belonged to the port of Sandwich and was claimed by them as a member of the said port, they replied that it belonged to the port of Sandwich."—MS. penes Ric. Farmer, S.T.P.

"1281.—About this time John Dennis, mayor of Sandwich, Solomon Loveryke, and others were



ference, took into his own hands the management of Sandwich and its revenues. This was in 1290. The monks received in exchange certain lands of the queen and surrendered "all their rights at Sandwich, excepting their houses and keys, with a free passage in the haven in the small boat called the oere boat, and free liberty for their tenants to sell and purchase." In thus escaping from the hands of the monks at a time when the monks were beginning to become a drag, Sandwich was exceptionally lucky, and, as if in consequence, its ship services enormously increased. For some time afterwards it practically supplied the main part of the ships that incessantly ravaged the French coast. According to Ireland—whose authority, however, I have not been able to discover—"when it was required, the mayors, on receiving the king's letters, furnished at the charge of the town fifteen sail of armed ships of war, manned by 1500 men." Ireland, whether as the writer of 'Vortigern' or as a topographical historian, is to be regarded with suspicion; but it is more or less certain that Sandwich did contrive very seriously to annoy the French from the years 1293-94 onwards. . According to Swinden,<sup>1</sup> the quarrel arose because "the mariners of Flanders insulted the mariners of Bayonne, because they had killed some of their men, and the men of Bayonne begged help of the seamen of Yarmouth and the Cinque Ports, who . . . slew 400 of the Flandrians, sunk some of their ships and burnt others, which was the cause of their arresting and casting into prison of fourscore merchants of Bayonne in Bruges and confiscating all their precious goods and very rich wares by order of the Earl of Flanders." This was the cause of quarrel with the Flemings, from

attached by Robert de Stokho, sheriff of Kent, to answer to a plea of trespass, for assaulting the sheriff's bailiff upon execution of the king's writ within Stonore. Some plead to the jurisdiction and refuse to answer except in the court of Shipway, but all of them fail in their defence and are committed to gaol, and the act of the

mayor in those things which concern the commonalty being deemed to be the act of the whole body, the corporation is deprived of its privileges."—Boys, 'Hist. of Sandwich.'

<sup>1</sup> Swinden's 'Hist. of Great Yarmouth,' p. 922, note.

whom it naturally spread to the Spaniards. In 1294, says Boys, "they made prize likewise of twenty Spanish ships laden with wine which they carried into Sandwich." Of the genesis of the quarrel with the French I have already given account.

In 1342 Edward III. crossed the Channel, starting from Sandwich, and going to the relief of John de Montfort. According to Boys, he was provided with both soldiers and engines of war, but the latter proved too large for the ships at Sandwich. From Rymer's 'Fœdera' we learn that the king stayed for some time at Sandwich. From it he issues briefs: "De custode Angliæ, absente Rege, constituto;" "Pro dicto custode;" "Super Magno Sigillo et de Passagio Regis." In 1345 the king was again at Sandwich, with his queen, Philippa, "at which place Robert de Sadyngton, the chancellor, waited upon him, and in the queen's apartment delivered to his majesty his great seal, in the presence of Bartholomew Burghmersh and John D'Arcy le Fitz, and others. At the same time he received from the king another seal to be used during his absence from the kingdom; which seal the chancellor took with him to London, and on the Tuesday following caused it to be affixed to certain charters, letters patent, and writs at Westminster. That same Sunday the king, with his nobles and attendants, sailed from Sandwich about nine o'clock in a frigate called the *Swallow*, and proceeded to sea with his fleet. They landed at Sluys, and the king returned to Sandwich on the 26th of the same month. This expedition was undertaken with a view to obtaining the earldom of Flanders for Prince Edward through the intrigues of James D'Arteville, a factious brewer of Ghent, but the design was frustrated by the death of D'Arteville, who was murdered by the populace on the 17th of July."

They were stirring times enough, but the king had to attend to business affairs as well as to other matters. Thus we find in Rymer's 'Fœdera,' quite a number of briefs that the king attested in

Sandwicum.<sup>1</sup> His presence at Sandwich perhaps opened his eyes to the desirability of finally acquiring the remaining rights of the monks over the town. As if in gratitude for this, the townsmen replied with their noblest effort in the matter of ship service next year, they finding twenty-two ships.<sup>2</sup> The king and queen crossed to Calais in a Sandwich ship. One hopes the gentle queen had a fair passage. For one remembers the words: "Then the quene beyng great with chylde, kneled downe, & sore wepyng, sayd, a gētyll sir, syth I passed the see in great parell, I have desyred nothyng of you; therfore nowe I hūbly requyre you, in y<sup>e</sup> honour of the son of the virgyn Mary, and for the loue of me, y<sup>t</sup> ye woll take mercy of these six burgesses. The kyng behelde y<sup>e</sup> quene, and stode styll in a study a space, and thē sayd, a dame, I wold ye had ben as nowe in sōe other place, ye make suche request to me y<sup>t</sup> I can not deny you; wherfore I gyue them to you, to do your pleasure with theym: than the quene caused thē to be brought into her chambre, and made y<sup>e</sup> halters to be taken fro their neckes, & caused them to be newe clothed, & gaue them their dyner at their leser; and than she gaue ech of them sixe nobles, & made thē to be brought out of thoost in sauegard, & set at their lyberte. . . . Than the kyng mounted on his horse, & entred into the towne with trumpets, tabours, nakquayres,

<sup>1</sup> Among the matters attested at Sandwich this year one finds many like the following:—

"Super Expensis in Ambassiata Hispaniæ;" "De Impignoratione Reginæ coronæ;" "De Impignoratione magnæ coronæ;" "De Custode Angliæ constituto," and so on. ('*Fœdera*,' vol. 5, p. 471 *et seqq.*)

<sup>2</sup> Among the briefs of the period in the '*Liber Albus*' of the City of London I find the following:—

"Breve quod Homines ad Arma et Sagittarii sint apud Sandwicum.

"Breve ad arraiandos homines civitatis.

"Breve quod Homines ad Arma et Sagittarii se festinent versus Regem. . . .

"Breve pro duabus bargeis faciendis, et Assessio denariorum ad unam bargeam.

"Compotus denariorum receptorum pro factura ejusdem.

"Littera Regis ad mittendam dictam bargeam usque Sandwicum.

"Indentura inter Majorem et Marinarios dictæ bargeæ.

"Littera Regis pro dicta bargea arraianda."

These, however, are the only references to Sandwich that I have been able to discover in that collection.

and hormyes, and there the kyng lay tyll the quene was brought a bedde of a fayre lady named Margarete. . . . The kynges mynde was when he cāe into Englande to sende out of London a xxxvi. good burgesses to Calys to dwell there, and to do somoche that the towne myght be peopled w<sup>t</sup> pure Englysshmen; the which entent the kynge fulfilled. . . . Methynke it was great pyte of the burgesses & other men of the towne of Calys, and women, and chyl dren, whane they were fayne to forsake their houses, herytages, and goodes, and to bere away nothyng, and they had no restorement of the frenche kyng, for whose sake they lost all: the moost part of them went to saynt Omers. . . . Than the kyng of Englande and the quene retourned into Englande.”<sup>1</sup>

In 1349 the king again set sail from Sandwich, and shortly afterwards took place the great sea-fight of *L'Espagnols sur Mer*, which I have already mentioned.<sup>2</sup> Eight years later, John, King of France, landed a prisoner in the town of Sandwich.

In 1359 Edward III. again came to Sandwich, where, or rather in a “tenement” at Stonor, he remained for more than a month. This was the last glory of Stonor, which had long since sunk to the condition of a member of Sandwich. In 1365 the town was entirely destroyed by the sea. Sandwich itself was becoming more and more prosperous. In 1377 the king, as a crowning favour, removed from Queensborough the wool staple and placed it in Sandwich. The value of this market can hardly be underrated. I have already given a sufficient account of the illicit sale of wool in the district. Sandwich now became the chief place for legal traffic in the staple article of English trade. The dutiful sale of wool was perhaps not so large as the illegal, but it was large enough to be of great service to the town and port of Sandwich.

The town was, in fact, becoming too prosperous, and in the hapless

<sup>1</sup> The Chronycle of Froissart, Lord Bernier's translation, 1812 edit., vol. i. p. 177.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, chap. i.

days towards the end of the century the first warning of approaching desolation occurred, taking the form of a new triumph. In the year 1285 the French meditated a descent on the place, but, says Lambarde, "certain French ships were taken at the sea, whereof some were fraught with the frame of a timber Castle (such another, I suppose, as William the Conqueror erected at Hastings, so soone as he was arrived), which they also meant to have planted in some place of this Realm, for our anoyance: but they failed of their purpose; for the Engine being taken from them, it was set up at this Town, & used to our great safetie, and their repulse."<sup>1</sup>

This threat, however, was speedily forgotten during the magnificently warlike reign of Henry V. But a sidelight shows us that great though the glory that was won by the men who fought at Agincourt, they gained little more. A story like the following is pitiful enough. One reads in the 'Gesta Henrici V.' that, after the great battle of 1415, the "tired & weary archers" "who had contributed to that great victory, having been denied admittance to Calais, from the fear that they might eat up the scanty supply of provisions, were sent over by King Henry in pitiful plight to Sandwich & Dover, where they were glad to barter their booty on any terms for bread."<sup>2</sup> Henry V. was a frequent visitor of the town; but its bad days came during the wretched reign of his wretched son. By the year 1434 the necessity for walls round the town became very apparent, but before these could be erected the French made an inroad, and, it is said, completely gutted the town. I have not been able to find any minute account of this trans-

<sup>1</sup> Boys quotes 'Chron. Tinemutensis' as follows:—"Anno 1385. Sub eisdem diebus nosstrates cœperunt duas magnas naves regis Franciæ in quibus, et pars muri lignei, quem idem rex ponari fecerat ad erigendum in Anglia et magister totius fabricæ, qui anglus erat interceptus est cum machinis ad petras jactandas,

cum gunnis cum multo pulvere. Erecta est proinde pars muri lignei apud sandwic, et factum est ut quem hostes contra nos præponaverant, nos ereximus contrabustes."

<sup>2</sup> Paper read by Canon Jenkins before a meeting of the Kent Arch. Soc., 'Arch. Cant.,' vol. vi. p. 11.

action. Boys says very little about it, nor do the town records, which now become available, contain any allusion. It is possible that the incursion had no purpose more serious than the prevention of the walling of the town, which nevertheless went on slowly.

There followed in 1437 a famine, during which bread was made of vetches, peas, and fern-roots. Nevertheless a *costelet* (15 gallons) of good beer continued to be sold for 22d.; a gallon fetching 2d. In 1457 the French made their final and most disastrous attack on the town. They were led by the Maréchal de Brézé, Seneschal of Poitou, whom the English called Peter Brice. Says Hall: "This lusty Capitā, saylyng all the cost of Susseix & Kent, durst not once take land till he arrived in the downes, & there hauyng by a certayn espial perfit notice, that the towne of Sandwyche was neither peopled nor fortified, because that a litle before, the chefe rulers of the towne, were from thēce departed, for to auoyde the pestilenciall plage, which sore there infected and slew the people, entered the hauen, spoyled the towne, & after such pore stuffe as he ther founde, ryffled and taken, he fearinge an assemble of the cōtrei, shortly returned."<sup>1</sup> Boys, however, states that De Brézé did not get possession of the town until after a bloody contest.

The next year was spent by the townsmen in recovering from the effects of the calamity. We hear that "a bulwark of brick is to be built at Fisher's Gate," and access is made "for repaire of the towne."

Sandwich was fated to see the very opening of the Wars of the Roses, for in the year 1460 the Earls of March, Salisbury, and Warwick—the future king and the future king-maker—landed at Sand-

<sup>1</sup> Hall's Chronicle, 1809 ed., p. 235. Boys seems to imply that Hall gives an account of a second and more serious attack in the following year. I have not, however, been able to verify his quotation. Grafton says under 1456, "And at this time landed a gret many of French men

at Sundwich, & brent & spoyled the towne without al mercy." Lambarde also places the descent in the year 1456. Mr Burrows assigns to the catastrophe the year 1457, but I do not know his authority for the statement.

wich with 1500 men. A year before the three earls had fled to Calais. Then as ever, the Portsmen were loyal to the last of the Barons, and they raised for him a force of 40,000 men of Kent, with whom the three earls entered London on July 2. Sandwich saw, moreover, what was the last struggle of the wars when in 1471, after the final battle of Tewkesbury, "the bastard Fauconberg," with a few desperate followers, seized on Sandwich and fortified themselves there. On the approach of an overwhelming body of the king's men they surrendered. Their lives were guaranteed them, but Fauconberg was, nevertheless, executed soon afterwards.

In 1492 that amusing pretender, Perkin Warbeck, attempted to land at Deal. He was, however, ignominiously beaten off by the Sandwich trained bands, a fact of which the town was never tired of boasting. In their petition to the Lord Protector Somerset in 1548 they say, "What tyme the traytor Pyrkyn Warbeck arryved, and that with no small company, at the place where nowe the castell called Sandowne is placyd, they of their owne powers repelled him and in persuit tooke, besides a great nombre which they slewe, above the nombre of xxii score persones."

A worse trouble, however, than foreign invasions or civil strife began to sap the energies of the town—the decay of the harbour. This, as in the case of Winchelsea, was doubtless inevitable enough, in the course of nature. But, as in the case of Winchelsea and Rye, the process was hastened by the greed for land. At Sandwich the townsmen do not seem to have been the guilty parties. In the petition which I have just quoted (it was, of course, a petition for State aid in the opening of the haven) they say: "All which said severall commodities contynually grewe and remayned until such time as by the moste greedye and insatiable covetousnesse of one cardinall, Moreton, sometyme byshop of Canterbury, who, having moost part of the lands envyrning the said haven, appropriated to his archbishoprick, for his singler advantage and private com-

moditie, stoppet up, muryd, and infitted in such sorte the saide haven at a place called Sarre, that by meane thereof and also by like evill doing of other the land pyers next adjoining unto the saide haven, the same haven is at this present utterlye destroyd and lost, so that, as well as the navye and maryners of the said towne, the howses now inhabited exceede not above the nombre of ii. c."

At Sarre, one learns elsewhere, a bridge was substituted for a ferry in the year 1485, just as at Winchelsea. The ferry there was converted into the present Ferry Bridge at much the same time.

In the meanwhile Henry VIII. had erected three castles at Sandown, Deal, and Walmer. It is significant of the decay into which the poor port of Sandwich had fallen that he did not think it worth any fortifying. I have given a sufficiently detailed account of the building of Sandgate Castle to render description of these fortresses more or less unnecessary. They saw service later on, did their part in the making of history, but had no warlike haps or mishaps until they had stood for a matter of eleven decades. Leland, however, early chants their praises in the 'Cygnea Cantione':—

"Jactat Dela novas celebris arces  
Votus Cæsareis locus Trophæis."

Thus the character of Sandwich was slowly altering. The town did not accept the silting up of its harbour without a struggle. Like the other ports—like Folkestone and like Faversham—it set its shovelmen to work in gangs, with a clerk over every ten of them; but even this was insufficient. Finally they set to work to make a new cut out towards Sandown; but this failed for want of funds. They consulted one "Henrique Jacobson of Amsterdame in Hollande, being a man very experte in suche greete water-workis." This was in 1559.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following are some of the "items" from the town's petition of 1559:—

'Item. Tochinge the commoditie that shall growe by the parfitinge of this newe cutte, yt ap-



Finally hope flared up again. Elizabeth herself deigned to visit her faithful barons of Sandwich. This was a matter of thirteen years later. The Sandwich description of her visit is so quaint, so affecting in its easy sincerity, one sees it so well, that I quote it *in extenso* as the best specimen of description of any royal visit to any of the ports.

The queen arrives at Sandwich on Monday, 31st of August, about seven in the evening, "at whiche tyme John Gylbart maior accompanied with ix. jurats, the town clarke and some of the comen counsell receaved her highnes at Sandowne at the uttermost ende thereof, the said maior beinge appareled in a scarlet gowne, at which place her maiestie stayed. And there the said maior yelden up to her maiestie his mace. And not far from them stode thre hundreth persons or thereabouts apprallled in whyte doblets with blacke and whyte rybon in the sleves, black gascoyne hose and whyte garters, euery of them having a muryon and a calyver or di. musket, having thre dromes and thre ensignes and thre capitans—viz., Mr Alexander Cobbe, Mr Edward Peake, and Mr Edward Wood, jurats; euery of theis dischargd their shott, her maiestie standinge and receavinge of the mace the great ordynance was dischargd, which was to the number of one hundreth or cxx; and that in such good order as the quene and noble men gave great comendacion thereof, and said, that

peareth that, yf the quenes majestie or her highnes successours sholde have warres with her majesties aunsiente enymies the frenchemen, the same shold be verye good and commodious harbrough for all her highnes ships, so that at all tymes her grace and her majesties successours shalbe as prone upon the suddeyne tynvade the said enymies as they reddyde tyncroche her highness or her realme; and besydes that a triplex commoditie will growe to her majestie in custome, as by thauncyent records appeareth.

"*Item.* We fynde that the perfection of the same cut is thonly remedy and makinge of a good

havon to the said towne of Sandwich; and besides that shall cause all the marshe landes lyenge in the valies which nowe are under water to yssewe the better and be kept drie at all times.

"*Item.* We fynde uppon the report of Henrique Jacobson of Amsterdame in Hollande, beinge a man very experte in suche greate water workes, that the charge hereof will amount unto ten thowsande poundes or thereabouts, as by his proporcyon made in writinge more at large is shewed."

Sandwich should have the honor as well for the good order thereof as also of their small shott.

“Then her maiestie went towards the town, and at Sandowne gate were a lyon and a dragon all gilt set up upon ii posts at the bridge ende, and her armes were hanged up upon the gate. All the towne was graveled and strewed with rushes, herbs, flags and such lyke, euery howse havinge a number of grene bowes standing against the dores and walls, every house paynted whyte and black. Her maiestie rode into the towne, and in dyvers places as far as her lodginge were dyvers cords made of vine branches with their leaves hanking crosse the streats; and upon them dyvers garlands of fyne flowers. And so she rode forth till she came directly over against Mr Cripps howses almost as far as the pellicane, where stood a fyne howse newly buylt and vaulted, over whereon her armes was sett and hanked with tapestrye. In the same stode Rychard Spycer, minister of St Clements parishe, a Mr of art, the townes orator, apparalled in a blacke gown and a hoode both lyned and faced with black taffatye being the guyste of the towne, accompanied with the other ii ministers and the sadle master. He made unto her highnes an oration which followeth, which she so well lyked as she gaue thereof a singular commendacion, sayenge it was both very well handeled and very elloquent. Then he presented her with a cup of gold x of a cr, which Thomas Gylbart sonne to the maior aforesaid receaved from Mr Spycer, and he gave yt to the footemen; of whome her maiestie receaved yt, and so delyvered yt to Mr Rausse Lane one of the gent. equirries, who carried yt. And then the said Mr Spycer presented her with a new testament in greeke, which she thankfully accepted. And so rode untill she came unto Mr Manwood’s howse wherin she lodged, a howse wherein Kinge Henry the VIIITH had ben lodged twyes before. And here is to be noted that upon euery post and corner from her first entrye to her lodginge wer fixed certen verses, and against the court gate all thoes verses put into a table and there hanged up.

“The nexte daye beinge twysdaye and the first of September, the towne havinge buylded a forte at Stoner on thother syde of the havon, the capitanes aforesaid led over their men to assault the said forte; during which tyme certen wallounds that could well swym had prepared two boats, and in thende of eche boat a borde uppon which bords stode a man, and so met together with either of them a staffe and a sheld of woodd, and one of them did overthrowe an other; at which the quene had good sport. And that don the capitans put their men into a battayle, and takeng with them some lose shott, gave the scarmerche to the forte, and in the ende, after the dischardge of ii fawkenets and certen chambers, after dyvers assaults the forte was wonne.

“The next daye—viz., the wednesdaye, the second of September—Mrs Mayres and her sisters the jurats wyves made the quene’s majestie a banket of clx dishes on a table of xxviii foote long in the scole howse; and so her majestie came thether thorough Mrs Manwood’s garden and thorough Mr Wood’s also, the ways beinge hanked with black and whyte hayes; and in the scole howse garden Mr Isebrand made unto her an oration, and presented to her highnes a cupp of silver and guylt with a cover to the same well nere a cubit highe, to whome her majestie answered this, ‘Gaudeo me in hoc natum esse ut vobis et ecclesie Dei prosim,’ and so entered into the scole howse, wheare she was very merrye, and did eate of dyvers dishes withowt any assaye, and caused certen to be reserved for her and carried to her lodginge.

“The next daye, beinge thursdaye and the daye of her departinge, against the scole howse uppon the new turfed wall and upon a scaffold made uppon the wall of the scole howse yarde were dyvers children englishe and dutche to the number of c<sup>th</sup> or vi score, all spyning of fyne bay yarne, a thing well lyked both of her majestie and of the nobilletie and ladies. And without the gate stode all the soldiers with their small shott, and uppon the wall at the butts stode certen great peces, but

the chambers by meane of the wetnes of the morninge could not be dischargd. The great peces were shott of and the small shott dischargd thryes. And at her departinge Mr Maior exhibited unto her highnes a supplicacion for the havon, which she tooke and promised herself to reade.

“My lord treasurer, my lord admyrall, my lord chamberleyn and my lord of Leycester, were made pryvie to the suyt for the havon; they lyked well thereof and promised their furtherance.”

Neither my lord treasurer, my lord admiral, nor any of my other lords ultimately forwarded the cause of the haven, though they all, and *Diva Nostra*, really liked well of it. It was, however, a matter of £10,000—a serious sum in the days of a queen who was a miracle of effectual parsimony. Thus the matter was allowed to remain in abeyance—to remain for ever in abeyance.

In the meanwhile a fresh source of prosperity to the town had, like the dayspring from on high, visited it. These were the strangers—the Walloons—the Dutch, as they were indiscriminately called. From a more or less careful inspection of the names given in Boys' list of the Walloon families, I think I can even recognise that a certain number of Münster men were among them. These must certainly have been Anabaptists, followers of the prophet John, whose bones may still be seen in the Westphalian capital. They perhaps filled the streets of Sandwich with quaint black figures; one reads again and again of the colours black and white, of the black bay cloth. They comported themselves, perhaps, like the Anabaptists of Jonson's '*Alchemist*,' snuffed through their noses, and so on. But they had the secret of a better alchemy—their black bay cloth, the yarn for which the sweet school children spun on the school wall that Thursday of September.

In spite of the preponderance of its Dutch, Sandwich was loyal enough to England—hated the Spaniards more than any place among the ports. During Armada year it supplied a ship of its own, the

*Reuben*, which it hired for the very considerable sum of £20 a month; and later, during the invasion scare of 1595, it found one ship of 160 tons for five months' service. It hated the Spaniards very well, this Puritan town—at one time it even laid violent hands upon the goods of the Spanish ambassador, who had been so foolish as to trust himself in the town. Says Sir William Monson: "The men of Sandwich thought to put an affront on the Spanish ambassador, then [in September 1605] staying at Sandwich, by making seizure of a fardel of bays of the value of ten or twelve pounds, which belonged to one of the ambassadour's servants . . . The ambassadour took this for such a disgrace, knowing it, as he said, to be a practice of the offspring of the Hollanders within the town, that he resolved not to depart thence till he was righted by his majesty's order."<sup>1</sup>

The Stuarts themselves were from the first unpopular in the place. Sir W. Monson writes again: "Thousands beholding me from the shore, cursed both me and His Majesty's ships." The officials of the Ports write of the violence and disorder of the commons of Sandwich. But this is mere calumny. The town was stiff and unbending, but disorderly it certainly was not, if austerity of government had any power in the place. As a matter of fact, the town heralded the growth of Puritanism in England. The place was swept too clean for the flourishing of any "leaudnesse, as swearing, drunkenness, and Sabbath-breaking," and their regulations for the orderly conducting of what is to-day euphemistically called "the slave traffic," might serve as a model for any modern town. Laud himself<sup>2</sup> tried his hand at

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Boys from 'Churchill's Voyages.'

<sup>2</sup> Boys in his 'Annals' has a number of suggestive jottings concerning these years of storm and stress. Thus, in 1625, the writ for ship-money is contemptuously answered in the negative. In 1628 a recital of the grievances of the ports is drawn up "under twenty heads." In 1634, immediately after the sailing of the *Hercules*,

a writ regulating emigration is sent down to the town. In 1636 "the Mayor committed to Dover Castle, for disobeying the order respecting Ship-Money." A writ of *habeas corpora* from the Common Pleas is not executed, "in respect such writs from London have not been known to lie in the Ports."

reducing the town to conformity, but, significantly enough, met there with his most pronounced failure. Thus in 1634, the year after that which succeeded Laud's elevation to the Archbishopric, there set sail from Sandwich numbers and numbers of Puritan recusants. They came principally from Sandwich, but several from Ashford, from Tenterden, from London. Some of the townsmen had even before then started for the New World, for we read, "Margaret, wife of William Johnes, late of Sandwich, now of New England, painter." And so, in the good ship *Hercules* of Sandwich, of the burthen of 200 tons, John Wetherly, master, they set sail for the plantation called New England—for the New Hesperides, let us hope. Their departure was followed by disastrous plagues, lasting for two whole years.

I have treated so minutely of the fortunes of the town, that I have but little space to mention those of other places within its liberties. There is not much to be added, however, of Reculvers, Stonor, or Sarre; and Ramsgate remained for long and long in the womb of the future. Brightlingsea, in Essex, still remains a member of the Port of Sandwich, and, unless alterations have very lately been made, the Kentish town still elects its deputy there. During the Great Rebellion, and for some time afterwards, the western parts of the liberty came into prominence. This was owing to the three castles of Henry VIII. Later on, the position of Deal made it a place of primary naval importance. So early, however, as the reign of James I., a royal naval yard had already been established there—a yard which was not finally abolished until the unpleasant sixties of the present century.

At quite an early stage of the Great Rebellion the castles of Sandown, Deal, and Walmer fell into Parliamentary hands. When or how this took place is quite uncertain, but it may possibly have been shortly after Drake surprised Dover Castle. Kent, and more particularly the parts of Kent bordering on the Port of Sandwich, was the scene of one of the last attempts of the Royalists. This uprising, not

vastly formidable on land, was rendered dangerous enough by the attempts made by the Royalist princes to subvert the Parliamentary fleet. The struggle lasted for some little time, but the fighting was rather desultory. The whole thing began in Canterbury, where the good people found it impossible to comply with the Christmas ordinances—impossible to do without their mince-pies. They first showed their contumeliousness on Christmas Day, 1647, went on to petition that the king might be reinstated in his rights,<sup>1</sup> and finally assembled to the number—so it is said—of 10,000. The greater part of these marched to Blackheath, but a smaller band, which assembled on Barham Downs, took in hand the reducing of Dover, Deal, and Sandwich. A small detachment of these—140 in number, according to the Royalist account—speedily took possession of Sandwich, which made no objection. They then proceeded to send on board every ship in the Downs a copy of the Kentish petition. Their messenger was a Parliamentary renegade, who had been by turns a divine, a sea-captain, a major in the Parliamentary army, and a number of other things. This man, whose name was Kames, proved highly successful with the sailors. They refused to receive on board their admiral, and boldly declared that “they were upon a different design than those they knew he would lead them on.” He was forced to take passage to London in a Dutch fly-boat. Sandown Castle in the meantime had declared in favour of the Royalists, and shortly afterwards Deal and Walmer surrendered without firing a shot.<sup>2</sup>

The Royalists, who by now numbered several thousand, sat

<sup>1</sup> This was on the 11th May 1648. The petition is quoted in Matthew Carter's ‘Expedition of Kent,’ and was entitled “The humble Petition of the Knights, Gentry, Clergy, and Commonalty of the County of Kent, subscribed by the Grand Jury, on the 11th May 1648, at the Sessions of the Judges, upon a Special Commission of Oyer and Terminer, held

at the castle of Canterbury, for the said County.” It “humbly” asked for the reinstating of the king, the disbanding of the army, the remission of all taxes, “particularly of the heavy burthen of excise,” and so on, and so on.

<sup>2</sup> Civil War Tracts, 1648, ‘The declaration of the Navie, &c.’

down before the castle of Dover, which absolutely refused to treat with them. The Royalist leaders, Sir Richard Hardres and Colonels Hammond and Hatton, then went aboard the vessels in the Downs, where they were "welcomed on board with universal expressions of great gladness; the seamen declaring with one voice that they now only lived, having a long time, as it were, lain amazed betwixt life and death,' and that 'they desired rather to die in the service of the king than to live again in that of the Parliament.'"<sup>1</sup> The captains of the fleet then addressed to the Parliament a "declaration," which was practically an emphasised version of the Kentish petition, and having taken an oath of allegiance to the king, set out to find the Duke of York, who was in Holland. In the meanwhile, within two days of their assembling, the Royalist forces at Maidstone were defeated with heavy loss, and the beginning of the end was at hand. The forces before Dover Castle hauled up the heavy guns from the beach to within range of the castle. They "battered down the old walls very much . . . but storm it they could not."

Then we hear of "a great fight at Waymor Castle, in the county of Kent, between the Parliament's forces, who had besieged the said castle, and the forces sent over by His Highness the Prince of Wales, with the manner of the fight, the success thereof, and the number that was slain on both sides." This was on July 5. Walmer fell after a siege of some days—of twelve or thirteen. The Parliamentary forces then set about the reduction of the castles of Deal and Sandown. They had to contend with the garrison and the sea forces from the renegade ships, which numbered ten. "The sea Royalists fought very resolutely, their great ordnance began to roar, the conflict was great, and the dispute resolutely maintained by both parties, till at last the Royalists run. Our men pursues, and, had it not been for the shipping,

<sup>1</sup> 'Records of Walmer,' by the Rev. C. S. Elwin. This book contains a very minute and painstaking account of the Kentish Rising.



which plaid so fast upon us with their ordnance, we had taken and killed most of them." This was during a sortie of the Deal garrison.

We next hear of "a great victory obtained by His Highnesse, the Prince of Wales, against a squadron of Rebels' shipping, on Munday last, with the particulars of the fight, 200 killed, 500 prisoners, two of their ships sunk, five boarded, 40 pieces of ordnance taken, and all their arms and ammunition." This was practically the only service that the Royalist fleet performed, although, the sea was almost entirely in the hands of the Prince, who might easily have rescued his father at Carisbrook.<sup>1</sup>

Shortly afterwards the Earl of Warwick and Sir George Ayscue gathered together a fleet sufficient to resist the Royalist squadron; the Prince retired to Holland, where he proceeded to make himself unpopular with the sailors, who shortly afterwards returned to the service of the Parliament. This was practically the end of the Kentish rising. The castles of Deal and Sandown fell again into Parliamentary hands, were repaired, furnished with snaphance muskets, collars of bandoleers, burr-shot, and so on, and so on. They saw little more service. Whilst Van Tromp was engaged in sweeping the British off the sea in 1652, Deal and Sandown presented a sufficiently warlike front to prevent his snapping up prizes beneath the shelter of their guns, but no actual fighting took place then or at any subsequent period. The liberties of Sandwich are, however, to some extent connected with Blake. Many of that great man's letters are dated "Off Sandwich" in the days when—

" Brave Blaque doth on the ocean jump  
And frisk it like a dragon,  
Pox on the Danes, the Swedes, and Trump,  
So fill the other flaggon."

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<sup>1</sup> I have got the greater part of my facts from George III.'s collection of tracts, which is now in the British Museum, catalogued as E 699, E 671, E 676, &c. They are excessively numerous and remarkably conflicting in their statements—some emanating from the Parliamentarians, others from the Royalists.

Whether Blake actually did as Mercurius Phreneticus suggests, I do not know, but he certainly gave the Dutch a moderately handsome drubbing in the Downs in 1652. It is rather interesting to learn that the immediate cause of the outbreak of fighting with the Dutch was—according to one account—the fact that Van Tromp refused to dip his flag to that of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports at Dover Castle. Upon his refusal the castle opened fire upon him and he sheered off. The battle took place between the mouth of Sandwich harbour and the Goodwin Sands. Most of the pamphlets declare that the Dutch had made several “bold attempts even up to our very Cinque Port of Dover.” In the battle itself “the General, conceiving that this might be his last fight before he sealed with his precious blood all his precious services, charged twice through the enemy’s fleet with the *Royal Sovereign*.” Another account says, “The *Sovereign*, that great ship, a delicate frigate (I think the whole world hath not the like), did her part. She sailed through and through the Holland fleet, and played hard upon them.” The English did not “shunless come off,” but they certainly had the better of it and drove the Dutch back to their ports. Indeed the Dutch themselves acknowledge the defeat in their pamphlets.<sup>1</sup> Says one of the English reports, “We have sunk their Rear-Admirall, a gallant ship carrying fifty guns and their great ship that carryed sixty-eight, being the greatest that was ever yet set forth by the High and Mighty States, and the first time that she was engaged in service. Our men boarded her twice, and the third time became masters, but not long could they enjoy her, for she had received many shots between wind and water, and suddenly sank with six of our men aboard.”

In 1651 the Lord Protector was at Sandwich, but all traces of his

<sup>1</sup> See ‘Zee-Praatjen, ayt-gesproken over de roemruchtige Scheepsstryd tusschend den Admiraal Tromp ter unerende, den Engelschen Ad. Blake terandre zijde.’ Delft, 1652, &c. These facts may be relied upon as far as the authorities

quoted go. The most reliable account of the battle will be found in Mr Rawson Gardiner’s book. This I unfortunately did not come across until too late to avail myself of it.

visit seem to have been destroyed by the subsequently loyal citizens. Sandown saw one of the closing scenes of the great drama, the death—one may call it the murder—of Colonel Hutchinson, who died a prisoner in that fortress. Hutchinson is one of the finest, the most sympathetic figures of a period that definitely moulded the character of the English nation. He was what one calls a “gentleman and a scholar,” temperate, sweet-tempered. It is true the details we have of him are from the pen of his wife, but even his enemies said little enough of ill of him—little enough when we subtract the epithets that they invariably applied to men of the opposite side. One knows him as a man of uprightness, of moderation, of some, but not too virulent, austerity—as a man as much opposed to the encroachments of Cromwell as to those of Charles. He was, in fact, a Girondin of the Great Rebellion. When the days of the Restoration came, he was sitting as member of Parliament for Nottingham town. In the Long Parliament he had represented Nottingham county. Shortly after the accession of Charles II. he was arrested and thrown into the Tower, from which he was conveyed to his prison at Sandown. Charles is said to have feared Hutchinson as desperately as his father is said to have feared Hampden. Mrs Hutchinson says that one of the courtiers who had interceded for him, coming to her one evening, “had been so freely drinking as to unlock his bosome. He told her that the king had been lately among them where he was, and had told them that they had saved a man, meaning Coll. Hutchinson, who would doe the same thing for him he did for his father.” To obviate this catastrophe it became necessary to do to death the man whose life had been assured to him. He was sent by boat to Sandown Castle, which was even then slipping into the sea. Says Mrs Hutchinson :—

“When he came to the castle, he found it a lamentable old ruin’d place allmost a mile distant from the towne, the roomes all out of repaire,

not weather-free, no kind of accomodation either for lodging or diet, or any conveniency of life. Before he came, there were not above halfe a dozen souldiers in it, and a poore lieftenant with his wife and children, and two or three cannoneers, and a few guns allmost dismounted, upon rotten carriages; but at the collonell's comming thither, a company of foote more were sent from Dover to helpe guard the place, pittifull weake fellows, halfe sterv'd and eaten up with vermine, whom the governor of Dover cheated of halfe their pay, and the other halfe they spent in drinke. These had no beds but a nasty court of guard, where a sutler liv'd within a partition made of boards, with his wife and famely, and this was all the accomodation the collonell had for his victualls, which was bought at a deare rate at the towne, and most horribly drest at the sutler's. For beds he was forc'd to send to an inne in the towne, and at a most unconscionable rate hire three, for himselfe and his man and Captain Gregorie, and to get his chamber glaz'd, which was a thorowfare roome that had five doors in it, and one of them open'd upon a platforme, that had nothing but the bleak ayre of the sea, which every tide washt the foote of the castle walls; which ayre made the chamber so unwholsome and damp, that even in the summer time the collonell's hat-case and trunkes, and every thing of leather, would be every day all cover'd over with mould; wipe them as cleane as you could one morning, by the next they would mouldie againe, and though the walls were foure yards thick, yet it rain'd in through cracks in them, and then one might sweepe a peck of salt peter off of them every day, which stood in a perpetuall sweate upon them."<sup>1</sup>

There the Colonel, occupying himself with making a commentary on the Bible, and with arranging sea-shells into ornamental patterns, slowly starved and rotted away to his death.

Sandwich still had its royal visitors. Charles II. came there, and in

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Lucy Hutchinson, 'Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson.' London, edit. 1808, pp. 431-432.

1672 his queen. Both these visits, as well as some naval engagement, possibly that of Sole Bay near Southwold, are commemorated by pictures of surprising excellence, which in the early part of the nineteenth century were discovered under the plastering of a room in Sandwich. Who the artist was one does not know. That he was Low Country is certain; that he was a *pictor ignotus* of very high rank is certain too. A writer in the 'Archæologia Cantiana' ascribes them to William Van de Velde, and the ascription is perhaps not far wrong. Such as they are, however, they represent the finest series of paintings owned by any of the corporations of the Five Ports.

In 1688 there was panic in the town—panic which throws a sufficient sidelight on the causes of the fall of James II. The Irish troops of that monarch were said to be everywhere cutting throats and massacring. "On December 12, being Wednesday, there came news that the Irish soldiers at Chatham had slain forty or fifty families of that town." On the Tuesday, "there being about twenty small smacks in the town, there went off a boat from Deal to go on board there; but they would not suffer the boat to come near, therefore it was supposed that they were full of about 3000 Irish." The porters and seamen of Sandwich took clubs and swords, and went to Mr Mayor for direction, but Mr Mayor, who seems to have been the only sensible man in the town, told them to go home to bed. On Friday, December 14, the seamen set about searching the town, "whereupon some which made the search were taken, and had to the Hall about it. Then the seamen run blundering into the Hall, and were resolved that if Mr Mayor sent these to prison . . . he should send them all to prison. Mr Mayor released them, but desired them not to rifle any one's house, or spoil them of their goods, &c., but to live peaceably together in love and unity."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It was during these days that James II. was a prisoner at Faversham. The extracts above quoted serve to emphasise how fatal was James's alliance with the Irish, an alliance that prac-

tically cost the two Stuart sovereigns their thrones. The employment of these "wild men" was the unspeakable sin.

In the following year the descendants of the men who had beaten off Perkin Warbeck fell victims to a much less specious pretender, one Cornelius Evans, who "came to this town about May 1689, and feigned himself to be the Prince of Wales: gained much credit among the people, was nobly entertained for a while; afterwards was found to be an impostor and secured, but afterwards escaped."<sup>1</sup> The rest of the history of the town is of a purely local nature. It remained prosperous with its bay manufactures, to which, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Huguenots added those of cambric and laces. But the course of history followed westward the course of Empire.

In the last year of the seventeenth century—the penultimate year according to some—1699, "*Gulielmus, d. G. &c. melioracionem parochie et ville nostre de Deal gracieose affectans,*" grants the town its charter of incorporation. Deal had, in fact, to all intents and purposes, become the chief town of the great harbour called the Downs. It lay in the bottom of the bay, for which the Goodwin Sands, dangerous enough in their way, afford a magnificent shelter. But its history is quite different, if not in species, at least in appearance, from that of Sandwich. Instead of the cogs and crayers and whatnot of the Cinque Port, instead of its Edwards and its Henries, we have to think of the great and stately three-deckers; of the West India fleets—of the Jervises, the Collingwoods, and the Nelsons.

Think, by-the-bye, of the old Margate hoy; at any rate, let it serve as a transition ship between those of Nelson and those that steam down the Thames to-day. It is not, to me, a vastly congenial task to trace the evolution of the bathing-places that have succeeded to

<sup>1</sup> This is Canon Jenkins' version of the matter. I find, however, that the Sandwich Records of the affair place it in the year 1647. "He came to the 'Bell' at Whitsuntide and sent for the M. and J<sup>rs</sup>. and made them believe hee was Prince Charles. Peter Vandersteer of Stannar gave

him 100 li. in gold and Mr Curling a good gelding, &c." One doubts whether the burgesses of Sandwich were so simple as not to have heard, in 1689, that the then Prince of Wales was an infant-in-arms, if not out of a warming-pan.

the prosperity of the Five Ports, yet perhaps it is part of my task, and I here finally essay it as conscientiously as I can. The towns round the Isle of Thanet are products of the last years of the eighteenth, of the whole of the nineteenth century. One sees no signs of their decay; there is nothing that would make one suspect that they ever will decay. Yet in the nature of things this must be so. In the prosperity of towns like the Ports we have evidence of the acquisitive passions of a young nation; in that of towns like Ramsgate and Margate, evidence of the passion for enjoyment of a nation—not perhaps on the eve of retirement, but at that stage of life when men and nations have the means and the will “to take a day off,” as they say. For many centuries, one knows, the citizens of London regarded visits to the green fields as things in the nature of criminal indulgences. What we call Nature was for them—as for their betters, who called turnip-fields “desarts”—a thing non-existent. For them a journey of forty miles was a dangerous adventure. The great nobles travelled in their coaches and six, had their escorts, their running footmen.

Then came the days of Spas, into which the Quality were rung by exhilarated church-bells. The *bourgeoisie* still kept its nose over its ledgers. There came a time, coeval with the awakening of the middle classes across the Channel, when this great class awoke. They did not decapitate their king—they had set that example a century and a half before. They were content to leave the obstinate head of George III. on his square shoulders and on his coins. Having a sufficiency of these in their pockets, they found an outlet for their superfluous energies—an outlet in sea-bathing. Thus one hears of Margate, which for years and years had been a mere member of the Port of Dover. “Until about the year 1787, it was little heard of; but from that period to the present time, scarcely a summer has passed without adding considerably to the number of its houses and inhabitants, and increasing the influx of its occasional visitors. Those who have already partaken of

its amusements become desirous of repeating their visits, and those who have never seen it are prompted by curiosity to examine a spot of which so much has been said."

There were footpads then upon the roads, footpads and extortionate charges at inns and aboard stage-coaches. But Margate had its swift-sailing and inexpensive hoys—the hoys that Charles Lamb has immortalised. "A voyage to Margate in the hoy is so tempting to many of the citizens of London that it may reasonably be expected"—this, by-the-bye, is the prose, not of Elia, but of Mr Fussell—"may reasonably be expected that the cheap rate of conveyance and the fun and frolic (not always very delicate or very decent even in the recital, but perhaps not the less relished by some of the lower rank, and even of *their betters*) which this mode of travelling often affords will increase the number of visitors far beyond all sober calculation. On such occasions, the high, the low, the rich and the poor, the healthy and the infirm, are all jumbled together in *sweet communion*, and afford the humorist a treat almost sufficient to counterbalance the inconveniences of the voyage, the closeness of stowage, and the distress of sea-sickness. The scramble for places to witness the arrival of these vessels (upon which the hopes of Margate are fixed) with their cargo of livestock, and the grotesque figures which are seen amidst the throng, present abundance of subjects for the pen of the satirist as well as the pencil."

The bathing itself at first was, in accordance with the spirit of the age, performed in the bathing-rooms, "which are situated at the extremity of the High Street near the harbour, and are commodiously fitted up with hot and cold water." The place, in fact, was run upon lines of the Spa. One took the waters in a sort of Cockney pump-room. But little by little the conception of nature as an adjunct of deserts began to change. This change was the one modification that the upper classes can by no means be said to have introduced. The Cockney it was who discovered the beauties of the skylark's song, of



the purling stream, and so on, and so on. Even the poets of these things were called Cockney poets. It is the Londoner of to-day who has made possible the existence of a writer like Richard Jefferies. This tendency, then, was growing in the mass of people who bathed in the bathing-rooms situated at the extremity of the High Street—the bathing-rooms fitted up for hot and cold salt water.

At the psychical moment a great and good man invented the bathing-machine. Great he was, though he has no monument—*si monumentum queris, circumspice*—and good he probably was, for was he not “Benjamin Beale, a very respectable man and of the society denominated Quakers”? The proprietors of the bathing-rooms at first raised an outcry against these benefits to humanity, against this benefactor, but in the end they had to succumb, had to provide themselves with “a considerable number of machines, which are driven by proper guides, well acquainted with the coast.” One wonders that they were not provided with Cinque Port pilots. Then “a train of these machines, which at a distance resemble little covered waggons, may be seen moving gently into the water almost every hour of the day, and afford a very lively and entertaining scene.” The bathing-machines proved the final stone—the keystone—of the triumphant edifice of the fortunes of Margate. So great became the number of its visitors that “individuals are frequently compelled to wait for a long time before they can obtain a dip!” For these there were “commodious apartments (although it cannot be denied that they are at some times *rather crowded*), in which the company may seat themselves to see or to be seen, or walk about and amuse themselves with the chit-chat of the place until their turn comes to ‘lave the briny deep.’” How they achieved this last operation I cannot imagine.

The humble little fishing-village was transmogrified; great houses began to arise in Hawley Square, Cecil Square, and so on. The place retained, however, some of its Spa features for long afterwards—

had its Assembly Rooms, its Theatre-Royal, and so on. The first-named was a magnificent affair. "The ballroom is eighty-seven feet long by forty-three wide, and of proportionable height. The chandeliers, glasses, and other ornaments are of correspondent magnificence, and there are marble busts of His Majesty and the late Duke of Cumberland."

The assemblies were suitably regulated by a master of the ceremonies—alas! that his name has not come down to be placed a little below that of the great Nash. There was a ball twice a week during the season, which commences on the 4th of June (the King's birthday) and terminates on the last Thursday in October. There were, too, evening promenades on Sundays and other junkettings—perhaps the word is too coarse a one—galore in these Assembly Rooms. Whist, quadrille, commerce, and loo were the only games allowed in the Rooms without the express permission of the master of the ceremonies, and thus Margate, like Hastings, remained moral. Moreover, "visitors are charged eleven shillings for the use of two packs of cards and seven for a single pack, which, as the number of visitors is very considerable, enables the conductors to defray the necessary domestic expenses and to retain a band of music for the entertainment of the company."

In time the hoys gave place to steamers, which at first caused vast amusement and proved a total failure. Kennet Martin, in his 'Oral Traditions of the Cinque Ports,' gives an amusing description of the way in which he sailed his hoy round and round one of these pioneers until the opprobrious epithets and more injurious missiles which his passengers hurled at the unfortunate smoke-jack filled him with compassion for his unfortunate rival. But, in the end, even he was forced to become the commander of one of the Husbands' Boats.

Ramsgate was not so early prosperous. It lay on the wrong side of the North Foreland, though it had its hoy. "But it being some-

times both dangerous and difficult to attempt to weather the North Foreland, that conveyance is seldom, if ever, so much crowded as the vessels to Gravesend and Margate." Nevertheless Ramsgate grew rapidly during the first ten years of the nineteenth century. In the time of Elizabeth its population was only 100; in 1773, 500; in 1801, 726; but by 1811 it boasted of 3000, "and has every year since proportionably augmented." It had its Assembly Rooms, its commodious baths; "Machines also ply in the same manner as at Margate, the town is paved and lighted;" and the "lodging-houses, which were so numerous as to form whole streets and rows, were all constructed entirely upon the London plan." Fussell, however, who did not like the place, grumbles that, though "everything which belongs to building seems in this neighbourhood to be undertaken and conducted with great spirit, scarcely anybody thinks of planting a tree or a shrub, or even a cabbage." Not so large as Margate, Ramsgate nevertheless boasted a fine harbour, which was "confessedly unrivalled, and was indeed a most magnificent work." This, as soon as steamboats made the doubling of the North Foreland a matter to be sneezed at, caused Ramsgate speedily to draw level with its rival. To-day I should not care to be the Paris that judged between them.

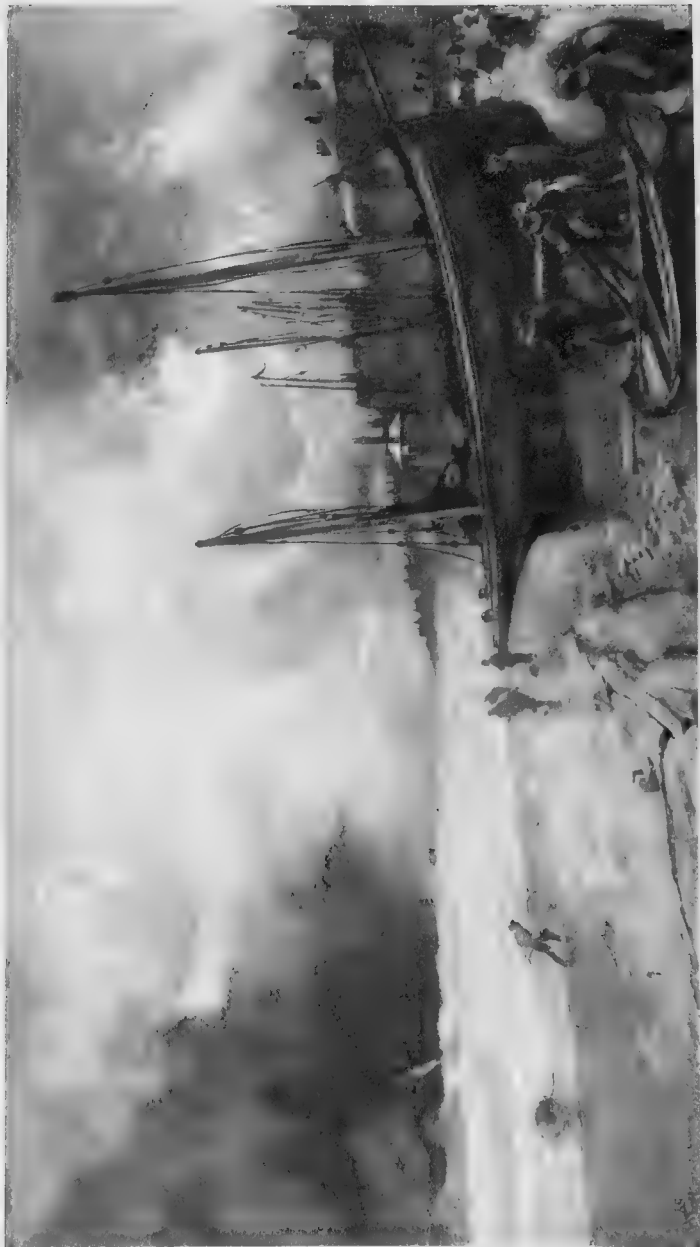
Both towns for long remained members of their respective ports, though Fussell says that at Margate in 1818 heartburning had already occurred, and struggles were beginning to be made to procure its exemption from the rule of Dover, and also to establish a separate and independent police. "And," adds the sagacious Perambulator, "so long as the public peace and domestic harmony can be equally obtained without such a change, it is certainly best that the administration should remain *in statu quo*. . . . The erection of police offices and multiplication of these myrmidons of power yclept constables and patrols will neither improve the morals or the behaviour of the inhabitants of Margate and its visitors. There lurks some unexplained, some unacknow-

ledged cause for that eager anxiety which appears to prevail to employ about one-half of the inhabitants of this place to rule over the other half. It will not be found in superior philanthropy, nor in a love of good order or good neighbourhood, and it ought to be watched with jealous care. *Verbum sat!*"

Fussell's word, however, was not enough. Margate continued to struggle on until, thirty-nine years afterwards, it was granted the boon of incorporation. Ramsgate did not receive this favour until 1884, until which date it still received its Deputy from Sandwich. But even yet, "in the height of its prosperity and corporate dignity, it makes its reverence to its ancient but now humbler mistress, and as a 'Vill of Sandwich' submits to the jurisdiction of the Sandwich Recorder." Heartily as I agree with the right of a town like Ramsgate to govern itself, I as heartily disagree with Mr Burrows in styling Sandwich the humbler. It is as if a young and flourishing doctor should be accorded the right to deem himself prouder than a George Washington—than any saviour of his country, when that saviour of his country has nothing better to show than white hairs and the country that he has saved. Ramsgate and Margate, may be, instil vital health into the men of a nation that chooses to let its sons live unhealthy lives in great cities; but Sandwich has done good work in the past, and into the not too healthy minds of the men of the nation it still instils the saving breath—the breath of life—of a great tradition. It is for this that the history of the Five Ports is valuable. For

"These cities' deeds inspired our souls with breath of freedom, and shall they  
Crave reverence in vain?"













THE BARBICAN, SANDWICH.

## CHAPTER XV.

### SANDWICH AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

“They say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
 The Courts where Jamshydd gloried and drank deep;  
 And Bahram, that great hunter, the wild Ass  
 Stamps o’er his head and cannot break his sleep.”

SANDWICH lies so low that only from neighbouring heights can one gain any idea of its general effect, and neighbouring heights are not many. It looks best perhaps from Richborough, next best from the tower of St Clement’s Church. As a general rule, when one mounts this latter, one first looks to the south-eastward. One sees the flat marshes, the winding glimmer of the Stour, the purple sea, the unnatural-looking wall of cliffs below the town of Ramsgate. These last throw the whole picture out of composition; give it an unfinished look, as if the artist had forgotten to fill in a parallelogram of his yellowed can-

vas. At other times they have the immovable, stolid impenetrability, seen above the arm of the sea, of a high-sided ironclad. This view, upon the whole, looks best in a slightly tricky light—when slanting rays of mellowed sunlight pour through towering clouds, when rain impends and the dun of the marshes takes a fresher green. One looks at it for a time, forgetful of the town of Sandwich; below one's feet one has the remains of the walls, looking very like a railway embankment, the railway itself and a number of buildings under the influence of the railway. A little disappointing, all this.

One revolves a little, sees the hilly land beyond Walmer, great clouds toppling above them; one turns completely—a volte face—and there one is looking at the roofs of some foreign city, some place in a land across the waters where small towns become cities. There is a massing, a clustering of crenellated red roofs—many, many, many. On the flat marshes they seem to rise high in the air. They are very red, very much picked out with tile-shadows. At the tip-top, curiously emphasising the foreign note, stands the tall square tower of St Peter's Church—the tower with the preposterous Dutch bulb at its top.

Nothing could be quainter, nothing pleasanter, nothing sweeter, than this assembly of red roofs; nothing more suggestive than that leaden bulb breaking in upon the fat levels of the marsh-land. For it is pleasant to think of contentment, even of the contentment of the dead and gone. Think, then, of the placid pleasure of a homeward-jogging Sandwich Walloon of the seventeenth century. He is fat, prosperous, and contented. No Walloon was ever otherwise. He has sold his quota of bays at Canterbury, and is coming complacently homewards over the marshes, beside the dykes. He smokes his nobly-proportioned pipe and follows the incredibly devious road. Now from one point of view, now from another, he sees that leaden bulb exalted above the flats. The Norman tower of St Clements has no message

for him—is a little out of place even in the Sandwich of to-day. But one imagines that the good Walloons rejoiced when, on the 13th day of October 1661, St Peter's Church fell down, and the "rubbidge was three fathoms deep in the middle of the church, and the bells underneath them." The Walloons rejoiced, since now at last they might have a church-tower fit for the Low Country nook in which they lived.

Perhaps because one knows that the new Sandwich owes its existence to these excellent foreigners one cannot regard it as anything but a Low Country seventeenth-century town. It is not, like Winchelsea, mediæval in spirit; not like Hythe or Romney, a tranquil English market-town. True, it still has its stock-market. On a Tuesday the droves of bullocks still lose their way in the winding, narrow streets; are still, by the sulphurous voices of the drovers, driven doggedly back into the roads they should follow. But the tone of the place remains that of Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*. The empty streets seem set scenes for the poor Elders whom the *Alchemist* diddled. One may still, in fancy, see the return of those poor reverends, see the stay-at-homes peeping at the chopfallen figures as they slink into their doorways, into their denuded houses. Sandwich, in fact, is just Bruges, made smaller, sweeter, and more radiant.

One notices a certain darkness of type in the faces of the inhabitants—this mostly in the smallest children and in rather elderly men. It is possibly due to the infusion of Huguenot blood—possibly, though, to one's own idle fancy. Then, again, the sense of orientation of Sandwich seems to be totally undeveloped. The streets of an ordinary English town are moderately crooked; those of Sandwich are warped beyond conception—warped into elbows, into knees, warped till the house-fronts bulge out overhead. One sets out to find something—a church, or an inn at which last year one lodged—but one first finds everything else in the town. Or again, one wishes to make a conscientious tour of the town—to traverse all its streets. One sets

out and is for ever running against the doorstep from which one started. It is a looking-glass town, in short. One masters its eccentricities at last, just as did Alice in her case, and one spends pleasant enough hours of exploration. One passes little houses — nearly all the houses are little — whose gardens have trellised gates, affording glimpses of garden mysteries beyond. Their fruit-trees have airs, take the lines of those one sees in the gardens of foreign inns; children peep through the gate-bars as if through convent grilles. Or, through the doorways one sees windows beyond, little square windows with muslin curtains. Little old women stand in the doorways, or by the windows—little old women who ought to be coiffed in white linen. The quaint streets have quaintly fitting names—Delf Street, Knightrider Street, and so on.

There are, however, few fine houses in the town—the streets gain their charm from a certain gentle humility, from not seeking to overwhelm. The finest is that called St Ninian's, which stands in Strand Street. Tradition has it that Queen Elizabeth stayed here on the occasion of her famous visit—though as a matter of fact she did nothing of the sort. Her house — “Mr Manwood's house” — has long since disappeared, though the scole house, on whose wall the children sat a-spinning, still stands near the entrance of the Canterbury road. It was founded to repair the loss of the dissolution of the Carmelites by “Roger Manwood, a man born in the Town and advanced by vertue and good learning to the degree first of a Sergeant, then of a Justice at the Law, and lastly to a Knighthood and place of Baron of the Exchequer. He, for the increase of godlyness and good letters, erected and endowed a Fair Free Schoole from whence there is hope that the Commonwealth shall reap more profit after a few years than it received commoditie by the Carmelites since the time of their first foundation.” Nowadays it has fallen to the estate of a Sunday-school.

The town has one or two show-places that are worth seeing, but they are somewhat in the way of excrescences. The uniqueness of

Sandwich is itself aone. It seems to be a town in hiding—a town that would gladly be forgotten ; gladly be left to itself. When one thinks of its former splendour—when Jamshydd gloried and drank deep—one understands this well enough. The poor town has a soul—a proud soul of the sort that causes a faded member of the *haute noblesse* to hide for ever within doors. Thus Sandwich cowers down, hardly visible, amid its marshes ; does not flaunt itself on a hill-top as do Rye or Winchelsea. It has nothing to be ashamed of—the poor town, no need to hide itself, but one feels, as one passes it by, somewhat of the sympathetic thrill that moves one when, through the high-barred gates of his chateau, one sees the impoverished Monsieur de So-and-so wandering about a faded *jardin anglais*. They wait, Monsieur le Vidame and the old Port, wait for something—for that something for which we are all waiting—for that revolution of the wheel that may never come.

Of the three churches of the town that of St Clement's with its Romanesque tower is the oldest and, architecturally, the most interesting. The tower itself shares with that of Romney the distinction of being the finest pieces of Norman work within the liberties of the Ports. It is rather more elaborate in design than that of the other town, and for that reason is perhaps less representatively Norman ; but such as it is, it is a noble effort and a thing to be thankful for. It is supported by four excessively lofty arches standing in the centre of the church ; indeed, these four arches, with the arcading above them and the "hugly faces" on the pillar capitals, are the most interesting feature of the church. They have, of course, been restored ; indeed, the ring of bells was in 1886 sold to pay for the said renovations—a proceeding which suggests the action of the fabled gentleman who sold his horses in order to be able to build a stable.

The rest of the church is made up of only moderately interesting fourteenth and fifteenth century work ; indeed, the venerable person who shows the church is quainter and more characteristic than the building

on which he dilates. His gloating over the piscina, which has a "hugly face" in it, and which he declares to be of excessive rarity, is certainly more inspiring than the incredibly hideous, varnished, pitch-pine seats in the body of the church. One trusts that he at least will long escape the process of renovation. The font is not uninteresting, for, though commonplace in design, it is decorated with four coats of arms: firstly, those of England and France quartered; secondly, those of the Port of Sandwich; then those of an Archdeacon under whom some of the fifteenth-century additions to the church were made; and then a scutcheon bearing a merchant's mark—probably the mark of the donor of the font. Among the tombstones of the flooring and walls are those of several admirals and sea-captains, whilst near the high altar is the monument of Frances Rampson, "A widdow, stranger to this place." It bears the rather pathetic inscription: "*Hoc parvulum monumentum poni curavit Edwardus Rede, miles, in perpetuam memoriam Francisæ Rampson viduæ, cui fidem in matrimonio contraxerat.*"

Of the other churches of Sandwich, that dedicated to St Mary is probably the older, but it was so radically damaged by the fall of its tower in 1667, that its antiquity is hardly recognisable. St Peter's Church, as I have already mentioned, suffered, like St Mary's, from a seventeenth-century downfall. The thirteenth-century tower seems to have fallen upon the south aisle, which was completely destroyed. The consequent walling up of the chancel arches has imparted to the church an altogether esoteric quaintness—a quaintness quite foreign to its original design. The tower was afterwards given its present appearance, "bricks made from the mud of the haven" being employed in the work. The so-called "Hermitage" on the south-eastern exterior of the church is one of its most interesting features. It seems to have been inhabited by anchoresses—was so, at least, when Henry VIII. drove all such people out into a hard world. Beneath it there

is a vaulted crypt, which, says Tradition, was used as a hiding-place of the church plate and jewels.

Just without the town, on the Dover Road, stands the assemblage of little buildings called St Bartholomew's Hospital. It is dignified by a little chapel, which used to be a piece of very charming thirteenth-century architecture. Unfortunately the late Sir Gilbert Scott—emulous perhaps of Brave Blake—was induced to frisk it like a dragon throughout the precious building. As a result, a great part of its charm is permanently lost, though, by dint of sedulous imagination, one may gather some ideas of the former beauty of its ranges of windows and its doorways. According to a Bull of Innocent IV., it was founded about the year 1244 by Henry de Sandwich, "for the support of the weakly and infirm, the Brothers and Sisters living under an order of discipline, being maintained at table, and wearing an uniform habit." Various post-Reformation efforts were made to suppress the institution, but Henry VIII. confirmed its charters, which seem to have been limited to the Bull of Innocent, though the chaplains attached to it were then dismissed. Edward III. granted the Hospital "all the profits of the ferry over the haven betwixt Sandwich and Stonor," and Boys quotes a number of quaint particulars relating to the ceremony of annual visitation, which was performed by the Mayor and Jurats. It now supports sixteen old people, who receive £40 a year. There are two other ancient hospitals in the town—those of St John and St Thomas. The former is a thirteenth-century foundation, which, besides being a Hospital, filled some of the functions of a Harbinger or refuge for destitute travellers. Perhaps it was here that the unfortunate archers from Agincourt found solace. Of the old gates there exists at the present day but one—the Fishers'—though the Barbican which spans the entering road from Ramsgate has a great deal of quaintness, and some of the appearance of an old gateway. Round about the town go the old earthworks, the former ramparts. To-day they form a pleasant pro-

menade for sunny weather, now that the sword of Sandwich has been beaten into a pruning-hook. On a Sunday at sunset they are pleasant to walk upon. If it is near service-time, there is an incredible clangour of bells, which in exalted rivalry outdo each other in outcry of invitation to prayer. There is something golden in the sound—something golden in the red glow of the sunlight on the roofs—something of gold in the old town from which the gold of the earth has passed. But it retains, perhaps, a better sort of gold—sunset gold, rainbow gold—a gold rarer and of greater price than that which we earn with the sweat of our brows.

The pleasantest view of Sandwich one gets, as I have already said, from the ruins of Richborough Castle. These one reaches from the town by taking the street which turns to the left just as the Ramsgate Road makes its exit under the Barbican Gate. One winds for a time through the devious narrow streets, passes out of them at last into a fair road, then takes an excessively bad one that unostentatiously branches off to the right. One has perhaps a mile and a half of flat, rich ground to cover. The Stour winds sluggishly serpentine through it; a fairly broad, very leisurely piece of water, bordered by bands of rushes and meadow-sweet, and in the summer beloved by cattle, which might stand for a Cuyp of these latter days.

To reach Richborough, one has to climb a little ridge, which in some ways suggests the hill on which stands Winchelsea. The Stour meanders near its base, leaving room for the more direct railway lines. Towards the eastern extremity of the erstwhile island rise the fragmentary Titanic walls of the castle. They stand, for all the world, like a gigantic tooth-stump, up out of broad cornfields. They are grey, and in places covered with the metallic leaves of great ivy plants; they are hollowed out, scarred, quarried; have been violently assailed by the hands of Time, of house-builders, of archæologists, but they remain nonchalant, massive in the extreme. One would deem, indeed, that the



place defies Time and the weather—Time and the weather, which only serve to harden the mortar of its stones.

The walls nearly surround a large green lawn, are in turn surrounded by a high wire fence, which serves to net the sixpences of visitors. There is, however, not very much to see within the enclosed space, for the view is carefully shut out by screens of young trees. Under the grass near the centre of the castle are the foundations of what was once a mass of cruciform masonry. What purpose it served is not known, but it was probably by way of being a Pharos or look-out tower of some sort. They show one, too, subterranean chambers and other more or less unexplained things. Touching the hardness of the fabric, it is not uninteresting to note that the Kent archæologists who here carried on excavations found that it was easier to cut through the flints than through the mortar which embedded them. Indeed, but for this same hardness there would to-day little be left of the place in which the Romans kept their ceaseless watch over sea and land; of the place in which—so they say—Ethelbert received a Roman faith that has outlasted so many empires whose soldiers kept ceaseless watch over sea and land.

The fields all round the castle are said to be full of Roman relics. If one is in luck, one's walking-stick will strike upon gold coins, or silver or brass. At the worst, one has a pleasant glimpse of the town of Sandwich. One sees St Peter's Church dominating the town, St Clement's tower peeping warily above the house-tops behind; but what draws together the whole picture, the roofs, the Barbican, the bridge, the river, and what not, are the rust-red slants of the few furled barge-sails, the cordage and the vanes of the sparse shipping by the quays. These seem to give a reason to the shining little town, to the gleaming little river, to the flagged marshes, to the sweep of sky. Farther out one sees the sea, between it and the town the great sail of another barge slowly ascending the reaches of the river.

It is worth while to make for Sarre across the forgotten country at

the back of Richborough. One may find better roads by making a circuit, but, if one is in the mood, there are better things than good roads. Those that wind up and down the hills here are exceptionally bad and stony. One follows more or less the shores of the old estuary; without a doubt one's sunken road once just fringed the high-water mark. In those days, had one travelled the road, one would have seen pass one the ships that went to the making of London, just as to-day, when one travels along the Thames towards its mouth, one sees the crowding funnels of the great cargo-steamers, the languid stretch of the great barge-sails.

The road, as I have said, follows the course of the haven, but it is a road too obscure, too secret, to be marked on most maps. There are very few signposts too. From various points, between hedges, over white farm-gates, one sees the highlands of Thanet run westward across one's path. But it is useless to take a road which seems to run towards them; for here roads that have every appearance of an energetic northerliness of purpose almost invariably have a southern goal. All that one can do is to ask one's way whenever one reaches a ventways. If one be too proud, one finds oneself at Ash or at Eastry—finds oneself there with amazing suddenness. One should make first for Emston, then for Presston, then for Grove Ferry.

Before reaching this last, one strikes a band of marshland of a pleasant vividness of colour. One goes down-hill into it—one turns one's head to the left, and there, above a bend of the narrowing valley, sees a spire stand up serenely against the distant hills. One gently wonders what it is, for there is a certain augustness in its uprising that differentiates it from the spire of an ordinary village church. It is, of course, Bell Harry.

It looks best, perhaps, against a watery sunset, when the narrowing marshes glint and sparkle, and the river itself is an ashy-purple, over the purple smoke from the city fires. To the right the marshes broaden

suavely out, the sky broadens suavely out, all the lines are placidly horizontal, as befits a place that the sea left long ago. Near Grove Ferry the air is full of a pleasant odour, the pleasant odour that suggests old maids named Lavinia, high-backed chairs, tranquil parlours, china bowls of pot-pourri, and great linen-presses—the scent of lavender. It grows in great fields by the side of the Stour.

One comes upon that devious river somewhat suddenly at Grove Ferry. It cuts the road in half, and is negotiated by means of a kind of pontoon. In these, its higher reaches, it has grown very narrow; in times of drought there is only a space of three or four feet between the end of the ferry and the opposite shore. The hamlet, a charming place, lies just beside the railway lines, below the bank along which runs the highroad from London and Canterbury to the Isle of Thanet.

The highroad is like a piece of one of Napoleon's roads across Europe. It runs very straight over hill and down, and on either side is bordered by tall trees; indeed, if one were dropped suddenly upon it, one would swear one was somewhere upon the road between Versailles and Blois. In a sudden elbow of this road one comes upon a little hamlet made up of two inns and two or three small houses, a hamlet that has a certain dignity. In white letters upon a black board this place proclaims itself the Ville of Sarre—"the common ferry when Thanet was full iled." In Saxon days, as I have said, Sarre was a place of importance, and though it has lost this, it retains still a certain semblance of officialism, much as do men who have retired from one or other of the public services. It remains, moreover, a ville of the Port of Sandwich, and is governed by a Deputy who swears "faith to bear to the Queen and to the statutes and liberties of the Five Ports, and more especially of the Town and Port of Sandwich."

Members of the ports of Sandwich and Dover dot the entire coastline of the island. If, however, one be bent on seeing all the members of these two ports, one will do best to retrace one's course along the quasi-

continental highway as far as the town of Fordwich. This was once the port of the city of Canterbury, and shared with other seven the privileges of corporate membership. Like Seaford, and like Pevensey, its corporate dignity was lately abolished, but it retains an air of ancient worth that even Sir Charles Dilke's Act was unable to tear from it. It lies, a green and watered nook, a few furlongs off the Canterbury road, beside the commonplace little village of Sturry. It flourished till the inconstant sea withdrew its patronage, and nowadays it is impossible to believe that the sea ever ran where now luxuriate its embowering trees. But it retains its tiny town-hall, its cucking-stool, and a number of records which go to prove its former prosperity, even if the substantial air of its few remaining houses would not satisfy one as to this. Like the other ports, it had its custumal—a custumal which proves that its habits were as quaintly rational as those of any other town. What, for instance, could have been more conducive to justice than its criminal trials by ordeal, in which the accuser, "fully equipped as a prosecutor should be, shall stand up to his navel in the Stair, prepared to prove his charge. The accused shall come in a boat, clothed in a dress called 'Storrie,' with a weapon called an ore, three yards in length. The boat is to be fastened to the quay by a cord, and he shall fight with the said prosecutor till the matter is decided." Unless the dress called Storrie was less commodious than the due equipment of an accuser, the *onus probandi* must, as a rule, have proved too much for most prosecutors; but a number of these trials must have afforded all the enjoyment of a modern regatta to the public of Fordwich courts of law. In this, it is true, Fordwich did not stand alone, for, at Sandwich, its capital member, criminals adjudged worthy of death were drowned in the harbour. Indeed, when Sandwich haven silted up, the magistrates of the town raised outcry because there was no longer sufficient water in which to drown a criminal. The place, they said, bade fair to become safe harbour for all rogues and sundry. What happened at Fordwich under

similar circumstances I do not quite know. The trials there must have had results, for Ireland tells us that there was a gallows below the quay, "which was taken down some years back." Fordwich, moreover, was long celebrated for the superior flavour of its trout, of which, according to Hasted, "not more than thirty were produced in a year."

To reach the Reculvers from Fordwich, one strikes due north. The country through which one passes is full of little villages which have had ecclesiastical significance — a significance due to their nearness to the metropolitan city. Thus, in Herne, Ridley had his first cure of souls, and, says Ireland, "'Te Deum' in English was first chaunted in Herne Church by the above-mentioned divine and martyr." At Hoth stood the ancient archiepiscopal palace of Ford, "a dwelling," says Archbishop Parker, "in such a soil, and occupying such a corner, he thought no man living could delight to dwell there." He petitioned Elizabeth for permission to pull it down, but the permission was not accorded. However, in 1658, the Parliament rendered the See this unwitting service, and now hardly a trace of the fabric remains. It is, however, worthy of note that despite the badness of its soil the Archbishop had here a vineyard which is said to have produced very excellent wine.

The roads in this part are almost uniformly trying of ascent and descent, and almost uniformly bad, whilst the country itself is by no means beautiful. The twin towers of the Reculver Church soon become a landmark, and the spot itself is well worth the attaining. For centuries past it has been, as it remains, a lonely sea-hamlet. Nowadays, during the summer, it is somewhat of a show-place, but in the winter, or in rain times, it is desolate enough to serve the turn.

The castle itself, in aspect and in fabric, much resembles that of Richborough, but the earth is now level with the top of what of its walls remains, and on this earth a few small white houses cluster. The Roman relics found here have been innumerable; innumerable, too, have

been those elder relics, fossils ; moreover, the remains of a former forest have been found. This goes to prove that, in the times when the Roman soldiers kept watch and ward, the castle must have stood far from the sea. In Leland's day it was distant half a mile. Nowadays the sea has washed away the seaward castle walls, will soon wash away the rest. It is rather a repulsive sea, too—a grey, muddy, estuary tide over which the gaunt church towers look out. It seems truest to its character on a gusty day, when squalls darken the leaden, level waters and the leaden skies ; at low tide, when the wet mud-flats and the wet breakwater stumps reflect a pallid light.

Away up into the air soar the ugly twin towers, with the clumsy vanes a-top. From up there one has a great view ; one sees the whole of the Island of Thanet, a goodly stretch of the county of Kent, the exquisite hideousness of Herne Bay. One can see across the mouth of the Thames, across to Brightlingsea in Essex—Brightlingsea which, like the Reculvers itself, remains a member of the port of Sandwich. The whole tone of Reculver is bitter ; there is nothing mellow, nothing tranquil about its decay. It has the hardness of poverty, the pessimism of a place confronted for ever and ever with an inevitable fact ; for ever confronted with, for ever recoiling from, a repulsive sea—a sea whose very foam is muddy, sordid. It affects one as one is affected by the protests of a wretchedly poor man, condemned for ever to dwell in a factory town.

After the coming of St Augustine, Ethelbert is said to have taken up his dwelling here, and, very little later, religious foundations here found their homes. Perhaps to one or other of these the church owes its origin ; legend, of course, calls it, or rather its towers, a tribute of sisterly love. Ireland gives the following version of the legend, which he professes to have gathered from a manuscript left in the library of the College of Louvain by an English Dominican monk of Canterbury.

There were twin sisters, the one an abbess of a Benedictine convent at Davington, the other a nun in that convent. There came

a time when Abbess Frances was afflicted by a painful illness: craving relief she vowed to lay on the altar of the Blessed Virgin of Broadstairs a precious gift. When relief came she set out on a ship of Faversham, being accompanied by her sister Isabel. Before they had been at sea two hours arose a violent storm, and the sailors tried to run ashore at Reculver. In the darkness they missed their port and struck on the bank called the Horse. Abbess Frances was separated from her sister, and by force, she being a person of importance, carried ashore in the ship's boat. Her twin sister Isabel "had continued in the cabin, one side of which had been washed away, the space being half filled with water." In the end a boat put off from Reculver, which saved the rest of the passengers, and brought poor Isabel ashore to die.

"The abbess did not fail to transmit, through her confessor, the offerings intended for the Virgin at Broadstairs, accompanied by a donation of twelve masses to be celebrated for the repose of her sister's soul. Soon after which, in order to perpetuate the memory of her sister, as well as to direct mariners how to avoid the calamity she had experienced, the abbess caused the two towers of the ancient church of Reculver to be repaired, they having fallen into a state of decay, which two spiral elevations she directed should be called the Sisters. These objects still retain the name, being also a sea-mark of long-acknowledged utility to mariners."

The old church was gradually rendered useless by the sea; its final demolition took place at the hands of the persons who converted it into a quarry for the benefit of the present religious edifice. When they set about this, search was made for the remains of King Ethelbert, who, according to the legend, was buried here. The walls of the church were found to be so hard that no tool could touch them. Gunpowder was accordingly employed to aid the work of discovery. The search had been abandoned, and the workmen had gone

home to rest, having found nothing but a stone coffin-lid; "but on their return they found the wall had given way, and from some unknown recess had fallen antique stone carved figures of the twelve apostles, and a lion, richly ornamented with plates of gold." This, at least, is the local tradition.

A few years ago the place was even more desolate than it is to-day. Human bones stuck out of the hillside below the gaunt fragments of the church; indeed, one may still read a placard which announces the penalty for those who stole the said bones. But at present the hillside is decorously turfed, and that much of gloom for the time lifted off the place. A few years ago, too, a journey to the Reculvers was fraught with some peril. Mr Roach Smith, in the first few pages of the first volume of his 'Retrospections,' gives a graphic account of the trials of spirit he incurred during his first twilight passage through the marshes from St Nicholas, near Sarre. He lost his way, in fact, among the marsh-land dykes, and in that twilight land of clay had his bad quarter-hours. To-day one may safely and with some convenience make one's way from the Reculvers to Birchington. The path lies along the top of a rather perfunctory sea-wall, which in places is composed of mud, in others of shingle. After a mile or so of walking over what was once the mouth of the Wantsum, one reaches the clay slopes of Cliff End; after another short space the clay gives place to low cliffs of chalk. When the tide is low one may conveniently and very pleasurably walk along the broad, ribbed sands beneath the cliffs. The cliffs themselves are lamentably tortured by the sea; have been fretted into miniature caverns, into miniature pinnacles; look for all the world like small copies of the torn stones of the cliffs round Kynance Cove. The north winds blow down upon the place, uninterrupted, from the Pole itself, as they say; and if the billows have not the unbroken sweep of the Atlantic rollers, they have at least a dog-tooth violence of their own. In the face of this petulant



element one is tempted to fall a-wondering what will be the ultimate fate of these coast towns. This sea, which never has, which never will, know its own mind, must in the end—at long, long last—devour the Isle of Thanet; must in the end break through the feeble barrier that keeps it out of its estuary of the Wantsum. Then, perhaps, Sandwich will have its own again.

In the meantime, all round the island, go the pleasure towns that once were members of the Ports. One begins with Birchington, under the shadow of whose church sleeps Rossetti—a man “honoured among painters as a painter, and among poets as a poet.” The place itself is vastly un-Rossettian to-day, and in the time when, calling itself Guesend, it was a member of the Port of Dover, it did little to distinguish itself. Indeed, one knows little more of it than the fact that in the 7th Elizabeth it had “neyther shypp nor boat.” As much may be said for the village once called Birchington Wood, now Woodchurch. St John’s, another of Dover’s members, is now a suburb of Margate. Margate I do not feel called to describe. Its glories are beyond help or hindrance from a moderately unsympathetic pen. Its history I have already attempted to trace. Says Sylvanus Urban I.: “The bay wherein the company bathe at Margate is about half a mile in breadth, and has not its equal in this kingdom. The surface is a fine, clean sand, perfectly free from rocks, stones, sea-weed, and all manner of soil and filth; and lies on so gentle and regular a descent, that the sea, at low water, ebbs away about half a mile from the shore. . . . The machines THERE have their merits too, and are universally allowed to be the best contrived of any in the kingdom for convenience, safety, privacy, and expedition of driving into and out of the sea.”

Margate retains to-day the pre-eminence that it had in the time of Cave and of Dr Johnson. Between it and St Peter’s, the last of Dover’s members that I shall mention, lies the once dreaded North

Foreland. Steam has robbed it of some of its horrors, but in its day its name had a sound as evil as that of Beachy Head at the other extreme of the Liberties. Like Beachy Head it had its wreckers. "The seamen on this coast are very expert sailors, and dauntless in pushing off to sea in the roughest weather to succour ships in distress. They have, however, the reputation of being too much given to pilfer stranded vessels and disabling those that have severely suffered from the effects of a tempestuous sea. . . . Under pretence of yielding assistance and rescuing property, they plunder and convert the same to their own use, by making what they term *guile shares*, that is to say, cheating shares." When not engaged in disabling those that had severely suffered from the effects of a tempestuous sea, the local fishermen sometimes fished; when engaged in neither of these avocations they smuggled, and led cheery lives.

Broadstairs, which was once called St Peter's, had as inglorious a career as a Ports' member, as did most of the other Thanet villages. As a bathing-place, it is the product of this century. Its evolution was practically that of Margate, though the process began a little later. Fussell scorned its pretensions, but Dickens has conferred immortality on the neighbourhood, and Broadstairs flourishes. Before Dickens' day the place had been celebrated as the last home of a monstrous fish, a creature in whose mouth three men stood erect, whose eye was more than a cart and six horses could draw, whose length was twenty-two yards. This at least is Kilburn's story.

Leaving this last dependency of Dover we find within a few miles the town of Ramsgate with its suburb, St Laurence's, which two places were in their day members of the Port of Sandwich. As a port Ramsgate may be taken more seriously than any of the Thanet towns. Its harbour was almost entirely a product of the eighteenth century; but it proved for a time of considerable importance, both as a haven of refuge, and as a port for the trade with Russia and other

parts of the east of Europe. It is said that during the eighteenth century £600,000 were spent upon the harbour, which was constructed under the direction of Smeaton of Eddystone fame. For many years packets sailed regularly twice a week for Calais, Boulogne, and more particularly to Ostend. Ramsgate, in fact, set up as a rival to Dover, and as long as Hanover remained linked to England the Thanet towns seem to have been the favourite ports of embarkation for the sovereigns when visiting their foreign dependencies. Aforetimes, one remembers, the Cinque Ports owed some of their prosperity to a similar concatenation of circumstances. One reads: "In order to commemorate the departure of his present Majesty (George IV.) when he sailed from this port for the purpose of visiting Hanover, the inhabitants, &c., opened a subscription for the erecting a memorial of that event, which soon amounted to £1000. With that sum an obelisk was raised bearing appropriate inscriptions, at the entrance on the east side of the pier; and, in consequence of the affectionate reception experienced by the king, he was graciously pleased to confer upon the harbour the denomination of 'Royal,' directing that his royal standard should be displayed on particular occasions." Our earlier and better kings did more for the ports that served them.

The highroad between Ramsgate and Sandwich is rather flat, rather unsheltered, rather arid, a little uninteresting. A little distance to the right of it lies the little village of Minster—the Minster of St Mildred; a little to the left is Ippedsfleet, or Ebbsfleet, the scene of historic landings. They say that the stone on which was the impress of St Mildred's foot was broken up by road-menders in the second decade of the nineteenth century. Quite near in to Sandwich is the tiny hamlet of Stonor—of Stonor that was once Lundenwic, that once bade fair to vanquish Sandwich itself. Nowadays it hardly exists.

One comes again into Sandwich under the Barbican archway. To reach Deal and Walmer, the western members of the Port, one passes

right through the town. The Deal road is in character very like that from Ramsgate. If one have the wind behind one, one may with advantage and pleasure cover the ground, but for some reason or another one never does have the wind behind one. There is even a story of an old woman who started to go this way, and was much incommoded by what one here calls a tompus, which blew straight in her face. Irritated beyond the bounds of prudence and cool-headedness, she exclaimed, "May the devil take me if this wind don't change before I go back." It did change, and blew in her face all the way back to Sandwich.

It is pleasanter to go to Deal by way of the Marshes and the sand-dunes. Here, if one have to contend with wind one minds it less; it is more legitimate, more what one expects along the sea-shore. The tract of country is very similar in character to that near Camber and Rye. There are the same dykes, the same low cottages, the same sand-hills, the same broad sky, and apparently the same golfers. For the Royal and Ancient Game the country is unsurpassed. Sandwich, in fact, is the St Andrews of the south, and the Deal course is by no means despicable. One passes through the latter before reaching Sandown Castle. This building has nearly succumbed to the sea. Years ago I used to form one of a band of boyish treasure-seekers who wormed ways through half choked up tunnels. We never found any treasures, but bats not infrequently blew out our candles—a thrilling experience in the darkness of those endless, slimy tunnels. But, to-day, I imagine that the passages are finally choked up. The walls have been demolished to a level with the abutting parade, garden-seats are set upon them, and the place has lost all power of historic suggestion. When Colonel Hutchinson was imprisoned here, Mrs. Hutchinson and her son and daughter "went to Deale and there tooke lodgings, from whence they walked every day on foote to dinner and back again at night, with horrible

toyle and inconvenience." Nowadays one may walk easily enough along the smooth parade.

Deal is a place whose very name suggests storms and the horrors of the Goodwins. One hears Deal mentioned in London, and immediately one sees the rush of the angry sea, feels the swish of the gusty rain, hears the distress guns from the ships on the Sands. One seems to look out, the eyes wrinkled together, beneath a great, hairy hand; one seems to wear a sou'-wester and thigh-high boots. The real life of the town has been lived beneath the flying shrouds of rack-clouds, in the midst of spray. All this is now very much a matter of the past. The Deal pilot is gone, the hovellers are fast disappearing, the Goodwins have lost half their terrors. But enough remains to give the eastern end of the town an air of its own. There are still boats upon the beach, there are still fishermen who smuggle a little. There is even, I believe, a sardine factory; and there is still the sea. The fishing quarter is still quaint, with its dark rows, its marine-stores, its beach huts, from which peep unceasingly the end of the hovellers' telescopes; and it is still pleasant to be whirled unsteadily by south-westerly gusts between the houses that crowd down on to the beach itself.

Between Deal and Walmer lies the inevitable lodging-house quarter, with a fine parade and a pier, and other necessities of the kind. At the western end of this quarter stands Deal Castle—a grotesque. It is now the residence of a sinecure Constable. Beyond the castle, the street falls back a little from the sea; becomes a row of pleasant-looking, small, old-fashioned houses. These in return give place to residential villas, and finally one reaches Walmer Castle. This fortress has, since the beginning of the eighteenth century, become the residence of the Lords Warden. As such it has housed some notable men. One may mention the celebrated Lord North, who aided George III. in driving the American Colonies to declare the War

of Independence. He was succeeded by William Pitt, who was appointed Lord Warden on the 18th August 1792. Pitt seems to have regarded his office as by no means a sinecure. In 1794 he raised the famous body of Cinque Ports Fencibles, in which he himself enlisted and drilled as a private, and, somewhat later, a corps of bombardiers for the defence of the three castles. Moreover, in 1803, he armed almost all the fishing luggers within the liberties of the Five Ports, giving them either a twelve- or an eighteen-pounder carronade. These boats saw a certain amount of service. During Pitt's absence from Walmer they seem to have been under the command of Lady Hester Stanhope, who would certainly have made an excellent admiral of this, the last of the fleets of the Five Ports. "We are in almost daily expectation of the arrival of the French," she writes in 1804, "and Mr. Pitt's regiment is now nearly perfect enough to receive them. We have the famous 15th Light Dragoons in our barracks, also the Northants and Berkshire Militia. The first and last of these regiments I command. . . . Oh, such miserable things as the French gunboats! We took a vessel the other day loaded with gin—to keep up their spirits, I suppose; another with abominable bread. . . . One of the boats had an extreme large chest of medicine, probably for half the flotilla. I have my orders how to act in case of real alarm in Mr. Pitt's absence."<sup>1</sup>

From December the 16th to December 19th, 1805, the *Victory* lay off Walmer Castle, jury-masted and having on board the body of Nelson. In a month Pitt followed him to his grave. Pitt is responsible for the present appearance of the Castle, which is pleasanter than it might be, owing to the trees and shrubs which Lady Hester planted to please him. She is said to have bribed a gardener to steal them from a neighbouring park. Pitt was succeeded by the rather execrable Jenkinson, Earl of Liverpool; he in turn gave way to the great Duke of

<sup>1</sup> Stanhope Miscellanies, 2nd Series.









WALMER CASTLE



Wellington, who became Lord Warden in 1829, and died at Walmer Castle on 14th September 1852. His room, with much of the simple furniture that he used, is still to be seen there. In 1835 the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria visited the Duke at Walmer, and in 1842 the Queen and the Prince Consort again came, her Majesty staying long enough to contract a very severe cold, which made her visit last nearly a month. One reads in Mr Elvin's 'Diary' of the Royal visit that "a wandering lunatic, calling himself Napoleon III., was in the vicinity and desired admission to the Castle." This was not accorded.

The Duke was succeeded by the Marquis of Dalhousie, Lord Palmerston, Earl Granville, Mr W. H. Smith, the Marquis of Dufferin, and the present Lord Salisbury.

With the end of this outline tracing of the history of Walmer and its Lords my record of the Five Ports comes to its close. If the words would come and would dance themselves into metre one might finish it with a Ballad of Fair Ships and Goodly Havens. But the ballad remains unwritten. If, in these days of iron plates, of steel masts, of search-lights, and of whatnot and of whatnot, one may still see visions, on this beach one should see visions of swelling canvas—one should see them merely for the closing of the eyes. One should stand on the shores of the Downs and see in the grey dawn the towering, jury-masted *Victory*, and all those others, slowly shaking out the innumerable sails, slowly passing, gloriously passing away. They have passed away for ever, those towers along the deep; sail with *La Blithe de Winchelse* and *La Littel Douce de Saundwic* over glassier seas, into a more golden twilight. It is inspiring enough to think of them there, the great ships of Trafalgar, the small ships of the Armada, the king-bearing cock-boats of *Lespagnols sur Mer*. Do they find the French ships that went down with them or before them; the Spaniards

that they sank or that sank them? Would one, if for one moment one stood on the shores of that sea, hear softly down the waveways come the cheers with which fair ship greets fair ship; would one see their spars and their sails, and their guns and their spear points, all agleam, all golden in a glory? Sometimes when the dawn is reflected from the older windows of one of these old towns, when the windows throw back the soft, golden light, I have thought that they were gazing into these further seas; that the old windows saw, the old houses remembered. And I wonder, by-the-bye, if, when the old Margate hoy sails into that goodly company, for that too they spare a few cheers.

What of the Future, then? Is the lot of the Ports to be mere oblivion—a lasting sleep? One fears so. True, one reads, “*In memoria aeterna erit justus: ab auditione mala non timebit,*” and one hears that the whirligig of time brings its revenge. But what wild revolutions can bring back the glory of the Ports, what, in these days when the night forgets the sorrows of the morning, can keep their memory green? The prophets of to-day tell us that in a few years the sea itself will cease to serve as a highway, as a battle-ground—that in a few days the air and the ships of the air will be all that we shall heed. Thus ports all and sundry have had their day, and in due time the word itself will grow meaningless. But I have sometimes thought that, in the end, a time will come when the brain of man—of humanity all the world over—will suddenly grow unable to bear with the hurry and turmoil that itself has created. Then it will no longer seem worth while to set in motion all these wheels, all this machinery; the fascination of the slow, creaking waggons of the past will grow overpowering, the claims of the simple will be rediscovered, will be deemed something new, strange, and enthralling. Then, the naïve and the human will reign again, the Makeshift even will have its principality. In that new Golden Age the Five Ports might again flourish, might again find their account.

## APPENDIX A.

### ORIGINS OF THE PORTS.

THOUGH in outline the evolution of the system seems simple enough, as soon as one descends to more detailed consideration one is met with the clash and whirl of innumerable theories. It is not only matter of doubt whether the Saxons inherited the traditions of the Ports from the Romans, but it is also extremely difficult to identify the Roman stations. Near the port of Sandwich were the two Rutupine castles : Dover Castle was probably Dubris or Darvenum, Lympne near Hythe was certainly the Portus Lemanis, Hastings may conceivably have been Othona, and Pevensey Anderida. Thus five out of the nine castles under the Roman Count were very possibly within what became the Liberties of the Ports. Four of them very certainly were within the tract of land. This to some extent tells in favour of the theory of Roman origin. On the other hand the methods of maintenance of the castles of the *tractus maritimus*, which later became the Saxon Shore, were widely different from those which distinguished the Five Ports. The Comes was a military commander having under him nine captains, each of whom commanded 200 men. These legionaries were mostly drawn from Gaul and the Rhenish provinces, whereas the keynote of the Cinque Ports edifice was the local origin of its defenders. Moreover, there is no trace to be found of any special naval force that was under the Comes. Yet, as one passes from Cinque Port to Cinque Port and finds almost invariably in close proximity one of the castles of the Saxon Shore, one is inclined to fall under the conviction that some connection must have obtained. Moreover, there were two places outside the counties of Kent and Sussex owing allegiance to the Cinque Ports. There were Brightlingsea in Essex, which remains a member of Sandwich, and the famous town of Yarmouth. Yarmouth, indeed, owed its very existence to the herring-fishers of the Ports. Both these towns certainly had a Roman predecessor. Brightlingsea may or may not have been the Saxon-Shore castle of Othona but it was Roman in origin ; Yarmouth certainly was intimately connected with the most northerly castle of the Roman county.

There is a principle of French criminal law which has it that a frequent succession of "coincidences of probability" may be regarded as a proof of guilt; and I must confess that this sequence of probability does something to convince me of the "Roman connection." That many of the Ports should have grown up near Roman castles is easily explainable without any reference to Roman origin. The Saxons wished for positions similar to those that the Romans selected for similar ends. But when we find that the Ports had control of a town that grew up near a very distant castle of the *tractus maritimus*, and when we consider that there were in all probability many other places on the East Coast that would have served the turn of net-drying, the matter seems to fall much further within the sphere dominated by "coincidences of probability." One must remember that the late fallacy which prompted easily satisfied topographers to claim a Roman origin for almost every town in the wide world caused an almost equally unreasonable reaction, a reaction that made subsequent writers deny a Latin origin to places in which every trace of Roman occupation was to be found. At the same time I remember that biographers and writers on historical subjects are very prone to be led away by enthusiasm for the men or places, or for the organisations in whose service their pens are employed; and although I should like to claim so respectable an antiquity for the organisation of the Five Ports, I prefer to content myself with summing up the rather scanty evidence on the points.

If we accept the "Roman origin" theory—which, however, I cannot bring myself to do—we may consider that the Ports were definitely established at the time of the Heptarchy; if not, we have to search further afield to find their commencements. It seems probable that, round the Roman castles, there grew up Saxon towns. Legend asserts that the Saxon kings of Kent had their palace in the castle of Richborough, and that the illustrious towns of Sandwich and Stonor grew up under the shadows of the walls, under the auspices of the race of Ethelbert. The Saxons, like their predecessors, had to contend with naval freebooters who subsequently became invaders. At what stage of the process the Cinque Ports first afforded ship-service one does not know. Ethelred the Unready is usually credited with the invention of the Danegelt—a tax which had for its aim the provision of an effective navy. He may have found the system in force within the Ports, or the Ports may have been left outside the act by which the Confessor abolished the Danegelt itself. It is, however, to some extent significant that Ethelred's great fleet should have assembled in the haven of Sandwich, a place which under the Saxon kings seems to have had the leadership of the Ports.

In speaking of the Ports in pre-Norman times one is much hampered by

absolute lack of evidence: not one of the rather few and frequently dubious Saxon charters that have been handed down to us concerns itself with the ship-service of the Port towns. Edward I.'s general charter to the Ports speaks of "their liberties and freedoms as the same charters (of Edward the Confessor, William I., &c.), . . . *which the same Barons have there*, and which we have seen, do reasonably testify."

Thus, if we regard the statement that "we have seen the charter of Edward" as more than merely formal, we arrive at the fact that the Confessor granted a general charter to the Ports, or at least a batch of separate ones to individual ports. This brings us at once to another debatable point. There is little doubt that before the Conquest the several Ports found ships and had privileges, but there is, except for the ambiguous sentence above quoted, nothing to prove that the Ports were, before the Conquest, parts of the great Confederation that they subsequently became. Very excellent judges have held that it was the Conqueror who put the finishing touches to the work of the Confessor. To me, however, it seems that the weight of the inferential evidence tells in the other scale of the balance; I am even inclined to think that the Confessor—a personage for whom I entertain a temperamental, and possibly quite unjust, dislike—had very little to do with the making of the Ports. What has most struck me in writing the history of individual Ports has been to how very great an extent their earliest prosperity depended on the fact that they nearly all lived under the auspices of the Church—that they owed, in fact, much of their prosperity to their dependence on one religious establishment, that of Christ Church, Canterbury. Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich were all, at different times and in varying degrees, tributary to this great institution, and as such they were all, more or less, under the government of the archbishops, who were titular abbots of Christ Church. It is significant that Hastings, the one Port which fell to foreign Priors, was the earliest in decline.

Like the Church, the confederation of the Ports remained for centuries an *imperium in imperio*; as in the case of the Church, their corporate head, though elected by the sovereign, had to conciliate the barons by swearing to maintain intact their liberties and their privileges. Of these, like the Church, they were excessively tenacious. Going back, then, to Saxon times, it behoves us to find the man who gave the Church its traditions, and him I think we find in Dunstan, the tenth-century archbishop and saint. Of his vigorous and successful attempts to consolidate the properties of his see, and incidentally of Christ Church, we find recurrent evidence in the annals of the ports I have mentioned. He was certainly clear-sighted enough to see that, for the see of Canterbury to remain prosperous and to maintain its rights, the dependencies of that see must do as

much. He had, too, the especial advantage of having his sovereign completely under his thumb, and it is to him rather than to the Confessor that I should be inclined to attribute the rights of the Ports. Many characteristics of the Ports' privileges are essentially Anglo-Saxon, but the trend of the policy of the Confessor was altogether Norman in inspiration. The only actions of his that we know of as directly affecting the Ports are his abolition of the Dane Gelt tax, and his oppression of the men of Dover whom Earl Godwin upheld.

Dunstan, on the other hand, was in every way interested in the prosperity of the towns in question, and that the earlier archbishops did everything in their power to further the prosperity of these towns we have seen. Hastings, it is true, remained outside the influence of Dunstan, and was, with the *nobiliora membra*, Winchelsea and Rye, granted to the monks of Fécamp; but it is unlikely that these monks would have been content to allow their towns to labour under comparative disadvantages, and the Confessor, as we know, was open to the influencing of foreign priests. The Ports certainly sided with St Thomas against Henry II., and, like a straw that shows the way of the wind, we find that after the coronation of Richard I., the archbishop offered on the shrine of the Blessed Thomas a singularly large horn of ivory that the king had given him. At the same time the barons of the Ports laid on the altar of Christ the pall which they had held over the king at his coronation. Now a horn is the *signum prætorianum* of incorporation. I may, however, be quite wrong in my interpretation—may be merely catching at straws; and it must be remembered that I can offer no documentary evidence in favour of the "Dunstan" or Archiepiscopal theory; and, too, it must be remembered that against it there is the *inspeximus* of Edward I.

We come then to the days of the Conquest. It is not a little curious, and it will probably remain permanently inexplicable, that the Ports, with the exception of Romney, offered no sort of resistance to the Conqueror. It becomes even the more incomprehensible when we remember that the Ports owed peculiar allegiance to Harold as the son of Godwin the great Earl of Kent. The only tenable theories are either that the Ports had previously compounded with the Conqueror, or that Harold had drawn off all their available fighting strength. The latter seems the more probable. According to modern theories, the troops with which Harold fought the battle of Hastings were his Huscarles and a hasty levy of such men as were either in the neighbourhood or for other reasons had time to reach his standard. In the number of both sorts the men of the Ports must have bulked largely. It seems likely, therefore, that the towns of the confederation offered no resistance simply because they had no means of so doing. Once they had accepted the Conqueror's yoke they served him faithfully, beating off the Danes who came to



the assistance of the English, and offering no help to Eustace of Boulogne when he made his perfunctory attack upon Dover Castle.

It is doubtful to what extent, if any, the Conqueror modified the existing arrangements of the Ports. To him<sup>1</sup> is popularly attributed the establishment of the Feudal System in England. But upon the whole neither he nor his immediate predecessors appear to have attached any special importance to the Cinque Ports. His government, as far as one knows, was essentially military rather than essentially naval, and he seems to have regarded the confederacy rather as an instrument for keeping in check what piracy there was in a Norman arm of the sea than as a first line of defence. Nevertheless he respected the Ports sufficiently to confirm them in their privileges. Of the vexed question of the origin of the Wardenship we know as little as of other vexed questions of origin.

It seems probable that Earl Godwin and, after him, Odo of Baieux were what one might call "Wardens by prescription"—Wardens as territorial Earls of Kent. But this is mere matter of conjecture. The Conqueror is said, by moderately trustworthy authorities, to have nominated, as Warden of the Ports, James, first Lord Fienes. This official gained added local importance from the fact that he became simultaneously Constable of Dover Castle. His appointment differed from that of really representative subsequent Wardens in being hereditary. William, in fact, we may consider as having relegated to a—possibly fictitious—person a part of the rights of an earldom of Kent, a vice-regency that he had found it better to dismantle.

I have now examined with some care the various earlier theories as to the origin of the Ports. I had long ago held the following ideas more or less vaguely before me: We have no general charter to the confederation earlier than that of the 6th Ed. I.; the wording of the "*inspeximuses*" in this charter is rather easy to misunderstand; the kings up to the time of Edward invariably granted separate charters to the individual ports. From these facts I evolved the theory that the Ports were not incorporated as a whole before the reign of Edward I. This was some few years ago. Shortly afterwards I came upon Mr Round's chapter on the "Cinque Ports Charters." In this he advances practically the same reasons for the

<sup>1</sup> This, however, is again a debatable matter. Professor Freeman thinks that the system of knight service which, speaking loosely, one calls the Feudal System, "was devised on English ground by the malignant genius of the minister (Ranulph Flambard) of Rufus." Mr Round, however, on p. 25 of his 'The

Introduction of Knight Service into England' observes: "When we find them and their descendants holding their fiefs in England as they had been held in Normandy . . . what is the simple and obvious inference but that . . . Duke William granted out the fiefs he found in England?"

same belief, and, upon the whole, until documentary evidence of a previous charter turns up, this is the soundest theory that one can hold.

To this theory the objections which have occurred to me are as follows: Edward's charter says: "Et quod non placitentur nisi ubi debuerunt, et ubi solebant, scilicet, apud shipweiam." This seems to indicate that the men of the Ports did have a general court—that at Shepway—before the granting of the charter—and if they had a general court they must have been incorporated in one way or another. Mr Round, however, under the page heading "Barons of the Cinque Ports," and whilst pointing out that the men of Hastings were the only ones in previous charters styled barons, says very justly: "It is always, in these matters, necessary to bear in mind that the local organisation was apt to be ahead of the Crown, and the communal institutions and municipal developments might be winked at for a time, to avoid formal recognition. In this way, I believe, the rights and privileges belonging in strictness to Hastings alone were gradually extended in practice to the other ports; there is, for instance, a St Bertin charter granted by the so-called 'Barons of Dover,' although the formal legend on their seal styles them only Burgesses" ('Feudal England,' pp. 566, 567).

The acceptance of what I will call the "Edward I. theory" immensely complicates the theory of the Ports' organisation. We are almost forced to the acceptance of Mr Round's views that the customals and so forth of the individual ports were of French origin—were, at least, strongly modified by clauses borrowed from the *communes* of Picardy. This latter seems the most satisfactory view of the matter. There seem to me to be several valid objections to the theory that the ports borrowed their constitutions bodily from the French. In the first place many of the enactments of the customals are undoubtedly of Anglo-Saxon origin. (One may mention the comparative liberty of women under the Winchelsea customals—a customal that must have been directly sanctioned by Edward I.) The specimens of customals that we now possess are unquestionably of comparatively late date. (Mr Round quotes that given in Boys' 'Sandwich,' a customal that, I should think, is not so old as those of Winchelsea and Romney.) That the customals underwent modification in late days is certain; that they should have escaped it before the charter of Edward I. is most unlikely. But it is even more unlikely that any king could have imposed upon towns so powerful as the Five Ports a set of entirely new customals entailing all the inconveniences of new habits and a foreign trend of thought. Again, stress has been laid upon the fact that the whole confederation has been named "Cinque"—a French word. Against this one may urge the fact that the names of the courts administering the internal affairs of

the Ports were all of Teutonic derivation. They were: Shepway, Brodhull, and Guestling. Now a Teutonic survival in days when French was the polite language would obviously raise a French name or nickname, just as a German Schmidt inevitably gets styled Smith if he takes up his residence in England. I may be called a German—but, to ascertain whether I were German or not, it would be necessary to discover whether I called my account-books, my game-keeper, or my dogs by an English or a German name.

The word *commune* in connection with Picardy suggests another train of thought to me. It may be worth calling to mind that a very exact parallel to the organisation of the Ports long existed on the southern borders of Russia, and still exists along the Central Asiatic roads to Siberia. I refer to the settlements of Cossacks—settlements which were and are strictly communistic in the modern acceptance of the word. *Mutatis mutandis*, their general characteristics of organisation seem to me to be almost as close in resemblance to the organisation of the Ports as were those of the communes of Picardy.<sup>1</sup> Stated in brief their duties were: to protect the borders, occasionally of Poland, but generally of Great Russia, against the invasions of freebooters; for this purpose they were bound to find a stated number of horses and accoutrements, these horses, &c., in times of peace being used for the purposes of the community. In return they were (and are in so far as the oath of a Czar secures it them) accorded absolute self-government and definite trading and territorial rights.<sup>2</sup> Now I must, of course, not be regarded as wishing to imply that the Ports derived their organisation from the Cossacks of the Ural, or the Cossacks from the Ports. But I wish to emphasise the fact that the *general* evolution of the Ports was so simple and so severely logical that it is not absolutely necessary to go for a parallel to a land where they may or may not manage things better.

At the same time it must be remembered that Edward I., who certainly modified to some extent the existing organisation of the Ports, had a special interest in Picardy itself, and it is at least excessively likely that he made alterations in the constitution of the Ports, modifications that to some extent assimilated them with the existing *communes* of Picardy.

If, then, we examine the organisation of the Ports in the light of the "Edward I. theory," we find it somewhat as follows: Up till the time of Edward's charter it had consisted of a more or less unofficially connected congregation at first of five, afterwards of seven, towns. These towns had each identical duties to per-

<sup>1</sup> Mr Burrows brings forward his objections to Mr Round's theory in the 'Archæological Rev.,' iv.

<sup>2</sup> The general facts relating to the organisation of

the Cossacks will be found in vol. xiii. of Andrievski's Cyclopædia.

form, and received identical privileges in return. From amongst these towns stood out that of Hastings. For one reason or another this Port undoubtedly seems to have held special privileges. Mr Round has convincingly pointed out that, before the time of Edward I., Hastings undoubtedly had sole control of the Yarmouth fishery, that, as I have mentioned, the burgesses of Hastings alone had the right to style themselves barons. In partial refutation of this latter theory we have, however, the fact that Bracton's "*Breve de generali summonitione in itinere*," &c. (which I append in full), addressed to the bailiffs of Hastings, says: "*Et illuc tunc venire faciatis 24 de legalioribus et discretioribus baronibus de Hastings et alios sicut venire solent*," &c.,<sup>1</sup> concludes in the following words with regard to the other Ports: "*Eodem modo et per eadem verba scribatur balliuis de Romual, b. de Heya, b. de Doure, et b. de Sandwyx.*"

Henry III. granted a series of identical charters to each of the Five Ports and to the two Antient Towns—Edward I., carrying the process of unification one step further forward, granted one charter to the whole confederation. At some period took place the "levelling up" process that put the rest of the Ports on a par with Hastings, but left to Hastings a more or less nominal precedence. The *annus quadragesimus quartus* of Henry III. brings us very close to the times of the battle of Lewes—up to the year succeeding that of the Provisions of Oxford. At that date, as Mr Round suggests, the barons of Hastings, and probably too those of the other ports, considered themselves as on a par with the barons of the Realm. They probably then extorted confirmation of such privileges as, in times before, they had assumed without royal warrant.

This point, I think, should be strongly insisted upon. What Edward did was not entirely to reorganise the structure of the Ports. The barons themselves had been doing that in the years that went before. They had undoubtedly united the Ports into one whole, and this prescriptive union Edward did little more than ratify. How much more he did in the direction of assimilating the customs of the Portsmen to those of the inhabitants of the towns of Picardy it is difficult to say, or to feel assured of. An exceedingly habile man in matters of the sort, he

<sup>1</sup> The antiquity of this form of writ is proved by the fact that the barons are summoned before the King's Justices in Eyre. This practice, at the request of the Barons, was abolished by Henry III., "*anno regni sui quadragesimo quarto*." The principal heads of Mr Round's arguments may be cited as follows: Henry II.'s charter treats the barons of Hastings as alone responsible for the Yarmouth fishery: they are mentioned in a writ of Henry II. relating to Yarmouth, &c. John's charter to Hastings duly mentions

its rights at Yarmouth, of which there is no mention in the charters of the other Ports. I have noticed in the same cartulary (Galba, E) an interesting confirmation by Henry II. to the abbey of the land: "*Quam Ufwinus et Robertus presbyteri, et Bonifacius et ceteri barones mei de Hastings eidem ecclesie dederunt in Gernemunt apud Den . . . Test. Than. canulario. Apud Westmar.*" The name of Thomas fixes the date as not later than 1158. (F. E., p. 561, note.)

may very easily have imposed his will in that matter. He may have made such modifications the price of his ratifications of the Portsmen's aggressions. On the other hand the changes may have been brought about by internal processes, . . . by the immigration of foreigners, as in the case of the Commune of London. In any case the charter of Edward I. must be regarded as marking the turning-point of the history of the Cinque Ports.

This may, I think, be regarded as a reasonably sober statement of the theories that it is safe for a man to hold who is not a specialist in such matters. It reveals an organisation having a certain purpose, not founded as a whole by any one king or legislator, but arising to fill a definite gap in the fabric of the nation. This organisation changed slowly as different modes of thought prevailed in the nation at large, but generally maintained the sourest of the characteristics that it had possessed in the ages preceding. Thus, throughout its upward growth, its distinguishing quality was a certain handiness, an adaptability to surrounding circumstances. This very quality we must regard as the salt, still keeping fresh our national life.

It is indeed significant that, almost immediately after the confederation was finally moulded it began to decline. It had become a magnificent organisation, but it had taken to itself a rigidity to which was due its ultimate disappearance. Had it had in it merely Anglo-Saxon potentialities it must have disappeared at the Conquest; had it become merely Norman-French it must have gone under with the Angevins. It survived to the days of Edward I., a great king with marked tendencies of his own and a will to impose them. The law-giver contrived, partly of his own strength, partly by skilfully guiding the turbulent aspirations of the barons, to stamp it definitely . . . as a medieval institution. Then it did glorious things. It continued to do them for just so long as it remained in accord with the spirit of the age. But all the while it was dying gradually of a kind of dry-rot. It was as if a great fortress-builder had fashioned, out of a great tree-trunk forming part of his palisade, a magnificent beam to fulfil the same purpose. It fulfilled it a little better, fell better into line with a smooth front, . . . but its growth and life were over and done with.

## APPENDIX B.

THE NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK FISHERIES, YARMOUTH,  
DUNWICH, Etc.

THE origin of these fisheries, the rights of Den and Strond, &c., though documentarily obscure, is comprehensible enough. The fishermen of Hastings, and, later, of all the Ports, were accustomed to pursue the herrings up into the North Sea. They found it convenient to have *pieds-à-terre* where they could dry their nets and so on. These they found on the shingle and mudbanks at the mouth of the river Yare, and possibly on those that may have existed off the coast of Dunwich. In the course of time they erected huts which they tenanted at certain seasons of the year. Later, their yearly visits led to the holding of fishery-fairs. The barons of Hastings, and later, of all the Ports, claimed, on account of their (at first prescriptive, afterwards confirmed) territorial rights, the regulation of these fairs and the fair-dues. As, however, the town of Yarmouth grew up around the huts of the Portsmen, the growing population of Yarmouth felt less and less inclined to submit to the rather exigent rule of the barons of the Ports. As a result, constant friction arose between the men of the Five Ports and those of Yarmouth. Fairly early we find the barons of Hastings carrying on an irregular warfare with the Norfolk fishermen, later, the Portsmen actually massacred the crews of the Yarmouth ships under the eyes of the king. The various kings who concerned themselves with these matters seem, as a rule, to have sided with the Portsmen, to have assured them of support for their pretensions, for their rights. But, as the strength of the Ports gradually decayed, the Yarmouth men grew too strong for them, and the rights of the Ports were gradually allowed to lapse. In 1663 the barons finally abandoned their claims, and never again went to the "Free Fayer" of Yarmouth, where for many centuries they had kept open house.

## APPENDIX C.

## THE COURTS.

THE constitution of the Courts of Shepway has already to some extent appeared. Originally it was held by the King's Justices, but eventually by the Lords Warden themselves. From it there was no appeal. This conferring of judicial powers on the Wardens was the final touch that was needed to make the Ports what I have called an *imperium in imperio*. But it soon began to bear more or less evil results. There was a continual, though a continually resisted, tendency for the Lords Warden to become to some extent autocratic in the courts. This led to a growth of the courts called Brodhulls. (Mr Burrows derives the name from a Broadhill, near Dymchurch.) Here matters between Port and Port—internal matters—were settled by the Portsmen. The Court of Shepway, broadly speaking, concerned itself with foreign relations—with offences against the men of the Ports and with offences that the Portsmen committed against foreigners. The Lords Warden were empowered to hold courts of inquiry in the individual Ports—but before this tribunal the Portsmen were at first not bound to plead without their towns.<sup>1</sup> Here again the tendency of the Wardens' power was to override the constitution of the Ports. The Courts of Shepway began to be held at Dover, and thither the inquiries followed them. This was occasionally rather desirable: at times local feeling ran rather high, and the Wardens found it impossible to hold a court in the home-port of offenders. Thus little by little these courts found a home at Dover. The Guestlings—which may or may not have taken their name from the village between Hastings and Winchelsea—regulated all matters of supply and were independent of the Wardens. They decreed what contribution each Port was to make to the expenses of the year at the Yarmouth fair, and elsewhere.

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 385, 386.

## APPENDIX D.

SELECTED SPECIMENS OF WRITS OF SUMMONS TO THE COURTS; OF  
REPORTS OF PROCEDURE IN THE MATTER OF THE PRIVILEGES OF  
THE PORTS, ETC.

THE Writ of Summons to the Court of Shepway, given by Bracton, De Legibus, &c., Lib. III., De Corona, is as follows:—

*“ Breve de generali summonitione in itinere iustitiarioru. itinerantiu. apud Shipwey in com. Kanc. infra libertatem quinque portuum. Item capitula 2. Breve Vic. Norff. et Suff. V scire faciat. hominibus in Iermewe et Donewig. Cap. 2.*

“ Rex dilectis and fidelibus suis balliuis de Hastings salutem. Praecipim vobis quòd omni occasione postposita, sitis apud Shipwey ad talem diem coram dilectis et fidelibus nostris talibus, et illuc tūc venire faciatis 24. de legalioribus et discretioribus baronibus de Hastings, et alios, sicut venire solent et debent ad placitum de Shipwey, ad respondendum coram prefatis iustitiarijs nostris de capitulis subscriptis. De veteribus placitis corone, quæ alias fuerunt coram iustitiarijs apud Shipwey, et nō. fuerunt terminata. De nouis placitis corone nre que infra libertatem vestram emerunt tempora pacis, postq. iustitiarij ultimo itinerauerunt apud Shipwey. De ijs qui sunt in misericordia domini regis et non sunt amerciati. De ecclesijs quæ sunt de ad uocatione domini regis, que ecclesiæ illæ sunt, et qui illas habent, et per quem, et quantu. valent per annum. De assisis pannorum si seruatae sint sicut prouisum fuit, et si quis denarios cepit pro pannis contra assisam veditis. De eschætis domini regis, quæ sunt, et qui illas tenent, et per quod seruitium, tam de terris Normannorum q. de alijs, et si quæ teneantur sine warranto capiātur in manu dñi regis. De illis qui robbauerunt in terris vel in aqua post pacem clamata. De purpresturis factis su p dñm regem, siue in terra siue in mari siue in aqua dulci, siue intra libertatem siue extra, siue alibi vbicunque. De mensuris factis et iuratis p. regnum, si seruatae sint sicut prouisu fuit, et si custodes mensurarū mercedē ceperunt ab aliquo q. possit p. alias emere et p. alias vedere: quod quidē intelligatur de oñibus mēsuris ta. vlnis q. pōderib. De vinis veditis, &c., de thesauro, &c. De catallis Frackoru., &c., de falsionarys, &c., de Burglatorib., &c., de mercastis, &c., de Chabio, &c., de Fugitiuis, &c., de mercede, &c., de nouis consuetudinibus, &c.,



de defaultis, &c., de gaolis, &c., de rapinis, &c., de nauibus captis in guerra et traditis per Wilhelmum de Wrotheham, cui tradebantur, et quis illas habeat vel, quid de illis actum sit. De illis qui vendiderūt naues vel maeremium ad naues faciendas inimicis patris domini regis et suis, contra prohibitionem patris ipsius domini regis. Faciatis etiam venire coram eisdem iustitiarijs nostris ad prefatum terminum, omnia placita et omnia attachiameta quæ venire et terminari debent et solent coram iustitiarijs placita tenetibus apud Shepwey teste, &c. Eodem modo et per eadem verba scribatur balliuis de Romual, balliuis de Heya, balliuis de Doure et balliuis de Sandwyz, ita. q. quilibet eorum portuum habeat litteras per se in prædicta farma. Et quoniam sepius contentio est inter homines prædictorum portuu; et homines de Gernemuth et de Donwich, fiat breve vic. Norff. et Suff. in hac forma. 92. Rex vic. Norff. et Suff. salutem. Sciatis q. summoniri fecim ad talem diem apud Shepwey, omnia placita de quinque portubus sicut teneri debent et solent coram iustitiarijs apud Shipwey. Et ideo tibi præcipimus, q. hoc sciri facias hominibus de Iernemewe et balliuis de Donewiz, ita quod si aliquis conqueri voluerit de aliquo qui fit de libertate vel infra libertatem quinq; portuum, tunc sit apud Shipwey cotam [or coram] prefatis iustitiarijs nostris querelam sua p. positurus et iustitiam inde recep-  
 turus. Teste, &c.”

With regard to the Inquisitions, Jeake's note is as follows:—

“*Within that Port.*—The Ports men of the Town are not to be drawn out, though to another of the Ports, for the taking of such Inquisitions, nor were they before the making of this Charter; but Inquisitions of this kind were taken where the Jury men live, though for the King: And I have seen the Record of an Inquisition taken for the King in the Thirteenth Year of King *Henry VI.* before *Galfrido Louthun*, then Lieutenant of *Dover* Castle, at *Winchelsea*, by Writ from the King directed to the Constable of the Castle of *Dover*, &c., to inquire touching the Customs of Ships and Fishing-Boats on the Sea, called Shares, and the Customs called Anchorage and Bulgate: And I have known the like taken in other Ports, and can produce the Presidents. Nevertheless, as well since the making of this Charter, as before, some of the Officers of the Castle have sometimes issued forth their Mandates to call the Ports men from the Places where they dwell to serve in Juries, which, perhaps through Ignorance, some Ports men have yielded to; yet have the Ports men always looked on it as a Grievance, and in fit Season complained thereof; and sometimes denied Obedience to such Mandates, as, among other Instances, appears in this following, which I transcribed out of the Records of *Winchelsea*, and have here translated thus:—

“*Humfridus dux Buck. Constabularius Castri Dovorr. et Custos Quinque*

Portuum, Majori et Ballios de Wynchelse, salutem. Virtute officii nostri custodiæ Quinque Portuum prædictorum vobis mandamus quod venire faciatis corporaliter coram nobis seu locum nostrum tenenti apud ecclesiam sancti Jacobi Dovorr, xxvii<sup>mo</sup> die Januarii proximo futuro. xxviii. bonos et legales homines, de melioribus et discretioribus combaronibus villæ vestræ prædictæ, quorum Ricardus Hawly. Robertus Moris, Robertus Rauwod, Willielmus Buckherst, Stephanus Sevenoke et Laurentius Bryce, sex esse volumus, ad inquirendum et veritatem dicendum de et super certis articulis officium nostrum Custod. Quinque Portuum prædictorum tangent. Et habeatis tunc ibidem hoc mandatum, nobis seu locum nostrum tenenti de executione ejusdem sub sigillis vestris distincte et aperte certificant. Et hoc sub poena ducent. librarum et periculi incumbent, nullatenus omittatis, pro qua quidem poena Domino nostro Regi et nobis respondere volueritis. Dat. apud Castrum prædictum sub sigillo officij nostri ibidem xiii<sup>o</sup> die Januarij, Anno Regni Regis Henrici sexti xxxvi<sup>to</sup>.

“Serenissimo principi et domino, domino Humfrido duci Bucks, custodi Quinque Portuum et conservatori libertatum et liberarum consuetudinum eorundem, seu ejus locum tenenti, Nos Major et Ballivus Domini nostri Regis villæ suæ de Wynchelse significamus, quod cum inter cæteras libertates et liberas consuetudines, per cartas nostras per dictum Dominum Regem et suos nobilissimos progenitores, dudum Angliæ Reges, Baronibus Quinque Portuum concessas, et per eosdem Barones, antecessores et prædecessores suos a tempore immemorato, cujus contrarii memoria non existit, usitatas, prædicti Barones usi fuerunt, debuerunt et consueverunt, quod ipsi ad quascunque Inquisitiones captas ad inquirendum et veritatem dicendam de et super aliquibus articulis officium Custodiæ tangent. coram Domino Custod. Quinque Portuum pro tempore existente, in Curia de Shipweya, et non alibi, impanellati fuerunt, debuerunt, ac consueverunt; nec pro aliquibus hujusmodi articulis officium Custodiæ eorundem Quinque Portuum tangent. alibi quam in prædicta Curia de Shipweya impanellari seu venire debent neque tenentur, prout prædictæ Cartæ et liberæ consuetudines eorundem Quinque Portuum rationaliter testantur; quapropter ad venire faciendum corporaliter coram vobis seu locumtenente vestro, ad diem et locum infra contentos, xviii. homines, prout per mandatum vestrum nobis mandat. habere, non debemus nec tenemur contra tenorem cartarum et consuetudinum prædictarum propter enervationem libertatum et liberarum consuetudinum prædictarum. Quapropter humillime supplicamus quod placeat celsitudini et graciosæ Dominationi Domini nostri Lucis prædicti, Custodis Quinque Portuum, et Conservatoris libertatum et consuetudinum eorundem, gracie considerare, quod placuit Dominationi vestræ in prima Curia de Shipweya coram vobis tenta, per sacramentum vestrum Domino Regi Angliæ præstitum, et militiam vestram,

publice declarare et pronunciare, quod omnes libertates, usus et consuetudines Quinque Portuum pro posse vestro inviolat. servaretis et manuteneretis. Idcirco humillime supplicamus quod prædictas libertates et consuetudines in omnibus conservetis et manuteneatis, juxta vim, formam et effectum prædictarum Cartarum et consuetud. Portuum prædictorum.’”

## APPENDIX E.

WRIT OF 22ND EDWARD I. *RE* CAPTAIN OF OUR MARINERS AND  
SAILORS OF THE CINQUE PORTS, ETC.

“DE CAPITANEO NAUTARUM CONSTITUTO.

(*Rot. V., 22 Ed. I. m. 8.*)

“*REX, &c., omnibus vicecomitibus, ballivis, &c. Sciatis quod constituimus dilectum et fidelem nostrum Willielmus de Leyburn capitaneum nautarum et marinellorum nostrorum Quinque Portuum et membrorum eorundem, et similiter Jernemuth, Baion, Hiberniæ, Walliæ et omnium aliorum portuum in quibus naves seu batelli applicant infra regnum et potestatem nostram, et etiam militum et aliorum fidelium nostrorum qui cum ipso . . . sunt profecturi. Ita quod idem capitaneus per se, et alios quos per litteras suas patentis sigillo suo signatas assignare, deputare et destinare voluerit, capere possint et secum ducere homines idoneos et potentes ad armas, naves, bongias, &c., victuallia et alia quæ ad expeditionem eorundem necessaria fuerint; et etiam quod cupere possint armaturas, per visum dicti cupitami, at illis a quibus idem capitaneus eas viderit capiendas: dum tamen pro hujus modi victuallibus et aliis necessariis . . . satisficiant illis a quibus ea ceperint juxta rationabile pretium eorundem et de armaturis, similiter, vel sufficientem securitatem inveniant de ipsis armaturis restituendis. Et ideo vobis omnibus et singulis mandamus . . . quod prædicto Willielmo tanquam capitaneo prædictorum nautarum (&c. as above) . . . sitis intendentes, respondentes, auxiliantes et divientes, præter vobis scire faciet ex parte nostra. In cujus, &c., fieri fecimus patenter, quanddico nobis placuerit duraturas. Teste Rege. apud Westmonasterium, vii.<sup>o</sup> die Junii.”*

Nine years afterwards we have Gervoise Alard of Winchelsea styled: “capitaneum .et admirallum flotæ nostræ Quinque Portuum, et etiam omnium aliorum

Portuum a portu nostro Dovor per costeram maris versus partes occidentales usque in Cornubiam," &c. The fleet is to go "in obsequium nostrum ad partes Scotiæ." Otherwise the terms of the letter are similar to that above cited. Later on the offices of Admiral and Captain are divided—William de Creye being the one and John de Argyle the other—of the fleet destined by Edward II. against the Scots.

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## APPENDIX F.

### HONOURS AT COURT.

THIS is Jeake's account of the above:—

"*Coronations.*—The Barons of the *Cinque Ports* and *two Ancient Towns* have time out of mind had the honour to carry the Canopy over the King and Queen at their Coronation, and dine with them the same day, as was before noted; and in the Charter of King *Edward I.* called *Their Honours at Court.* Touching which I find recorded, fol. 37. of the Customal of *Winchelsea*, and fol. 51. of the Customal of *Rye*, in *Latin*, as followeth, to which I have annexed the Translation.

"Cum autem contigerit, quod aliquis Rex aut Regina Angliæ coronabitur, solent Barones Quinque Portuum, per breve dicti Domini Regis summon. eis directi, ad coronationem illam venire, ad solita servitia sua faciend. et honores suos in curia ejusdem Domini Regis recipiend. videlicet, in die Coronationis Domini Regis, cum de camera exierit ut coronetur, et cum redierit a coronatione sua, solent Barones Quinque Portuum, prout de jure debent, portare super Regem ac Reginam pannos de cerico vel de auro, scilicet, per triginta duos Barones Quinque Portuum: Ita de jure, quod nullus alius sit inter eos in dicto officio exequend. Et solent, prout de jure deberent, mandari per breve Domini Regis solempniter per summonition. quadraginta dierum ante coronationem prædictam, quod tali die veniant ad faciend. servitium suum Domini Regi debitum. Et solent ipsi triginta duo, vel plures nobiliores, venire ibidem de una secta honorifice, solempniterque decenter vestiti et apparati de suo proprio et suis sumptibus propriis, sed expensæ suæ dummodo fuerint ad curiam solent esse de corn.

"Cum autem fecerint officium suum portand. prædictos pannos, utrumque pannum super quatuor lanceas desuper deargentat. qualiter lancea habens unam campanillam argenteam desuper deauratam, et de providentia Thesaurar. Domini

Regis, ad quamlibet lanceam solent ire quatuor Barones. Ita quod uterque pannus portetur per sexdecem Barones, et Dominus Rex sub unius panni medio, et Regina sub alterius panni medio. Et solent ipsi triginta duo, simul cum omnibus aliis Baronibus qui adesse voluerint, habere proximiorē mensam in magna aula Regia, et ad dextram ipsius Regio juxta mensam suam de jure et antiquo libero usu sedere. Et ubicunque Dominus Rex invitaverit Barones Quinque Portuum, ut secum comedant, semper habere solent de jure mensam propinquirem mensæ suæ in dextris ejus, et ibidem in prandio sedere.

“Cum vero licentiam dicti Barones a Domino Rege habeant redeundi, secum habebunt prædictos pannos, cum lanceis et campanillis, et omnibus suis pertinen. Et solent Barones de Hastyng cum suis membris habere unum pannum cum lanceis et campanillis et toto apparatu ejusdem, cæteri vero Portus alterum pannum cum toto suo apparatu. Et Barones de Hastyng cum suis membris solent dare pannum suum sic habitum Ecclesiæ sancti Ricardi Cicestr. et sic dederunt. Et Barones de Romen, Hethe, Dovorr. et Sandwych solent dare et dederunt pannum suum sic habitum sancto Thomæ in Ecclesia Christi Cantuar. et diviserunt lanceas et campanillas inter se.

“Cum autem aliquis Rex decesserit et alius coronatur, solet proclamatio fieri in magna aula Regia, quod omnes magnati et alii quicunque cujuscunque status, gradus seu dignitatis exist. qui aliquod servitium jure vel hereditar. Domino Regis ad coronationem suam facere deberent, seu honorem sive beneficium ad coronationem Regis seu Reginæ habere clamant, venient coram seneschallo Angliæ seu suo locumtenente, ad certum diem assignat. ad monstrand. et declarand. quod et quale servitium tent. seu clamant facere; ad quam diem solent Barones Quinque Portuum adessend. et servitium ad dictam coronationem pro Portubus prædictis faciend. electi ministrar. dicto Domino Seneschallo quandam supplicationem sub hac forma.’

“And when it shall happen, that any King or Queen of *England* shall be crowned, the Barons of the *Cinque Ports*, by Writ of Summons of our said Lord the King to them directed, are<sup>1</sup> wont to come to the Coronation, to do their wonted Services, and receive their Honours in the Court of our said Lord the King, that is to say, in the Day of the Coronation of our Lord the King, when he shall go forth of his Chamber that he may be crowned, and when he shall return from his Coronation, the Barons of the *Cinque Ports* are wont, as of right they ought, to bear over the King and Queen Cloths of Silk or of Gold, that is to say, by thirty-two Barons of the *Cinque Ports*: So of right that none other be among them to execute<sup>2</sup> the said office. And they are wont, as of right they ought, to be sent for by Writ

<sup>1</sup> Or were wont : and so it may be understood in other Places.

<sup>2</sup> Or in executing.

of our Lord the King solemnly, by Summons of forty Days before the aforesaid Coronation, that such a Day they may come to do their Service due to our Lord the King. And the same thirty-two, or the more noble, are wont to come there honourably, solemnly and decently clothed and apparelled with one Suit of their own proper Costs; but their Expences whilst they shall be at Court are wont to be of common.

“‘And when they shall do their office to bear the Cloths aforesaid, each Cloth upon four Staves<sup>1</sup> overlaid with Silver, every Staff having one little silver Bell overlaid with Gold, and of the providing of the Treasurer of our Lord the King, at every Staff are wont to go four Barons. So that every Cloth be born by sixteen Barons, and our Lord the King under the middle of one Cloth, and the Queen under the middle of another Cloth. And the same thirty-two, together with all the other Barons which will be present, are wont to have the next Table in the King's great<sup>2</sup> Hall, and at the right Hand of the King himself, according to his Table, to sit of right and ancient free Use. And whensoever<sup>3</sup> our Lord the King shall invite the Barons of the *Cinque Ports*, that they may eat with him, they are wont always of right to have the Table nearest to his Table, at his right Hand, and there to sit at Dinner.

“‘But when the said Barons have Licence of returning from our Lord the King, they shall have the aforesaid Cloths, with the Staves and little Bells, and all their Appurtenances. And the Barons of Hasting, with their Members, are wont to have one<sup>4</sup> Cloth, with the Staves and little Bells, and all the Appurtenance thereof; but the other Ports the other Cloth, with all its Appurtenance. And the Barons of Hasting, with their Members, are wont to give their Cloth so had to the Church of St *Richard* of *Chichester*, and so they have given. And the Barons of *Romney*, *Hithe*, *Dover*, and *Sandwich* are wont to give, and have given their Cloth so had, to St *Thomas*<sup>5</sup> in *Christ's Church* in *Canterbury*, and they have divided the Staves and little Bells amongst themselves.

“‘And when any King shall decease and another be crowned, Proclamation is wont to be made in the King's great Hall, that all the Nobles and others whosoever, of whatsoever State, Degree or Dignity they be, which ought to do any Service by Right or hereditarily to our Lord the King at his Coronation, or claim to have any Honour or Benefit at the Coronation of the King or Queen, shall come before the Steward of *England* or his Deputy, at a certain Day assigned, to shew and

<sup>1</sup> Or *Launces* like the Staff of a *Spear* or *Launce*.

<sup>2</sup> Now called *Westminster Hall*.

<sup>3</sup> *Ubicunque*, used in the *Latin* for *quandocunque*.

<sup>4</sup> That is, when both King and Queen are crowned;

so that there were two *Canopies*; but now the Barons divide equally.

<sup>5</sup> This was *Tho. Beckett*, then a *popish Saint*.

declare what and what Manner of Service they hold or claim to do, at which Day the Barons of the *Cinque Ports* are wont to be, and those elected to do the Service at the said Coronation for the Ports aforesaid, present to the said Lord Steward a certain Petition<sup>1</sup> under this form.'

"The Petition here mentioned, in nature of a Claim, I have by me in the old *French* Language, as I copied it out of the same Customals; but since the Substance thereof is but according to the foregoing Records, I forbear to insert it. And moreover I found there, at the Coronation of King *Richard* III. and Queen *Anne* his Consort, such a Petition or Claim was put in by the Ports to *John* Duke of *Norfolk*, then Steward of England, wherein they claimed these Honours as belonging to the Ports time out of mind; and received this Answer:

"Consideratum est, quod Barones Quinque Portuum, juxta eorum clameum, admittentur ad servitium suum faciend. videlicet, ad gestand. pannos sericos, quatuor hastis deargentat sustentat. cum campanillis Argenteis deauratis, ultra Regem et Reginam in die coronacionis eorum, et post servitium impletum, ad eosdem pannos cum suis apparat. et pertin. prædictis, tanquam feoda sua consueta, percipiend. et habend. Ac etiam ad sedend. eodem die ad principalem mensam ad dextram partem Aulæ.

"Per JOHANNEM Ducem Norff.

senesc. Angl. hac. Vice.'

"In *English* thus:—

"It is considered, that the Barons of the *Cinque Ports*, according to their Claim, be admitted to do their Service, *viz.*, to bear the silk Cloth sustained by four Staves silvered over, with little silvered Bells gilded, over the King and Queen in the Day of their Coronation; and after the Service performed, to receive and have the same Cloths, with their Appurtenances aforesaid, as their accustomed Fees. And also to sit the same Day at the principal Table at the right side of the Hall.

"By JOHN Duke of *Norfolk*,  
Steward of *England* at present.'<sup>2</sup>

"As to the forty Days Summons mentioned in the upper Part of this Record, it seems to be the old Custom, but now hath long been disused, for I find, in a Letter of Mr *Edward Kelke* to the *Ports*, *July* 11, 1603, that he had searched the *Tower*, the *Rolls*, the *Petty Bag*, the *Six Clerks*, and the *Crown Office*, to find a Precedent for a Writ of Summons for the Barons of the *Ports* to do their Service at the Coronation, but could find none. So that now the *Ports* put in their Claim by way of Petition as aforesaid."

<sup>1</sup> Or *Supplication*.

<sup>2</sup> Or *at this time*.

## APPENDIX G.

## THE GREAT CHARTER OF THE PORTS.

6TH ED. I.<sup>1</sup>

“EDVARDUS Dei Gratia, Rex Angliæ, Dominus Hiberniæ, et Dux Aquitaniæ, Archiepiscopis, Episcopis, Abbatibus, Prioribus, Comitibus, Baronibus, Justiciariis, Vicecomitibus, Præpositis, Ministris, et omnibus Ballivis, et Fidelibus suis, salutem. *Sciatis*, quod pro fidei servitio quod Barones nostri Quinque Portuum hactenus Prædecessoribus nostris, Regibus Angliæ, et nobis nuper in exercitu nostro Walliæ impenderunt, et pro bono servitio nobis et hæredibus nostris, Regibus Angliæ, fideliter continuand. in futurum, Nos concessisse, et hanc cartam nostram confirmasse, pro nobis et hæredibus nostris, eisdem Baronibus nostris et hæredibus suis, omnes libertates et quietancias suas, ita quod quieti sint de omni Theolonio, et de omni consuetudine, videlicet, ab omni Lastagio, Tallagio, Passagio, Carriagio, Rivagio, Aponsagio, et omni Wrec, et de tota venditione, achato, et reachato, suo per totam terram et potestatem nostram, cum Socca, et Sacca, et Thol et Them. Et quod habeant Infangtheff. Et quod sint Wrecfree, et Wittfree, Lastagefree, et Lovecopefree. Et quod habeant Den, et Strond, apud magnam Jernemouth, secundum quod continetur in ordinatione per nos inde facta et perpetuo observand. Et etiam quod quieti de Shires et Hundreds, ita quod si quis versus illos placitare voluerit, ipsi non respondeant, neque placent, aliter quam placitare solebant tempore Domini Henrici Regis, proavi nostri. Et quod habeant inventiones suas in mari et in terra. Et quod quieti sint de omnibus rebus suis, et toto mercato suo, sicut nostri liberi homines. Et quod habeant honores suos in curia nostra, et libertates suas per totam terram nostram, quocunque venerint. Et quod ipsi de omnibus terris suis, quas tempore Domini Henrici Regis, patris nostri, videlicet, anno regni sui quadragesimo quarto possider. quieti sint imperpetuum de communibus summonitionibus coram justiciariis nostris, ad quæcunque placita itinerantibus, in quibuscunque comitatibus hujusmodi terræ suæ existunt, ita quod ipsi non teneantur venire coram justiciariis prædictis, nisi aliquis ipsorum Baronum aliquem implacitet, vel ab aliquo implacitetur. Et quod non placentur alibi nisi ubi debuerunt, et ubi solebant, scilicet, apud Shepweiam. Et quod habeant libertates et quietancias suas de cætero,

<sup>1</sup> This is Jeake's text. That of the original at Hythe shows only trifling literal differences.



sicut ipsi et Antecessores sui eas unquam melius, plenius, et honorificentius habuerunt temporibus Regum Angliæ Edvardi, Willielmi primi et secundi, Henrici Regis, proavi nostri, et temporibus Regis Richardi, et Regis Johannis, avi nostri, et Domini Henrici Regis, patris nostri, per cartas eorundem, sicut cartæ illæ, quas iidem Barones nostri inde habent, et quas inspeximus, rationabiliter testantur. Et prohibemus ne quis eos injuste disturbet neque mercatum eorum, super forisfacturam nostram decem librarum, ita tamen quod cum ipsi Barones in justitia faciend. et recipiend. desuerint, custos noster, et hæredum nostrorum Quinque Portuum, qui pro tempore fuerit, Portus et libertates suas in defectu eorundem ingrediatur ad plenam justiciam ibidem faciend. ita etiam quod dicti Barones et hæredes sui faciant nobis et hæred nostris, Regibus Angliæ, per annum, plenarium servitium suum quinquaginta et septem navium, ad custum suum per quindecim dies, ad nostram vel hæred nostrorum summonitionem. Concessimus etiam eisdem de gratia nostra, speciali, quod habeant. *Utfangtheff*, in terris suis infra Portus prædictos eodem modo quo Archiepiscopi, Episcopi, Abbates, Comites, et Barones, habeant in maneriis suis in comitat. *Kancie*. Et quod non ponantur in *Assisis*, *Juratis*, vel *Recognitionibus* aliquibus, ratione *forinsecæ* tenuræ suæ, contra voluntatem suam. Et quod de propriis vinis suis de quibus negotiantur, quieti sint de recta prisā nostra (videlicet) de uno dolio vini ante malum, et alio post malum. Concessimus insuper eisdem Baronibus, pro nobis et hæredibus nostris, quod ipsi imperpetuum hanc habeant libertatem (videlicet) quod nos vel hæredes nostri non habeamus custodias vel maritagia hæredum suorum, ratione terrarum suarum quas tenent infra libertates et Portus prædictos, de quibus faciunt servitium suum antedictum, et de quibus nos vel antecessores nostri custodias et maritagia non habuimus temporibus retroactis. Prædictam autem confirmationem nostram de libertatibus et quietanciis prædictis, et alias concessionem nostras sequentes, eis de gratia nostra speciali de novo fieri fecimus; salva semper in omnibus Regia dignitate, et salvis nobis et hæredibus nostris, placitis coronæ nostræ, vitæ et membrorum. Quare volumus et firmiter præcipimus pro nobis et hæredibus nostris, quod prædicti Barones et hæredes sui imperpetuum, habeant omnes libertates et quietancias prædictas, sicut cartæ prædictæ rationabiliter testantur. Et quod de gratia nostra speciali habeant *Utfangtheff* in terris suis infra Portus prædictos, eodem modo quo Archiepiscopi, et Abbates, Comites, et Barones, habeant in maneriis suis in Comitatu. *Kancie*. Et quod non ponantur in *Assisis*, *Juratis* vel *Recognitionibus* aliquibus, ratione *forinsecæ* tenuræ suæ, contra voluntatem suam. Et quod de propriis vinis suis de quibus negotiantur, quieti sint de recta prisā nostra (videlicet) de uno dolio vini ante malum, et alio post malum. Et quod similiter imperpetuum habeant libertatem prædictam (videlicet) quod nos, vel hæredes nostri, non habeamus custodias vel

maritagia hæredum suorum, ratione terrarum suarum quas tennent infra libertates et Portus prædictos, de quibus faciunt servitium suum antedictum, et de quibus nos, vel antecessores nostri, custodias et maritagia non habuimus temporibus retroactis. Prædictam autem confirmationem nostram de libertatibus et quietanciis prædictis, et alias concessionibus nostras sequentes, eis de gratia nostra speciali de novo fieri fecimus; salva semper in omnibus Regia dignitate, et salvis nobis et hæredibus nostris, placitis coronæ nostræ, vitæ et membrorum, sicut prædictum est. Hiis testibus venerabili patre Roberto Portuense Episcopo, sacro sanctæ Romanæ ecclesiæ Cardinale, fratre Gulielmo. de South., priore provincial., fratrum prædicatorum in Anglia, Gulielmo de Valentia avunculo nostro, Rogero de Mortuo mari, Rogero de Clifford, magistro Waltero Stamell, decano Sarum, magistro Roberto de Scardeburgh, archidiac. Estridings, magistro Roberto de Sexton, Bartholomeo de Southley, Thoma de Wayland, Waltero de Hopton, Thoma de Normannel, Stephano de Pencestre, Francisco de Bonona, Johanne de Levetot, Johanne de Mettingham, et aliis. Dat. per manum nostram apud Westmonaster. decimo septimo die Junii, Anno Regni nostri sexto.

# I N D E X.

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NOTE.—Numbers *italicised after the names of towns, villages, &c., refer to pages in which those towns are specially treated of; those following the names of kings refer to charters granted by those kings.*

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